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# The Sun-Dial of Ahaz

## and other sermons

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# 500 Selected.. Sermons

T. DE WITT TALMAGE

In Twenty Volumes

Vol. 14

The Christian Herald
Louis Klopsch, Proprietor
Bible House—A. D. 1900—New York

# PREFACE*

In opening the front door of these twenty volumes—containing over five hundred sermons which were selected from thousands of sermons, first with reference to usefulness, and next with reference to variety—an explanatory statement is appropriate.

Many of these sermons were preached during my pastorates in Philadelphia, Brooklyn and Washington, and others in Europe and Asia and the Islands of the Sea. Chronological order has not been observed. Some of them were delivered thirty years apart, a fact that will account for certain dates and allusions. Some reference in almost every discourse will indicate the approximate time of its delivery. The publication of these volumes is partly induced by the kindness with which my previous books have been received by the press here and abroad. I am more indebted than any other man to the newspaper fraternity for the facilities they have given me for preaching the Gospel for over thirty years, without the exception of a single week, in almost every neighborhood of Christendom and in "the regions beyond"; and I gladly avail myself of every opportunity for thanking them and I thank them now.

Of the more than fifty different books published under my name in this country and in other lands, the large majority were not authorized by me for publication, and were pirated. I knew nothing of them until I saw them advertised. I have personally corrected the proofs for these twenty volumes, and their publication is hereby sanctioned. If they shall alleviate the fatigue of some travelers on the rough road of this life, and help some to find the way to the sinless and tearless Capital, whose twelve gates stand wide open, my prayer will be answered.

*T. De Witt Talmage*

(*Reprinted from Volume I.)

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# CONTENTS

PAGE.

THE SUN-DIAL OF AHAZ. - - - - - - - - 9

TEXT: *Isaiah the prophet cried unto the Lord: and he brought the shadow ten degrees backward by which it had gone down in the dial of Ahaz.*—II. Kings 20: 11.

First known chronometer, B. C. and A. D.—Hezekiah and his boil—Watching the shadow—The wonderful reversal—God controls the shadows—Acknowledging God in the sunshine—God in our losses—Schiller's apples—Set-backs often blessings—How to keep young—Setting back the clock—Take up new work—What old folks are good for—Effects of influenza's first sneeze—Heart failure an old story—The sunrise—The day-break on mountain and ocean—Death a mere paring of the finger nails—First morning in Heaven.

THE DYING CENTURY. - - - - - - - - - 23

TEXT: *Thus saith the Lord, Set thine house in order; for thou shalt die, and not live.*—II. Kings 20: 1.

Eternity too big to understand—A plain talk with the nineteenth century—Addition to the world's intelligence—The inventions of this century—Serfs manumitted—Republics established—Asylums of mercy founded—Evangelistic institutions established—"Dogs and Hottentots not admitted"—Charles Darwin contributes to Southern Missionary Society—Gospelization of the world, this century's task—The Church a West Point to drill soldiers—A diamond-in-rough shoeblack—Some things seen and heard by this century—Old men's experiences always entertaining—Washington's fatal horseback ride.

NOONTIDE OF LIFE. - - - - - - - - - - 39

TEXT: *Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon.*—Song of Solomon 1: 7.

Noontide rest—Life at its meridian—Albert Barnes and his "evening"—Climbing the hill—Gratitude's monument—Slandering the world—Pitying other worlds—A cradle and a grave—Hard work a necessity—Afraid of indolence—Clergyman and actor—A secret of success—An emperor killing flies—Never a day off—Life's past a picture gallery—Slain of the wine cup—Confidence in the engineer—Dr. Tyng's grief and composure—French sailors' joy—The leap for home.

THE NATION'S OPPORTUNITY. - - - - - - 55

TEXTS: *Another door toward the south.*—Ezekiel 41: 11. *On the south three gates.*—Revelation 21: 13.

Why King George of England was thankful—American congress of national products—Over-production and under-consumption—Nation suffers from plethora—The tariff will not cure the nation's disease—Eight hundred and fifty thousand reasons for

# Contents

PAGE.

staying in America—The battle between Lowell and Manchester spindles—Tape and bridal trousseaux—Europeans sell the far south five times as much as we do—Check over-supply and solve the labor question and nearly all other questions.

THE SWORD SHEATHED IN FLOWERS. - - - - - 69

TEXT: *The Lord of hosts is his name.*—Isaiah 47: 4.

God of armies present at all battles—Eighteenth century soldiers mostly infamous men—War now destroys the picked men of the nation—Substitute arbitration and treaty in place of massacre—War wastes human lives—War the champion curse of the universe—War right when self-defensive—Our Civil War was hell let loose—Missing! Missing!—Decoration Day honors courage and self-sacrifice—Slavery cost one million lives of brave men—Look at soldiers' graves for vicarious suffering—The "Unknown" are beloved sons of the Republic—No better neighbor than Canada.

EXPANSION. - - - - - - - - - - - - 83

TEXT: *Thou shalt spread abroad to the west and to the east.*—Genesis 28: 14.

Not a political discussion—America holds the key—Common schools and printing-presses demanded for America's new possessions—Bible and American civilization—Christianity's great opportunity—Specific Gospelization called for—What statesmanship cannot do—Secular education not sufficient—Progressive Christian civilization—A common platform for expansionists and anti-expansionists—Christ to have the earth—The islands shall be his—Continents only large islands—Republicanism or Theocracy—Gibbon's great work—A lesson for America.

A NEW CENSUS. - - - - - - - - - - - 101

TEXT: *Thou art worth ten thousand of us.*—II. Samuel 18: 3.

David a wonderful boy—His valuable life—Comparative value of lives—Davids in American public life—Our foreign possessions—Prayer for divine direction needed—Not on any brink—Pessimists chided—Smiling Deicolus—An irreparable calamity—Criminal recklessness—Patriotic imbecility—Augmenting one's equipment—J. C. Lanphier and his wonderful prayer-meeting—Talmage at St. Sophia's—A glory of architecture—Mohammed's desecration—Christ on the white horse—His great worth—A warship's story—The pulpit that saved the drowning.

THE DAY DAWN. - - - - - - - - - - - 115

TEXT: *The day is at hand.*—Romans 13: 12.

Home after vacation—He preaches joy—John Moffat's hallelujahs—The organ's new trumpet stop—Gladness needed in Christian work—Christ and laughter—John Wesley's verdict—No danger of stellar collision—A lesson from the switch-tender—Progress of arbitration—Disraeli defeats the war dogs—Wars all provoked by whites—Civilization and shorter hair—Compression of world's distances a sign of day—Capturing the forces—A world in a day—If Christ should come to-morrow!

THE QUEEN OF FESTIVALS. - - - - - - - 131

TEXT: *Death is swallowed up in victory.*—I. Corinthians 15: 54.

Easter holds the wrenched-off bolt of Christ's sepulcher and the key of all the cemeteries—Easter is Queen of the Sabbaths—"Death is swallowed up in victory"—Victory is a coronal, embannered, apocalyptic word—The black giant death proposed to con-

# Contents

PAGE.

quer the earth—His methods of attack—Driven back to mythology —Cloak of humanity to be returned to us renovated—Of little importance whether we are cremated or sepultured—Resurrection body an inexplicable structure—Telescope and the eye—Not incredible that God should raise the dead.

SUNSET - - - - - - - - - - - - - 145

TEXT: *Abide with us: for it is towards evening.*—Luke 24: 29.

Off towards Emmaus—Intelligent conversation—The mysterious guest—Breaking bread—It is the Lord—Departed evening experiences in life—Jesus in old age—Financial disaster—In temptation's hour—Trouble an apothecary—Jesus of Emmaus—A wish that made an infidel—Death unavoidable—Not a depressing theme—A blessed change—Date and circumstances of death—Small matters—Evening hour the brightest hour.

THE WORLD'S FAIR. - - - - - - - - - 157

TEXT: *They traded in thy fairs.*—Ezekiel 27: 12.

The fairs of ancient Tyre—Sand, the undertaker who buries cities—Ezekiel reports the World's Fair at Tyre—Horses, precious stones, aromatics, wheat, metals, purple, wine exhibited—"Gloria in Excelsis" sung on sighting America in 1492—American cities should not belittle and depreciate each other—Cities have their virtues and their vices—World's Fair of 1892, a grand opportunity for evangelizing all nations—Introducing peoples to each other—Munificence of God to be there displayed.

MAY-DAY REFLECTIONS. - - - - - - - - 173

TEXT: *I know both how to be abased, and I know how to abound.* —Philippians 4: 12.

Moving time—Evolution of the house—Architects until recent times planned everything but homes for the people—The race is nomadic—No such thing as a permanent residence—The grave is the permanent residence—May-day a hard day for horses, laborers, housekeepers, landlords, and tenants—Arrogant because of new house—Coat-of-arms wanted—Rooms associated with events—Talmage bids the empty house farewell—Happiness not dependent on size of house—Moving from large to smaller house due to death, marriage, or reversal of fortune—Advantages of a smaller house.

THE SINKING STEAMER. - - - - - - - - 189

TEXT: *A night and a day I have been in the deep.*—II. Corinthians 11: 25.

Paul at sea on a plank—The lost *Narragansett*—Crash in a fog —Long Island Sound horror—An awful tragedy—Responsibility of those in charge of human lives—Ministerial responsibility—Unsound preaching—Death cannot be bought off—No "nonsense of prayer" doctrine when the ship sinks—A Tyndall would pray then—Danger of fog—Many kinds of spiritual fog—Wanted a dispersing gale from Heaven—Importance of being ready—Only twenty minutes; fifteen minutes; ten minutes; five minutes; then death!—In the twinkling of an eye—The message of a dead steamer—Doing with thy might—Winstanley and his lighthouse—The builder's boast.

HEREDITY. - - - - - - - - - - - - 201

TEXT: *Whose son art thou, thou young man.*—I. Samuel 17: 58.

David and Goliath—A Jewish rabbi's suggestion—The King's suggestion—Blood will tell—Family traits—The Hapsburg lip—

# Contents

PAGE.

The House of Stuart—Hebrew accumulation—The force of heredity—Responsibility not eluded—Centripetal and centrifugal—Arming the castle—Recalling the old folks—Christian ancestry—Memories that save men—Immeasurable accountability—The trustee of ancestral piety—Story of a sinful son—Saved by memory of a mother's prayers—Christian son of a blaspheming father—The millionaire and the paper of tacks.

RULERS. - - - - - - - - - - - - - 217

TEXTS: *When the righteous are in authority, the people rejoice; but when the wicked beareth rule, the people mourn.*—Proverbs 29: 2. *Woe to thee, O land, when thy King is a child, and thy princes eat in the morning.*—Ecclesiastes 10: 16.

Morals of nations governed by virtue of rulers—Moral men in majority in authority in this land—Past extolled to the disadvantage of the present—Public wickednesses are incompetence for office, intemperance, and bribery—Congressmen who thought linseed and flaxseed two things—Legislators waiting for wink of the leader before voting—Stampede for office by incapables—Judicial ignoramuses laughed at by criminals—Grog-shop under the national Capitol abolished—Majority of prominent politicians thirty years ago died of *delirium tremens*—Dissipation no hindrance to office-holding—Drunkenness in the saddle, defeated armies during the Civil War—Political parties, newspapers, and pulpits silent about intemperance through policy—Men who took bribes—"Is there any money in it?"

DESPOTISM OF POLITICS. - - - - - - - - 229

TEXT: *I was free born.*—Acts 22: 28.

Paul's declaration of independence—Political despotism—Shadrack and company commanded to bow down—Not periodically at stake—Official patronage the principal issue—Old political speeches revamped—Talmage hears his first political oration—A Faneuil Hall experience—Crisis business should be quit—A conscientious but expeditious change—The lion and the green bottle flies—The kind of President we want—Responsibilities of office increasing—Country growing bigger.

THE PRESIDENCY. - - - - - - - - - - 241

TEXT: *Brethren ye have been called unto liberty; only use not liberty for an occasion to the flesh.*—Galatians 5: 13.

A Presidential election—No government patronage—A stirring word—A brake as well as a driving-wheel—Liberty not license—Thomas Paine's scurrilous letter to Washington—The sentinel's derisive epitaph—Henry Clay maligned—Daniel Webster's broken heart—Maltreatment of Lincoln—Burying the anathemas—Indecent newspapers—Wanted a solid nationality—No North, no South—No slanderous implications and sectional antipathies.

THE BALLOT-BOX. - - - - - - - - - - 253

TEXT: *Two cubits and a half was the length of it, and a cubit and a half the breadth of it, and a cubit and a half the height of it.*—Exodus 37: 1.

The sacred ark—The ballot-box the American ark—Balloting in Greece—Pebbles, beans and shells—Gladstone's battle for the ballot-box—One of the corner-stones of American institutions—John Milton and the gardeners on Mt. Vesuvius—Ignorance the foe of the ballot-box—A small "i" for the personal pronoun—Ignorance in England—Illiteracy a crime—Spurious voting—Registration's useful purpose—The crime of repeating—Intimidation—Washing the ballot-box—Property qualifications denounced

# Contents

PAGE.

—Bring back the ark from Kirjath-jearim—Soldier and the blacking recipe—Prayers and votes—Angels of the ballot-box.

THE BALANCE SHEET. - - - - - - - - - - 269

TEXT: *All are yours.*—I. Corinthians 3: 22.

Taking account of stock—Government securities—Children have first right—Searching the title—Refinements of life—The Christian's right—Music owned by Church—A great breakfast table—A monster wardrobe—Profit out of life's changes—Changing the tack—Troubles working for good—Christians own two worlds—In the glorious temple—A land of eternal health—The victory won.

THE NUMBER SEVEN. - - - - - - - - - - 281

TEXT: *God blessed the seventh day.*—Genesis 2: 3.

Bible mathematics—Seven in Scripture—Man's seven features—The seven golden candlesticks—Churches should be beautiful—Candlesticks of gold—Despoiling St. Sophia—The seven stars and the ministers—He led them straight—To shine as the stars—Not all Pecksniffs—The seven seals of Revelation—Prosperous Rome—Let Christ break the seal—Not anxious to know date of death—The seven thunders—Attacking Gibraltar with a tack hammer—Drunkenness and its capital—Intrenched infidelity—Heaven's seven foundations—Earth's beauties immortalized.

DISABLED HUNTERS. - - - - - - - - - - 297

TEXT: *The lame take the prey.*—Isaiah 33: 23.

Demolition of the Assyrians foretold—Three great poets blind—Blind sculptors and historians—Struggles with disadvantages—Obscure parentage—Heroic invalids—Intimate with Christ—Knowing God's word—Deaf-mute's sublime sentence—The blind lad's "Is this Heaven?"—The man on crutches—Striking down the Sennacheribs—Orphans who take the prey—Who built the pyramids?—All want to be captains watching the job—No special endowments needed—Footfalls that are heard in Heaven—On the prairie railroad track—An engineer's horror—God's royal family—The young man who sinned coming to hear Talmage's anathema—A one-word prayer—Difficulties met—The North river pilot and the gathering mist.

PETER COOPER THE PHILANTHROPIST. - - - - 313

TEXT: *Now Barzillai was a very aged man, even four-score years old, and he had provided the king of sustenance while he lay at Mahanaim; for he was a very great man.*—II. Samuel 19: 32.

Barzillai and David—Death a multiplication—Plain Peter Cooper—Father of many philanthropies—Cooper Institute—A mother of institutes—His own executor—Forced philanthropy—Defeated wills—Hunting the dollar—Falling into the grave—Fatal work of avarice—Harmonizing capital and labor—Dynamite—An allopathic dose of Peter Cooperism—What rich men should say and do—Best style of monumental commemoration—A monument of souls—Muller—Peabody—Handel—Cyrus W. Field—Paul—William E. Dodge—A terminus to every life—Peter Cooper's creed—The testimony of his life—Sanctification of his wealth—Wanted, five hundred Cooper Institutes.

FOES OF SOCIETY. - - - - - - - - - - 327

TEXT: *The Lord's voice crieth unto the city.*—Micah 6: 9.

Shall it be God or Satan?—Immorality in street advertising—Universal victory coming—Antagonists of society—Making a busi-

# Contents

PAGE.

ness of crime—All good people interested—When the hand-cuffs come off—A disgrace to Christendom—The judge's three degrees—Good work for prisoners—The plague of untrustworthy officials—All sorts of rascals—A President's blunder—Antagonism of the idle—Two million loafers—The menace of the oppressed poor.

A BRIGHT EVENING. - - - - - - - - - - 343

TEXT: *At eventime it shall be light.*—Zechariah 14: 7.

Night, the symbol of gloom and sorrow—Beauties of the night—Light after sorrow—Prosperity's flight—Comfort in adversity—Songs of the sorrowing—In the eventide of old age—Glorious old age—An odd philosopher—The Church's triumph—The world's grand future—War to cease—The universal harmony—Waiting to see Jesus—When the last saint is enthroned—Sunset's glories—Light at the Christian's eventide—Victory in death—Hugh McKail on the scaffold—Farewell and welcome—Moving into the light—Death a beautiful angel—Its great releases—Upward flying—The password to Heaven.

CRADLE OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. - - - - 355

TEXT: *The children of Issachar, which were men that had understanding of the times, to know what Israel ought to do.*—I. Chronicles 12: 32.

Issachar's great tribe—God's voice in Providence—The coming century—The beginning of the nineteenth century—Born in time of war—A new map of the world—A railroad over Bering Strait—Decisive strokes at great evils—A temperance audience with only one pledge—How President Davies saved the drunkard—Alexander's last draught—Wanted, a national divorce law—Arbitration needed—Disbandment called for—The awful cost of war—The dying century's will—Historical Pennsylvania Avenue—Monster processions—The last watch-night of the century.

WONDERS OF THE HAND. - - - - - - - - - 375

TEXT: *The eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee.*"—I. Corinthians 12: 21.

A senseless quarrel—Man's wonderful hand—Chief executive of the soul—A weapon of defense—No deadly weapons needed—Helping hands—Christ and the hand—A thrice-told story—The busy hand—The spared hand—The hand in agony—Cranmer and the offending hand—Gospel electricity in handshaking—Wicked handshaking—Right kind of handshaking—The hand in benediction.

A NEW YEAR'S DISCOURSE. - - - - - - - - 391

TEXT: *This year thou shalt die.*—Jeremiah 28: 16.

Jeremiah's warning to Hananiah—To stone the preacher—On our days of grace—Longevity cut down—Occupations that kill—Preparing for the end—Time to be busy in Christian work—No discussing of planks—Hounded by wolves—Ingratitude to Christ—Dr. Guyon's noble sacrifice—The bunch of grapes and the dying child—Christ gives as a King—Two great lessons—Last words—Heaven's open heart.

The following indexes will be found at the end of each volume:

INDEX OF TEXTS,
INDEX OF TITLES AND TEXTS,
INDEX OF ANECDOTAL AND HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATIONS,
INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

# THE SUNDIAL OF AHAZ

**II Kings, 20: 11:** "Isaiah, the prophet, cried unto the Lord; and he brought the shadow ten degrees backward, by which it had gone down in the dial of Ahaz."

Here is the first clock or watch or chronometer or timepiece of which the world has any knowledge. But it was a watch that did not tick and a clock that did not strike. It was a sundial. Ahaz, the king, invented it. Between the hours given to statecraft and the cares of office he invented something by which he could tell the time of day. This sundial may have been a great column, and when the shadow of that column reached one point it was nine o'clock A. M., and when it reached another point it was three o'clock P. M., and all the hours and half-hours were so measured. Or it may have been a flight of stairs such as may now be found in Hindustan and other old countries, and when the shadow reached one step it was ten o'clock A. M., or another step it was four o'clock P. M., and likewise other hours may have been indicated.

The clepsydra or water-clock followed the sundial, and the sandglass followed the clepsydra. Then came the candle-clock of Alfred the Great and the candle was marked into three parts, and while the first part was burning he gave himself to religion, and while the second part was burning he gave himself to politics, and while the third part was burning he gave himself to rest. After a while came the wheel and weight clock and Pope Sylvester II was its most important inventor. All the skill of centuries of exquisite mechanism toiled at the timepieces until the world had

the Vick's clock of the fourteenth century and Huygens, the inventor, swung the first pendulum, and Dr. Hooke contrived the recoil escapement. And the "endless chain" followed, and the "ratchet and pinion lever" took its place; and the compensation balance and the stem-winder followed, and now we have the buzz and clang of the great clock and watch factories of Switzerland and Germany and England and America turning out what seems to be the perfection of timepieces. It took the world six thousand years to make the present chronometer.

So with the measurements of longer spaces than minutes and hours. Time was calculated from new moon to new moon; then from harvest to harvest. Then the year was pronounced to be three hundred and fifty-four days, and then three hundred and sixty days; and, not until a long while after, three hundred and sixty-five days. Then events were calculated from the foundation of Rome, afterward from the Olympic games. Then the Babylonians had their measurement of the year and the Romans theirs and the Armenians theirs and the Hindus theirs. Chronology was busy for centuries studying monuments, inscriptions, coins, mummies, and astronomy trying to lay a plan by which all questions of dates might be settled and events put in their right place in the procession of the ages. But the chronologists only heaped up a mountain of confusion and bewilderment until the sixth century Dionysius Exiguus, a Roman abbot, said: "Let everything date from the birth at Bethlehem of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the World." The abbot proposed to have things dated backward and forward from that great event. What a splendid thought for the world! What a mighty thing for Christianity! It would have been most natural to date everything from the creation of the world. But I am glad the chro-

nologists could not too easily guess how old the world was in order to get the nations in the habit of dating from that occurrence in its documents and histories. Forever fixed is it that all history is to be dated with reference to the birth of Christ; and, this matter settled, Hales, the chief chronologist, declared that the world was made five thousand four hundred and eleven years before Christ, and the deluge came three thousand one hundred and fifty-five years before Christ, and all the illustrious events of the last nineteen centuries and all the great events of all time to come have been or shall be dated from the birth of Christ. These things I say that you may know what a watch is, what a clock is, what an almanac is; and learn to appreciate through what toils and hardships and perplexities the world came to its present conveniences and comforts, and to help you to more respectful consideration of that sundial of Ahaz planted in my text.

We are told that Hezekiah, the king, was dying of a boil. It must have been one of the worst kind of carbuncles, a boil without any central core and sometimes deathful. A fig was put upon it as a poultice. Hezekiah did not want to die then. His son who was to take the kingdom had not yet been born and Hezekiah's death would have been the death of the nation. So he prays for recovery and is told he will get well. But he wants some miraculous sign to make him sure of it. He has the choice of having the shadow on the sundial of Ahaz advance or retreat. He replied it would not be so wonderful to have the sun go down, for it always does go down sooner or later. He asks that it go backward. In other words, let the day instead of going on toward sundown, turn and go toward sunrise. I see the invalid king bolstered up and wrapped in blankets looking out of the window upon the sundial in the courtyard. While he watches the

shadow on the dial the shadow begins to retreat. Instead of going on toward six o'clock in the evening it goes back toward six o'clock in the morning. The fig poultice had been drawing for some time and, sure enough, the boil broke and Hezekiah got well.

Now I expect you will come on with your higher criticism and try to explain this away and say it was an optical delusion of Hezekiah, and the shadow only seemed to go back or a cloud came over and it was uncertain which way the shadow did go, and as Hezekiah expected it to go back he took the action of his own mind for the retrograde movement. No; the shadow went back on all the dials of that land and other lands. Turn to II Chron., 32: 31, and find that away off in Babylon the mighty men of the palace noticed the same phenomenon. And if you do not like Bible authority, turn over to your copy of Herodotus and find that away off in Egypt the people noticed that there was something the matter with the sun. The fact is that the whole universe waits upon God, and suns and moons and stars are not very big things to him, and he can with his little finger turn back an entire world as easily as you could set back the hour-hand or minute-hand of your clock or watch.

At the opening of a new year people are moralizing on the flight of time. You all feel that you are moving on toward sundown and many of you are under a consequent depression. I propose this morning to set the hands on your watches and clocks to going the other way. I propose to show you how you make the shadow of your dial, like the shadow on the dial of Ahaz, to stop going forward and make it go backward. You think I have a big undertaking on hand, but it can be done if the same Lord who reversed the shadow in Hezekiah's courtyard moves upon us.

While looking at the sundial of Hezekiah and we find the shadow retreating, we ought to learn that God controls the shadows. We are all ready to acknowledge his management of the sunshine. We stand in the glow of a bright morning and we say in our feelings, if not in so many words, "This life is from God, this warmth is from God." Or, we have a rush of prosperity and we say, "These successes are from God. What a providential thing it was I bought that lot just before the rise of real estate! How grateful to God I am that I made that investment! Why, they have declared ten per cent. dividend! What a mercy it was that I sold out my shares before that collapse!" Oh, yes; we acknowledge God in the sunshine of a bright day or the sunshine of a great prosperity. But suppose the day is dark? You have to light the gas at noon. The sun does not show himself all day long. There is nothing but shadow. How slow we are to realize that the storm is from God and the darkness from God and the chill from God. Or, we buy the day before the market's retreat; or we make an investment that never pays; or we purchase goods that we cannot dispose of; or a crop of grain we sowed is ruined by drought or freshet; or when we took account of stock on the first of January we found ourselves thousands of dollars worse off than we expected. Who under such circumstances says, "This loss is from God, I must have been allowed to go into that unfortunate enterprise for some good reason; God controls the east wind as well as the west wind"?

My friends, I cannot look for one moment on that retrograde shadow on Ahaz's dial without learning that God controls the shadows, and that lesson we need all to learn. That he controls the sunshine is not so necessary a lesson, for anybody can be happy when things go right. When you sleep eight hours

a night and rise with an appetite that cannot easily wait for breakfast and you go over to the store and open your mail to read more orders than you can fill, and in the next letter you find a dividend far larger than you have been promised, and your neighbor comes in to tell you some flattering thing he has just heard said about you, and you find that all the styles of goods in which you deal have advanced fifteen per cent. in value, and on your way home you meet your children in full romp and there are roses on the center of the tea-table and roses of health in cheeks all 'round the table, what more do you want of consolation? I do not pity you a bit. You feel as if you could boss the world.

But for those in just opposite circumstances my text comes in with an omnipotence of meaning. The shadow! Oh, the shadow! Shadow of bereavement! Shadow of sickness! Shadow of bankruptcy! Shadow of mental depression! Shadow of persecution! Shadow of death! Speak out, oh, sundial of Ahaz, and tell all the people that God manages the shadow! As Hezekiah sat in his palace-window, wrapped in invalidism and surrounded by anodynes and cataplasms and looked out upon the black hand of the only clock known at that time and saw it move back ten degrees, he learned a lesson that a majority of the human race need this hour to learn — that the best friend a man ever had controls the shadow. The set-backs are sometimes the best things that can happen. The great German author Schiller could not work unless he had in his room the scent of rotten apples, and the decay of the fruits of earthly prosperity may become an inspiration instead of a depression. Robert Chambers' lame feet shut him up from other work, and he became the world-renowned publisher, and helped fashion the best literature of the ages. The painful disorder like

that of Hezekiah called a carbuncle is spelled exactly the same as the precious stone called the carbuncle, and the pang of suffering may become the jewel of immortal value. Your set-back, like that of Ahaz's sundial, may be recovery and triumph. I never had a set-back but it turned out to be a set forward. You never would have become a Christian if you had not had a set-back. The highest thrones in heaven are for the set-backs. In 1861 the shadow of the sundial of this nation was set back, and all things seemed going to ruin, and it was set back further in 1862, and further in 1863, but there is not an intelligent and well-balanced man, North or South, East or West, but feels it was set back toward the sunrise.

But I promised to show you how the shadows might be turned back. First, by going much among the young people. In most family circles there are grandchildren. By this divine arrangement most of the people who have passed the meridian of life can compass themselves by juvenility. It is a bad thing for an old man or old woman to sit looking at the vivacity of their grandchildren shouting, "Stop that racket!" Better join in the fun. Let the eighty-years-old grandfather join the eight-years-young grandson or granddaughter. My father and mother lived to see over eighty children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren, and a more boisterous crew were never turned out on this sublunary sphere, and they all seemed to cry to the old folks "Keep young," and they did keep young. Do not walk with a cane unless you have to, or only as a defense in a city afflicted with too many canines. Do not wear glasses stronger than necessary. Remain young. Better than arnica for your stiff joints and catnip tea for your sleepless nights, will be a large dose of youthful companionship.

Set back the clock of human life. Make the shadow of the sundial of Ahaz retreat ten degrees. People make themselves old by always talking about being old, and wishing for the good old days, which were never as good as these days. From all I can hear the grandchildren are not half as bad as the grandparents were. Matters have been hushed up. But if you have ever been in a room adjoining a room where some very old people a little deaf were talking over old times you will find that this age does not monopolize all the young rascals. Revive your remembrance of what you were between five and ten years of age, and with patience capable of everything join with the young. Put back the shadow of the dial not ten degrees, but fifty and sixty and seventy degrees.

Set back your clocks also by entering on new and absorbing Christian work. In our desire to inspire the young we have in our essays had much to say about what has been accomplished by the young; of Romulus who founded Rome when he was twenty years of age; of Cortez who had conquered Mexico at thirty years; of Pitt who was prime minister of England at twenty-four years; of Raphael who died at thirty-seven years; of Calvin who wrote his Institutes at twenty-six; of Melanchthon who took a learned professor's chair at twenty-one years; of Luther who had conquered Germany for the Reformation by the time he was thirty-five years. And it is all very well for us to show how early in life one can do very great things for God and the welfare of the world, but some of the mightiest work for God has been done by septuagenarians and octogenarians and nonagenarians. Indeed, there is work which none but such can do. They preserve the equipoise of Senates, of religious

denominations, of reformatory movements. Young men for action, old men for counsel.

Instead of any of you beginning to fold up your energies arouse anew your energies. With the experience you have obtained and the opportunities of observation you have had during a long life, you ought to be able to do in one year now more than you did in ten years right after you had passed out of your teens. Physical power less, your spiritual power ought to be more. Up to the last hour of their lives what power for good old Dr. Archibald Alexander, old Dr. Woods, old Dr. Hawes, old Dr. Milnor, old Dr. McIlvaine, old Dr. Tyng, old Dr. Candlish, old Dr. Chalmers! What have been Bismarck to Germany and Gladstone to England and Oliver Wendell Holmes to America in the time of an advanced age? Let me say to those in the afternoon of life: Do not be putting off the harness; when God wants it off he will take it off. Do not be frightened out of life by the grip as many are. At the first sneeze of an influenza many give up all as lost. No new terror has come on the earth. The microbes as the cause of disease were described in the Talmud seventeen hundred years ago as "invisible legions of dangerous ones." Do not be scared out of life by all this talk about heart failure. That trouble has always been in the world. That is what all the people that ever passed out of this life have died of — heart failure. Adam had it and all of his descendants have had it or will have it. Do not be watching for symptoms, or you will have symptoms of everything. Some of you will yet die of symptoms. Put your trust in God, go to bed at ten o'clock, have the window open six inches to let in the fresh air, sleep on your right side, and fear nothing. The old maxim was right:

"Get thy spindle and distaff ready, and God will send thee flax."

But while looking at this sundial of Ahaz, and I see the shadow of it move, I notice that it went back toward the sunrise instead of forward toward the sunset — toward the morning instead of toward the night. There have a great many things been written and spoken about the sunset of life. I have said some of them myself. But my text suggests a better idea. The Lord who turned back that day from going toward sundown and started it toward sunrise is willing to do the same thing for all of us. The theologians who stick to old religious technicalities until they become soporifics would not call it anything but conversion. I call it a change from going toward sundown to going toward sunrise. That man who never tries to unbuckle the clasp of evil habit, and who keeps all the sins of the past and the present freighting him, and who ignores the one redemption made by the only One who could redeem, if that man will examine the sundial he will find that the shadow is going forward and he is on the way to sundown. His day is on the road to night. All the watches that tick, all the clocks that strike, all the sand-glasses that empty themselves, all the shadows that move on all the sundials indicate the approach of darkness. But now, in answer to prayer, as in my text the change was in answer to prayer, the pardoning Lord reverses things and the man starts towards sunrise instead of sunset. He turns the other way. The Captain of Salvation gives the military command, "Attention! Right about face!" He was marching toward indifference, marching toward hardness of heart, marching toward prayerlessness, marching toward sin, marching toward gloom, marching toward death. Now he turns and marches toward

peace, marches toward light and marches toward comfort and marches toward high hope and marches toward a triumph stupendous and everlasting, toward hosannas that ever hoist and hallelujahs that ever roll. Now if that is not the turning of the shadow on the dial of Ahaz from going toward sundown to going toward sunrise, what is it?

I have seen day break over Mont Blanc and the Matterhorn, over the heights of Lebanon, over Mount Washington, over the Sierra Nevadas, and mid-Atlantic, the morning after a departed storm when the billows were liquid Alps and liquid Sierra Nevadas; but the sunrise of the soul is more effulgent and more transporting. It bathes all the heights of the soul and illumines all the depths of the soul and whelms all the faculties, all the aspirations, all the ambitions, all the hopes with a light that sickness cannot eclipse or death extinguish or eternity do anything but augment and magnify. I preach the sunrise. As I look at that retrograde movement of the shadows on Ahaz's dial, I remember that it was a sign that Hezekiah was going to get well, and he got well. So I have to tell all you who are by the grace of God having your day turned from decline toward night to ascent toward morning, that you are going to get well — well of all your sins, well of all your sorrows, well of all your earthy distresses. Sunrise!

"But," says some one, "all that you say may be true but that does not hinder the horrors of dissolution." Why, you who are the Lord's, are not going to die. All that the grave gets of you as compared with your chief, your immortal nature, is as the clippings of your finger nails as compared with your whole body. As you run the scissors along the edge of your thumbnail and you cut off that which is of no use but rather a hindrance, you do not mourn over the departure

of that fragment which flies away. Death will be only the scissoring-off of that which could be of no use; and the soul has no funeral over that which would be an awful nuisance if we could not get rid of it. This body as it now is, what a failure it would make of heaven if our departing soul had to be burdened with it in the next world. While others there go ten thousand miles a minute we would take about an hour to walk four miles, and while our neighbor immortals could see a hundred miles we could see only ten miles, and the fleetest and the healthiest of our bodies if seen there would make it necessary to open in heaven an asylum for cripples. No, no; one of the best possible things that will happen to us will be the sloughing off of this body when we have no more use for it in its present state. When it shall come up in its resurrected form we will be very glad to get it back again, but not as it is now with its limitations and bedwarfments innumerable. Sunrise!

> There shall I bathe my weary soul
> In seas of heavenly rest,
> And not a wave of trouble roll
> Across my peaceful breast.

Sunrise! But not like one of those mornings after you had gone to bed late, or did not sleep well, and you get up chilled and yawning and the morning bath is a repulsion and you feel like saying to the morning sun shining into your window: "I do not see what you find to smile about; your brightness is to me a mockery." But the inrush of the next world will be a morning after a sound sleep, a sleep that nothing can disturb; and you will rise, the sunshine in your faces, and in your first morning in heaven you will wade down into the sea of glass mingled with fire, the

foam on fire with a splendor you never saw on earth and the rolling waves are doxologies, and the rocks of that shore are golden and the pebbles of that beach are pearl, and the skies that arch the scene are a commingling of all the colors that St. John saw on the wall of heaven, the crimson and the blue and the saffron and the orange and the purple and the gold and the green wrought on those skies in shape of garlands, of banners, of ladders, of chariots, of crowns, of thrones. What a sunrise! Do you not feel its warmth on your faces? Scoville McCollum, the dying boy of our Sunday-school, uttered what shall be the peroration of this sermon, "Throw back the shutters and let the sun in!" And so the shadow of Ahaz's sundial turns from sunset to sunrise.

# THE DYING CENTURY

II Kings, 20: 1: "Thus saith the Lord, Set thine house in order; for thou shalt die, and not live."

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II Kings, 20: 1: "Thus saith the Lord, Set thine house in order; for thou shalt die, and not live."

No alarm bell do I ring in the utterance of this text, for in the healthy glow of your countenances I find cause only for cheerful prophecy; but I shall apply the text—as spoken in the ear of Hezekiah, prostrate with a bad carbuncle—to the nineteenth century, now closing. My theme is "The Dying Century." I discuss it at an hour when our National Legislature is assembling, some of the members now here present, and others will arrive by the midnight trains, and to-morrow morning, from the North, South, East, and West, all the public conveyances coming this way will bring important additions of public men; so that when to-morrow, at high noon, the gavels of Senate and House of Representatives shall lift and fall, the destinies of this nation—and through it the destinies of all nations struggling to be free—will be put on solemn and tremendous trial. Amid such intensifying circumstances I stand by the venerable Century, and address it in the words of my text, "Thus saith the Lord, Set thine house in order; for thou shalt die, and not live."

Eternity is too big a subject for us to understand. Some one has said it is a great clock, that says "Tick" in one century, and "Tack" in another. But we can better understand Old Time, who has many children, and they are the centuries, and many grandchildren,

* This sermon was preached by Dr. Talmage in Washington shortly before the assembling of the Fifty-sixth Congress.

and they are the years. With the dying Nineteenth Century we shall have a plain talk, telling him some of the good things he has done, and then telling him some of the things he ought to adjust before he quits this sphere and passes out to join the eternities. We generally wait until people are dead before we say much in praise of them. Funeral eulogium is generally very pathetic and eloquent with things that ought to have been said years before. We put on cold tombstones what we ought to have put in the warm ears of the living. We curse Charles Sumner while he is living, and cudgel him into spinal meningitis, and wait until, in the rooms where I lived for a year, he puts his hand on his heart and cries "Oh!" and is gone; and then we make long procession in his honor, stopping long enough to allow the dead Senator to lie in state in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, and halting at Boston State House, where not long before, damnatory resolutions had been passed in regard to him, and then move on, amid the tolling bells and the boom of minute-guns, until we bury him at Mount Auburn and cover him with flowers five feet deep. What a pity he could not have been awake at his own funeral, to hear the gratitude of the nation! What a pity that one green leaf could not have been taken from each one of the mortuary garlands and put upon his table while he was yet alive at the Arlington! What a pity that out of the great choirs who chanted at his obsequies, one little girl, dressed in white, might not have sung to his living ear a complimentary solo! The *post-mortem* expression contradicted the *ante-mortem.* The nation could not have spoken the truth both times about Charles Sumner. Was it before or after his decease it lied?

No such injustice shall be inflicted upon this venerable Nineteenth Century. Before he goes we recite

in his hearing some of the good things he has accomplished. What an addition to the world's intelligence he has made! Look at the old schoolhouse, with the snow sifting through the roof and the filthy tin cup hanging over the water-pail in the corner, and the little victims on the long benches without backs, and the illiterate schoolmaster, with his hickory gad; and then look at our modern palaces of free schools, under men and women cultured and refined to the highest excellence, so that, whereas in our childhood we had to be whipped to go to school, children now cry when they cannot go. Thank you, venerable Century, while at the same time we thank God. What an addition to the world's inventions! Within our century the cotton gin. The agricultural machines, for planting, reaping, and threshing. The telegraph. The phonograph, capable of preserving a human voice from generation to generation. The typewriter, that rescues the world from worse and worse penmanship. And stenography, capturing from the lips of the swiftest speaker more than two hundred words a minute. Never was I so amazed at the facilities of our time as when, a few days ago, I telegraphed from Washington to New York a long and elaborate manuscript, and a few minutes after, to show its accuracy, it was read to me through the long-distance telephone, and it was exact down to the last semicolon and comma. What hath God wrought!

Oh, I am so glad I was not born sooner. Instead of the tallow candle, the electric light. Instead of the writhings of the surgeon's table, God-given anæsthetics, under the power of which the whole physical organism is explored by sharpest instrument, without giving so much pain as the taking of a splinter from under a child's finger-nail. Instead of the lumbering stage-coach, the limited express train. And there is

the spectroscope of Fraunhofer, by which our modern scientist feels the pulse of other worlds throbbing with light. Jenner's arrest by inoculation of one of the world's worst plagues. Doctor Keeley's emancipation for inebriety. Intimation that the virus of maddened canine and cancer and consumption are yet to be balked by magnificent medical treatment. The eye sight of the doctor sharpened till he can look through thick flesh and find the hiding-place of the bullet. What advancement in geology, or the catechism of the mountains; chemistry, or the catechism of the elements; astronomy, or the catechism of the stars; electrology, or the catechism of the lightnings. What advancement in music: at the beginning of this century, confining itself, so far as the great masses of the people were concerned, to a few airs drawn out on accordion or massacred on church bass viol; now enchantingly dropping from thousands of fingers in Handel's Concerto in B flat, or Guilmant's Sonata in D minor.

Thanks to you, O Century! before you die, for the asylums of mercy you have founded—the blind seeing with their fingers, the deaf hearing by the motion of your lips, the born imbecile by skilful object-lesson lifted to moderate intelligence. Thanks to this century for the improved condition of most nations. The reason that Napoleon made such a successful sweep across Europe at the beginning of the century was that most of the thrones of Europe were occupied either by imbeciles or profligates. But most of the thrones of Europe are to-day occupied by kings and queens competent. France a republic, Switzerland a republic, and about fifty free constitutions, I am told, in Europe. Twenty million serfs of Russia manumitted. On this Western continent I can call the roll of many republics—Mexico, Guatemala, Salvador, Costa Rica, Paraguay, Uruguay, Honduras, New Granada, Vene-

zuela, Peru, Ecuador, Bolivia, Chili, Argentine Republic, Brazil. The once straggling village of Washington to which the United States Government moved, its entire baggage and equipment packed up in seven boxes which got lost in the woods near this place, now the architectural glory of the continent and admiration of the world.

The money power, so much denounced and often justly criticised, has covered this continent with universities, and free libraries, and asylums of mercy. The newspaper press which, at the beginning of the century was an ink-roller, moved by hand over one sheet of paper at a time, has become the miraculous manufacturer of four or five or six hundred thousand sheets for one daily newspaper's issue. Within your memory, O dying Century! has been the genesis of nearly all the great institutions evangelistic. At London Tavern, March 7th, 1802, British and Foreign Bible Society was born. In 1816, American Bible Society was born. In 1824, American Sunday School Union was born. In 1810, American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, which has put its saving hand on every nation of the round earth, was born at a haystack in Massachusetts. The National Temperance Society, the Women's Temperance Society, and all the other temperance movements, born in this century. Africa, hidden to other centuries, by exploration in this century has been put at the feet of civilization, to be occupied by commerce and Christianity. The Chinese wall, once an impassable barrier, now is a useless pile of stone and brick. Our American nation, at the opening of this century only a slice of land along the Atlantic coast, now the whole continent in possession of our schools and churches and missionary stations. Sermons and religious intelligence which in other times, if noticed at all by the newspaper press,

were allowed only a paragraph of three or four lines, now find the columns of the secular press in all the cities thrown wide open, and every week for twenty-six years without the omission of a single week, I have been permitted to preach one entire Gospel sermon through the newspaper press. I thank God for this great opportunity.

Glorious Old Century! You shall not be entombed until we have, face to face, extolled you. You were rocked in a rough cradle, and the inheritance you received was for the most part poverty and struggle and hardships and poorly covered graves and heroes and heroines of whom the world had not been worthy and atheism and military despotism and the wreck of the French revolution. You inherited the influences that resulted in Aaron Burr's treason and another war with England and Battle of Lake Erie and Indian savagery and Lundy's Lane and Dartmoor massacre and dissention, bitter and wild beyond measurement, and African slavery, which was yet to cost a national hemorrhage of four awful years and a million precious lives. Yes, dear Old Century, you had an awful start, and you have done more than well, considering your parentage and your early environment. It is a wonder you did not turn out to be the vagabond century of all time. You had a bad mother and a bad grandmother. Some of the preceding centuries were not fit to live in, — their morals were so bad, their fashions so outrageous, their ignorance so dense, their inhumanity so terrific. O dying Nineteenth Century! before you go we take this opportunity of telling you that you are the best and the mightest of all the centuries of the Christian era, except the first, which gave us the Christ, and you rival that century in the fact that you, more than all the other centuries put together, are giving the Christ to all the world. One hundred and twelve

thousand dollars at one meeting, contributed for the world's evangelization. Look at what you have done, O thou abused and depreciated Century! All the Pacific isles, barred and bolted against the Gospel when you began to reign, now all open, and some of them more Christianized than America. No more, as once written over the church doors in Cape Colony, "Dogs and Hottentots not admitted." The late Mr. Darwin contributing twenty-five dollars to the Southern Missionary Society. Cannibalism driven off the face of the earth. The gates of all nations wide open for the Gospel entrance when the church shall give up its intellectual dandyism, and quit fooling with higher criticism, and plunge into the work, as at a life-saving station the crew pull out with the life-boat to take the sailors off a ship going to pieces in the Skerries. I thank you, old and dying Century; all heaven thanks you, and surely all the nations of the earth ought to thank you. I put before your eyes, soon to be dim for the last sleep, the facts tremendous. I take your wrinkled old hand and shake it in congratulation. I bathe your fevered brow, and freshen your parched lips from the fountains of eternal victory.

But my text suggests that there are some things that this century ought to do before it leaves us. "Thus saith the Lord, Set thine house in order; for thou shalt die, and not live." We ought not to let this century go before two or three things are set in order. For one thing there is this quarrel between labor and capital. The nineteenth century inherited it from the eighteenth century, but do not let this nineteenth century bequeath it to the twentieth. "What we want," says labor, "to set us right is more strikes and more vigorous work with torch and dynamite." "What we want," says capital, "is a tighter grip on the working classes and compulsion to take what

wages we choose to pay, without reference to their needs." Both wrong as sin. Both defiant. Until the Day of Judgment no settlement of the quarrel, if you leave it to British, Russian, or American politics. The religion of Jesus Christ ought to come in within the next few years and take the hand of capital and employee and say, "You have tried everything else, and failed; now try the Gospel of kindness." No more oppression and no more strikes. The Gospel of Jesus Christ will sweeten this acerbity, or it will go on to the end of time, and the fires that burn the world up will crackle in the ears of wrathful prosperity and indignant toil while their hands are still clutching at each other's throats. Before this century sighs its last breath I would that swarthy labor and easy opulence would come up and let the Carpenter of Nazareth join their hands in pledge of everlasting kindness and peace. When men and women are dying they are apt to divide among their children mementoes, and one is given a watch and another a vase and another a picture and another a robe. Let this veteran Century, before it dies, hand over to the human race, with an impressiveness that shall last forever, that old family keepsake, the golden keepsake which nearly nineteen hundred years ago was handed down from the black rock of the Mount of Beatitudes: "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets."

Another thing that needs to be set in order before the veteran Century quits us, is a more thorough and all-embracing plan for the world's gardenization. We have been trying to save the world from the top, and it cannot be done that way. It has got to be saved from the bottom. The Church ought to be only a West Point to drill soldiers for outside battle. What if

a military academy should keep its students from age to age in the mess-room and the barracks? No, no! They are wanted at Montezuma and Chapultepec and South Mountain and Missionary Ridge; and the church is no place for a Christian to stay very long. He is wanted at the front. He is needed in the desperate charge of taking the parapets. The last great battle for God is not to be fought on the campus of a college or the lawn of a church. It is to be fought at Missionary Ridge. What is the providential meaning? A great evangelist recently suggested that the evening services in all the churches be turned into the most popular style of evangelistic meetings for outsiders. Surely that is an experiment worth making. If that does not succeed, then it does seem to me all the churches which cannot secure sufficient evening audiences, ought to shut up their buildings at night and go where the people are, and invite them to come to the Gospel banquet.

Let the Christian souls, bountifully fed in the morning, go forth in the afternoon and evening to feed the multitudes of outsiders starving for the bread of which if a man eat he shall never again hunger. Among those clear down in the depths of poverty and misery, the Gospel would make more rapid conquest than among those who know so much and have so much that God cannot teach or help them. In those lower depths are many splendid fellows in the rough, like the shoeblack a reporter saw near New York City Hall. He asked a boy to black his boots. The boy came up to his work provokingly slow, and had just begun when a large boy shoved him aside and began the work, and the reporter reproved him as being a bully, and the boy replied: "Oh, that's all right. I am going to do it for 'im. You see he's been sick in the hospital more'n a month; so us boys turn in and give

'im a lift." "Do all the boys help him?" asked the reporter. "Yes, sir; when they ain't got no job themselves and Jim gets one, they turn in and help 'im, for he ain't strong yet, you see." "How much percentage does he give you?" said the reporter. The boy replied, "I don't keep none of it. I ain't no such sneak as that. All the boys give up what they git on his job. I'd like to catch any feller sneaking on a sick boy, I would." The reporter gave him a twenty-five-cent piece, and said, "You keep ten cents for youself, and give the rest to Jim." "Can't do it, sir; it's his customer. Here, Jim." Did such big souls as that strew all the lower depths of the cities, and get them converted to God, this would be the last full century of the world's sin, and but little work of evangelization would be left for the next century. Before this century expires, let there be a combined effort to save the great cities of America and Great Britain, and all Europe, and of all Christendom.

What an awful thing it would be for you, O dying Century, to bequeath to the coming century, as yet innocent and unscarred with a single sin or burdened with a single sorrow, the blasphemy, the lawlessness, the atheism, the profligacy, and the woes of great cities still unevangelized! Nearly all the centuries closed with something tremendous. Why may not this century close in the salvation of America? I do not know whether our theological friends, who have studied the subject more than I have, are right or wrong when they say Christ will come in person to set up his kingdom in this world; but though we would be overwhelmed with our unworthiness, I would like to see Christ descend from heaven in one of the clouds of this morning, and planting his feet on this earth, which he came centuries ago to save, declare his reign of love and mercy and salvation on earth begun. And what

more appropriate place — I say it reverentially — for such a divine landing than the capital of a continent never cursed by the tyrannies and superstitions of the old world?

What has this dying Nineteenth Century to tell us before he goes? We all love to hear septuagenarians, octogenarians, nonagenarians, and centenarians talk. We gather around the armchair and listen till it is far on into the night, and never weary of hearing their experiences. But Lord Lyndhurst, at eighty-eight years of age, pouring into the ears of the House of Lords, in a four-hours' address, the experiences of a lifetime, and Apollonius, at a hundred years of age, recounting his travels to thrilled listeners, and Charles Macklin, at one hundred and seven years of age, absorbing the attention of his hearers, and Ralph Farnham, of our country, at one hundred and seven years, telling the Prince of Wales the story of Bunker Hill, can create no such interest as this dying centenarian, if he will only speak.

Tell us, O Nineteenth Century! before you go, in a score of sentences, some of the things you have heard and seen. The veteran turns upon us and says: "I saw Thomas Jefferson ride in from Monticello, and on yonder hill take the oath of the Presidential office. I saw yonder Capitol ablaze with war's incendiarism. I saw the puff of the first steam-engine in America. I heard the thunders of Waterloo, of Sebastopol and Sedan and Gettysburg. I was present at all the coronations of the kings and queens and emperors and empresses now in the world's palaces. I have seen two billows roll across this continent and from ocean to ocean — a billow of revival joy in 1857, and a billow of blood in 1864. I have seen four generations of the human race march across this world and disappear. I saw their cradles rocked and their graves dug. I

have heard the wedding bells and the death knells of near a hundred years. I have clapped my hands for millions of joys and wrung them in millions of agonies. I saw Macready and Edwin Forrest act, and Edwin Payson pray. I heard the first chime of Longfellow's rhythms, and before any one else saw them, I read the first line of Bancroft's *History*, and the first verse of Bryant's 'Thanatopsis,' and the first word of Victor Hugo's almost supernatural romance. I heard the music of all the grand marches and the lament of all the requiems that for nigh ten decades made the cathedral windows shake. I have witnessed more moral and spiritual victories than all of my predecessors put together. For all you who hear or read this valedictory, I have kindled all the domestic firesides by which you ever sat, and roused all the halloos and roundelays and merriments you have ever heard, and unrolled all the glorious sunrises and all the pictured sunsets and starry banners of the midnight heavens that you have ever gazed at.

"But before I go, take this admonition and benediction of a dying Century. The longest life, like mine, must close. Opportunities gone never come back, as I could prove from nigh a hundred years of observation. The eternity that will soon take me will soon take you. The wicked live not out half their days, as I have seen in ten thousand instances. The only influence for making the world happy is an influence that I, the Nineteenth Century, inherited from the first century of the Christian Era — the Christ of all the centuries. Be not deceived by the fact that I have lived so long, for a century is a large wheel that turns a hundred smaller wheels, which are the years; and each one of these years turns three hundred and sixty-five smaller wheels, which are the days; and each one of the three hundred and sixty-five days turns

twenty-four smaller wheels, which are the hours; and each one of those twenty-four hours turns sixty smaller wheels, which are the minutes; and those sixty minutes turn still smaller wheels, which are the seconds. And all of this vast machinery is in perpetual motion, and pushes us on and on toward the great eternity whose doors will, at twelve o'clock of the winter night between the year 1900 and the year 1901, open before me, the dying Century. I quote from the three inscriptions over the three doors of the Cathedral of Milan. Over one door, amid a wreath of sculptured roses, I read: 'All that which pleases us is but for a moment.' Over another door, around a sculptured cross, I read: 'All that which troubles us is but for a moment.' But over the central door I read: 'That only is important which is eternal.' Oh, Eternity! Eternity! Eternity!

As the Nineteenth Century was born while the face of this nation was yet wet with tears because of the fatal horseback ride that Washington took, out here at Mt. Vernon, through a December snowstorm, so I wish the next century might be born at a time when the face of this nation shall be wet with the tears of joy at the literal or spiritual arrival of the Great Deliverer of Nations, of whom St. John wrote with apocalyptic pen: "And I saw, and behold a white horse: and he that sat on him had a bow; and a crown was given unto him: and he went forth conquering, and to conquer."

# NOONTIDE OF LIFE

S. of Sol., 1: 7: "Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon?"

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Reference is here made to the habit of shepherds in taking their flocks about twelve o'clock of the day, under the shadow of trees or rocks, and by cool streams, for repose. It is a noonday scene, and typical of life at the meridian. I have received about one hundred letters of birthday greeting from all professions and occupations, and from all parts of Christendom, reminding me that I am fifty-three years of age. It is with me the warmth and the light and the vigor of a July noonday.

My discourse will speak of life at the meridian. I will tell you how it seems to me now, and how it seems to me when I look backward and forward. The prayer of the text is appropriate for me to offer, and for many of you to offer: "Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon." Noonday privilege. Noonday joy. Noonday reflection.

Albert Barnes, after he had arrived in the seventies, preached a memorable sermon about the evening of life. If you ask me how life seems to me now, I answer, "Very bright." I have had sad days; dark, tumultuous days; but there is now not one cloud on my sky. My surroundings suit me exactly. My friends are kind and sympathetic and indulgent. The world is to me a most agreeable abode. I have nothing against the weather; for if it be cold I have stout apparel, and if it be hot I fly to the mountains, and if it be stormy, I carry my own sunshine. I have no in-

dictments to present against anybody or anything. After all the contests in which I have been engaged, there is not a being with whom I would not willingly — ay, gladly — shake hands. It seems to me that in some respects the hilltop in the journey of life is the best part of the journey.

While in early life we are climbing up the steep hillside, we have worries and frets, and we slip and fall and slide back and run upon sharp antagonisms, and all the professions and occupations have drudgeries and sharp rivalries at the start. We are afraid we will not be properly appreciated. We toil on, and we pant and we struggle and we are out of breath, and sometimes we are tempted to lie down in the bower of lazy indulgence. In addition to these difficulties of climbing the hill of life, there are those who rejoice in setting a man back and trying to make a young man cowed down. "DeWitt," said a man to me as we were walking the fields at the time I was in the theological school, "DeWitt, if you don t change your style of thought and expression, you will never get a call to any church in Christendom as long as you live." "Well," I replied, "if I cannot preach the Gospel in America, then I will go to heathen lands and preach it." And every young man has had somebody to meet him, as he was climbing up, and say to him: "Don't, don't — you can't, you can't — quit, quit!" Every young man has twenty disheartenments where he has one round word of good cheer. But after we have climbed to the top of the hill of life, then we have comparative tranquillity and repose. We begin to look about us. We find that it is just three miles from cradle to grave: youth the first mile, manhood the second mile, old age the third mile. Standing on the hill-top of the journey of life and in the second mile, having come up one side of the hill, and before

I go down the other side, I want to tell you that life is to me a happiness, and much of the time it has been to me a rapture, and sometimes an ecstasy.

I would be the worst ingrate on earth if I did not acknowledge the goodness of God and tell you that the profoundest emotion of my soul is one of gratitude to God for his undeserved mercy, in that in the twenty-nine years of my professional life I have missed but one day of service through ill-health. Oh, how good God has been to me, while I have seen others with a hundredfold more consecration than I have had, who have staggered under burdens of pain, incapacitated for work for which they were otherwise gloriously equipped; and I must this day rear a monument to the divine goodness, as did one of old, and inscribe on it: "Hitherto hath the Lord helped me." This life has been to me and is now a great happiness; and if the atheistic theory were true, which I can never believe, that annihilation comes after death, and the sepulcher, instead of being, as we believe it to be, simply the way-side inn where we rest for a night and in the morning, fully invigorated, start out on grander journeying amid brighter prospects — I say, even if the sepulcher were the abolition of body and soul, I should be nevertheless glad that I live, and that I live here, and that I live now.

There has been a great deal of wholesale slander of this world. People abuse it, the traveler on the mountain cursing the chill, and the voyager on the deep cursing the restlessness; and there are those who say it is a mean, old, despicable world; and from pole to pole it has been calumniated. If the world should present a libel suit for all those who have slandered it, there would not be gold enough in the mountains to pay the damages, or places enough in the penitentiaries to hold the offenders. The people not only

slander the world, but they slander its neighbors, and they belabor the sun, now because it is too ardent and now because it is too distant; but by experience coming up the hill of life I have found out when there is anything wrong the trouble is not with the sun or the moon or the stars or the meteorological conditions, the trouble is with myself.

Judging from the reports that come from the astronomical observatories, I believe that in all the universe, excepting heaven, this is the most comfortable and convenient world to live in. Some of these other worlds are all water, others are all rock, others are all fire. Some are swept with electric cyclones and others are upheaved by volcanoes that toss whole continents into the air with one jerk. And if Dr. Chalmers was right in his theory that other worlds are inhabited, I am sorry for some of them. I wish all the agonizing climates might have an asylum, and that the unfortunate inhabitants might have genial skies like those which bless us, and as blushing a sunset, and as glorious a morning, in which the archangel of sublimity and pomp spreads his pinions over cloud and mountain and sea, incubating a new day! Before God launched this ship of a world from the dockyards of eternity, he so splendidly fitted it up — the cabins, the masts, the wheelhouses, the decks — that though that world has been beating on the rocks for many years because of man's pilotage, it is magnificent still, and good men are trying to get the ship off the rocks, and before long the wreckers with the pulleys and the tugs will have completed their work, and through all the earth and all the heavens will be heard the cry, "She floats, she floats!"

Oh, I am so glad that while this world as a finality is a dead failure, as a hotel where we stop for a little while in our traveling on toward a better place, it is a

very good world, a very kind world; and I am glad that the shepherd in so pleasant a place makes his flocks to rest at noon!

But having told you how life seems to me on the hill-top of the journey, you naturally want to know how it seems to me when I look backward, and when I look forward. The first thing a traveler does after climbing up to the top of a mountain is to take a long breath, and then look about and see what is all around him. He sees out in this direction the winding road up which he came, and out in that direction the winding road down which he will go. And so, standing on the hill-top of life's journey, I put my outspread hand to my forehead, so as to keep off the glare of the noonday sun and to concentrate my vision, and I look back on the winding road on which I have traveled, and I see far on down at the foot of that road, in the dim distance, something small, something insignificant, and it vibrates and it trembles and it rocks. I wonder what it is. I guess what it is. A cradle! Then I turn, and still keeping my outspread hand to my forehead so as to shade my eyes from the glare of the noonday sun, and to concentrate my vision, I look on the winding road down which I shall travel, and I see at the foot of the road something that does not tremble, does not vibrate, does not rock, and then near it a bank of the earth, and I wonder what it is. Ah! I see what it is. I guess what it is. I know what it is. A grave. So, standing on the hill-top, having come up one side of the hill, and before I go down the other side, you ask me two or three questions, and I tell you that I have learned in coming up this side of life—the steep side, the first side—I have learned that nothing is accomplished without hard work. Although I have been prospered to an exceptional degree, I never had any good luck. I have heard people

talk a good deal about a streak of good luck. In all my life I never had one streak of good luck. But I have had a good God watching me, guiding me, controlling me, helping me, forgiving me, correcting my mistakes, and he has always blessed me when I worked hard, and he did not bless me so much when I was lazy! Whether my work has amounted to anything or not I must leave to others to judge; but during the past twenty-nine years I have worked to my full capacity of endurance, and if I have gone off to rest, it was only to qualify me for hard work, and all this against the full protest of my nature, for I sometimes have felt I was naturally the laziest man that was ever born. But I am afraid of indolence — as afraid of indolence as any reformed inebriate is afraid of the wine-cup. He knows if he shall take one glass he will be flung back into inebriety. And I am afraid if I should take one long pull of nothing to do I would stop forever. So I keep busy all the time. And I say to the multitude of young people here today starting in occupations and professions, nothing is accomplished without work, hard work, continuous work, all-absorbing work, everlasting work.

A parishioner asked a clergyman why the congregation had filled up and why the church was now so prosperous above what it had ever been before. "Well," said the clergyman, "I will tell you the secret. I met a tragedian some time ago, and I said to him, 'How is it you get along so well in your profession?' The tragedian replied, 'The secret is, I always do my best; when stormy days come, and the theater is not more than half or a fourth occupied, I always do my best, and that has been the secret of my getting on.'" And the clergyman reciting it, said: "I have remembered that, and ever since then I have always done my best." And I say to you, in whatever occupation or

profession God has put you, do your best; whether the world appreciates it or not, do your best — always do your best. Domitian, the Roman emperor, for one hour every day caught flies and killed them with his penknife; and there are people with imperial opportunity who set themselves to some insignificant business. Oh, for something grand to do, and then concenter all your energies of body, mind, and soul upon that one thing, and nothing in earth or hell can stand before you. There is no such thing as good luck.

I have learned also in coming up this steep hill of life, that all events are connected. I look back and now see events which I thought were isolated and alone, but I find now they were adjoined to everything that went before and everything that came after. The chain of life is made up of a great many links — large links, small links, silver links, iron links, beautiful links, ugly links, mirthful links, solemn links — but they are all parts of one great chain of destiny. Each minute is made up of sixty links, and each day is made up of twenty-four links, and each year is made of three hundred and sixty-five links; but they are all parts of one endless chain which plays and works through the hand of an all-governing God. No event stands alone. Sometimes you say, "This is my day off." You will never have a day off. Nothing is off. Your coming here this morning, which was not long premeditated, and may seem to you only accidental, may be an event which will mean more to you than any worldly event of the last ten centuries, and which will mean more to you than the final destruction of this world, because it may decide where you will be after all worlds are demolished, some by collision and some by explosion, some by fracture and some by hurricane, some by frost and some by conflagration; all worlds destroyed except two, and those rolling on,

the one through cycles and immensities of rapture, and the other through cycles and immensities of pang — rolling up, rolling up; rolling down, rolling down. Two worlds, the one a charred and the other an irradiated sphericity!

But if you continue to ask me how the past seems, I answer it seems like three or four picture-galleries— Düsseldorf, Louvre, and Luxembourg — their corridors interjoining. Boyhood gallery, church gallery, home gallery. Boyhood gallery in my memory. I close my eyes and see them coasting the hillside and flying the kite and trundling the hoop and gathering nuts in the autumnal forests, and then a little while after bending in anxious study over the lexicons and the trigonometries. Where are those comrades? Most of them gone. Some are in useful spheres on earth. Some died in rapture, and a good many of them perished in dissipation before thirty years of age. The wine-cup with its sharp edge cut the jugular vein of their soul. Poor fellows! They tried the world without God, and the world was too much for them. Splendid fellows! Oh, what forehead they had for brain, and what muscle they had for strength, and what gleam of eye they had for genius, and what loving letters they got from home, and how they carried off the bouquets on Commencement Day! But they made the terrific mistake of thinking religion a superfluity, and now they are in my memory, not so much canvas as sculpture—some Laocoon struggling with snapped muscles and eyes starting from the socket for torture; struggling amid the crushing folds of a serpentine monstrosity, a reptile horror, a Laocoon worse than that of the ancients. Satan has a fastidious appetite, and the vulgar souls he throws into a trough to fatten his swine; but he says: "Bring to my golden plate all the fine natures, bring to my golden plate all the clear in-

tellects, bring them to me; my knife will cut down through the lusciousness; fill my chalice with the richest of their blood; pour it in until it comes three-fourths full; pour it in until it comes to the rim of the chalice; pour it in until the blood bubbles over the rim. There, that will do now. Oh, this infernal banquet of great souls! Aha! aha! let the common demons have the vulgar souls, but give to me, who am the king of all diabolism, the jolliest and gladdest and the grandest of all this immortal sacrifice. Aha!"

There is another picture gallery in my mind, the church gallery, the people to whom I have ministered in the Gospel, and who are gone now to the better country. Belleville gallery. Syracuse gallery. Philadelphia gallery. Brooklyn gallery. Some of those figures in the gallery have frame of hosanna and hallelujah. Sweet spirits, glorious spirits, transported spirits, blessed spirits! Dying children with faces like that in Raphael's "Madonna." Octogenarians with patriarchal demeanor, and a look which makes me think that Elijah having arrived sent back his flaming equipage to bring up another passenger. Fair maidens in death looking like a transfiguration. Young men dying with anthem on the lip and flash of pearline portal in the eye.

Then in my mind there is the home gallery. Oh, those dear faces, old faces and young faces, faces that have lost nothing of their loveliness by the recession of years, faces into which we looked when we sat on their laps, faces that looked up to us when they sat on our laps, faces that wept, faces that laughed, faces wrinkled with old age, faces all aflush with juvenile jocundity, faces that have disappeared, faces gone.

But you ask how the rest of the journey appears to me. As I look down now, having come up one side, and standing on the hill-top, and before I take the

other journey, let me say to you, the road yet to be traveled seems to me brighter than the one on which I have journeyed. I would not want to live life over again, as some wish to. If we lived over again we would do no better than we have done. Our lives have been lived over five hundred times before. We saw five hundred people make mistakes in life, and we went right on and made the same mistakes. Our life was not the first. There were five hundred or a thousand people living before us whose blunders were known to us. We did not profit by their example. We went right on and broke down in the same place, and if we did not do any better with those experiences before us, do you think we would do any better if we tried life over again? No. I should rather go right on. If we tried life over again we would repeat the same journey.

"But," says some one, "don't you know there may be trials, hardships, sicknesses, and severe duties ahead?" Oh, yes! But if I am on a railroad journey of a thousand miles, and I have gone five hundred of the miles, and during those five hundred miles I have found the bridges safe and the track solid and the conductors competent and the engineer wide awake does not that give me confidence for the other five hundred miles? God has seen me through up to this time, and I am going to trust him for the rest of the journey. I believe I have a through ticket, and although sometimes the track may turn this way or the other way, and sometimes we may be plunged through tunnels, and sometimes we may have a hot box that detains the train, and sometimes we may switch off upon a side track to let somebody else pass, and sometimes we may see a red flag warning us to slow up, I believe we are going through to the right place.

I have not a fear, an anxiety, this morning that

I can mention. I do not know one. I put all my case in God's hands, and I have not any anxiety about the future. I do not feel foolhardy. I only trust. And — for there are those here of my own age — let me say, when we come to duties and trials and hardships, God is going to see us through.

The late Willard Parker, the eminent surgeon, had a case of goitre brought to him for treatment. Those of you who have traveled in Switzerland know of the awful swelling that is called the goitre. The patient brought to Dr. Parker was a millionaire many times over, and they wanted the doctor to perform the surgery and to warrant the safety of the patient and his recovery, and they said they would give him a million dollars if he would warrant the undertaking. "Oh," said the doctor, "I cannot warrant anything, but I will do the best I can!" My friend said to Dr. Parker, "How did you feel when you were about to undertake that surgery?" "Well," said he, "my hand trembled dreadfully, because, you know, I am an old man now; my hand trembled dreadfully; but just as soon as the instrument touched the delicate place my nerves were strong as steel, and without any excitement I went right through the successful operation, and with no anxieties; as soon as I began my hand was firm." And we may have a great many anxieties about what is to come in life, and we may tremble about the great responsibility, but when we come up to the right place God will steady our hand, he will take hold of us, he will give us courage, and without any perturbation we will go right through. All I want to know is, that God has my hand and is helping me on. And beside that, notwithstanding all the balderdash of infidels and atheists and freethinkers in our time, I am quite certain — I am very certain — that right beyond this life there is another life. The three miles of this journey,

from cradle to grave, are not an inch long compared with that other life which then will begin, and the picture-gallery ahead is brighter than the picture-gallery in the rear. Ay, we take the best of those pictures from the gallery in the rear, and on step-ladder of amethyst we go up, and with loops of celestial light we hang those pictures against the burnished wall of heaven.

Look! look! There is Christ. Cuyp painted him for earthly gallery, and Corregio and Tintoretto and Benjamin West and Doré painted him for earthly galleries, but all those pictures are eclipsed by this masterpiece of heaven. Christ! Christ! There is Paul, the hero of the Sanhedrin, and of Agrippa's court-room and of Mars Hill and of Nero's infamy, shaking his chained fist in the very face of teeth-chattering royalty. Here is Joshua, the fighter of Beth-horon, and Gideon, the man that postponed sundown. Here is Vashti, the profligacy of the Persian Court unable to remove her veil of modesty or rend it or lift it. And all along the corridors of this picture-gallery I find other great heroes and heroines—David with his harp, and Miriam with the cymbals, and Zachariah with the scroll, and St. John with the seven vials, and the resurrection angel with the trumpet. On farther in the corridors I see the faces of our loved ones, the cough gone from the throat, the wanness gone from the cheek, the weariness gone from the limbs, the languor gone from eye. Let us go up and greet them. Let us go up and embrace them. Let us go up and live with them. We will! we will!

From this hill-top of life I catch a glimpse of those hill-tops where all sorrow and sighing shall be done away. Oh, that God would make that world to us a reality! Faith in that world helped old Dr. Tyng, when he stood by the casket of his dead son, whose arm had been torn off in the threshing-machine, death

ensuing; and Dr. Tyng, with infinite composure, preached the funeral sermon of his own beloved son. Faith in that world helped Martin Luther without one tear to put away in death his favorite child. Faith in that world helped the dying woman to see on the sky the letter "W," and they asked her what she supposed that letter "W" on the sky meant. "Oh," she said, "don't you know? W stands for welcome," O Heaven, swing open thy gates! O Heaven, roll upon us some of thine anthems! O Heaven, flash upon us the vision of thy luster.

An old writer tells us of a ship coming from India to France. The crew was made up of French sailors, who had been long from home, years gone away from their families; and as the ship came along by the coast of France the men became uncontrollable, and they skipped the deck with glee, and they pointed to the spires of the churches where they once worshiped and to the hills where they had played in boyhood. But, the writer says, when the ship came into the port, and these sailors saw father and mother and wife and loved ones on the wharf, and heard these loved ones call them by their names, they sprang ashore and rushed up the banks into the city, and the captain had to get another crew to bring the ship to her moorings. Thus, heaven, our fatherland, will after a while be so fully in sight we can see its towers, and we can see its mansions, and we can see its hills; and as we go into port and our loved ones shall call from that shining shore and speak our names, we will spring to the beach, leaving this old ship of a world to be managed by another crew, our rough voyaging of the seas ended forever.

Rocks and storms I'll fear no more,
When on that eternal shore;
Drop the anchor, furl the sail,
We are safe within the vale.

# THE NATION'S OPPORTUNITY

Ezekiel, 41: 11: "Another door toward the south."
Rev., 21: 13. "On the south three gates."

# THE NATION'S OPPORTUNITY*

Ezekiel, 41: 11: "Another door toward the south."
Rev., 21: 13. "On the south three gates."

King George of England, at the close of the Revolutionary War, in which he had lost thirteen colonies, proclaimed a day of thanksgiving because of the return of peace. His chaplain said to him: "For what would your majesty have us give thanks? for the fact that you have lost thirteen of the brightest jewels of your crown?" "No, not for that," said the king. "Because we have added millions to our national debt?" "No, not for that," said the king. "Because tens of thousands of people of the same race and religion have been destroyed?" "No, not for that," said the king. "Why, then?" insisted the chaplain, "and for what shall we give thanks?" "Thank God," said the king, with great vehemence, "thank God because matters are no worse." And if the year now past has brought to any of you misfortune or calamity or bereavement, you have so many mercies left you ought to thank God things are no worse with you than they are.

But to vast throngs of us the year has been one of overarching mercy, and as individuals and as a church, and as a nation we keep jubliee. And would God that our habit of gratitude might become as fixed as that of St. Felix, the monk of Cantalice, who, on all occasions, whether stopping a fight or soliciting alms for the monastery, cried out, "*Deo Gratias*"— thanks be to God — until the church called

* A Thanksgiving Day sermon.

him "Brother Deo Gratias," and the children hailed him on the streets as "Father Deo Gratias." After a year in which other nations have felt the scourge of epidemic, but this land has been spared, and after emerging unhurt from a Presidential contest in which the blind Samson of partisanship threatened to pull down the pillars of State and to leave the temple flat in the dust, and after three hundred and sixty-five more days of kindness from our God, we are here.

In the graceful and splendid decorations of this church to-day, with the grains and fruits of all sections, we have an American congress of national products. Delegations from North, South, East, and West. Here are delegations with white hair from the cotton fields of the South. Here are those with auburn beard and locks from the golden wheat-fields of the North. Here are fruits that have in their round cheeks the blush of the setting sun of the West. Behold this moss from Southern woods, the bridal veil of the forest. Behold these plumes of pampas from the far West. Behold this rice from the Carolinas and these grapes and pears from California. Behold these apples from Connecticut, the "Land of Steady Habits." Your father, perhaps, planted the tree. Behold these great banana trees standing sentinel at each end the platform, by last steamer from Florida, but the fruit this moment growing, and one of them in blossom of resplendent orb. Harvests of 1884 looking down upon all their predecessors. The wave of temporal blessing has dashed to the top of the nation's corn-crib. Ay, the prosperity of this country has rolled up until the crest of the wave has broken and recoiled upon itself. More corn and wheat and cotton and rice than we can find profitable market for. More manufactured goods than we can dispose of. The grain markets all glutted, and the factories

by scores stopping, or run with only half the spindles harnessed, and wages are cut down in some places because the supply has swamped the demand; and nothing is the matter to-day with this country but over-production and under-consumption. Where there is work for ten there are twenty who offer their services, and the hundred thousand wheels of American industry are slowing up, not because there is too little, but because there is too much. God has snowed upon the track of this nation such vast accumulations of prosperity that the engine that draws the train can hardly plow through. The American nation is being choked to death with surplus of production and manufactures. Too much wheat, too much corn, too much cotton, too much fruit, too much hardware, too many dry-goods, too many shoes, too many carpets, too many philosophical instruments, too many printing-presses, too many cattle, too many sheep, too many artisans, too many merchants, too many lawyers, too many doctors, and from the large number of excellent men in my own profession without settlement, some might think, too many ministers.

The deluge of supply has risen fifteen cubits higher than the mountains of demand. The load of national wealth is so great that the team cannot draw it. The man who dies for lack of a crust of bread is no worse off than the man who is smothered to death in a wheat-bin. The nation suffers to-day, not from marasmus, but from plethora; not from consumption, but from threatened apoplexy.

What shall we do? "Let us rush right down to Washington and have the tariff changed," says a great multitude. But put up the tariff as high as Tiptop House on Mount Washington, and while you might keep out foreign goods, we have enough mills of our own left to weave ten woollen shirts where there is one

back to wear them, and make ten pairs of shoes for every ten feet that need them, and twenty curtains for every window that could support them, and twenty pairs of eyeglasses for every vision that might be reenforced by them. Doctor the tariff with homœopathic or allopathic or eclectic doses from now until the Thanksgiving Day of the year 2000, and you cannot in that way cure this chronic malady. Others hope by change of national administration to correct the trouble; but no President, though he had the combined patriotism of Washington and the broad views of Jefferson and the suavity of a Madison and the courage of an Andrew Jackson and the old-fashioned honesty of an Abraham Lincoln could regulate the inexorable law of supply and demand.

Well, some say, "Let us pack up our trunks and move east or north or west." Going east towards Europe would be exodus into starvation. The avalanche of emigration shows us that those continents are overcrowded. We all know that this is the best country in all the world to live in. I have eight hundred and fifty thousand fresh reasons for saying so. Eight hundred and fifty thousand people in one year coming from other shores to live in America. If America had not been the best place to live, there would have been eight hundred and fifty thousand Americans going to Europe. Shall we go North? Already the busiest hives of competition are along the St. Lawrence and the Androscoggin and the Penobscot, and the voices of the woods of Maine and the forests of the lake chain answer: "No room here!" Shall we move West? There is no West. The emigrants chased it across the Ohio, across the Mississippi, across the La Platte and the Fremont exploring expedition put their spurs into the horses' flanks and chased the West from the Rocky Mountains to

the Sierra Nevadas, and the Forty-niners from California, landing from the ships on the Pacific beach, attacked the West in the rear, and the workmen of the Union Pacific and Northern Pacific and Southern Pacific railroads came upon it with their spades, and the giant West has ceased; and though some might say of it, as was said in regard to Moses, "No man knoweth of his sepulcher to this day," I think the Yosemite Valley is its sarcophagus, with El Capitan for the headstone and Cathedral Rock for the footstone. Millions of foreign population that are yet to cross the sea for America will soon enough fill all the area between Atlantic and Pacific beaches.

But in the words of my text, I now declare "another door toward the south"—"on the south three gates." When I say south I do not mean the Southern States of our own American Union, but I mean the magnificent infinity of opportunity beyond—Portuguese America and fifteen Spanish-American republics and the islands of the South Pacific. Through that door will come the complete and glorious relief for all this over-supply. It will come, I think, within ten years, within five, within three. On the sixteenth of next month, at the New Orleans Exposition, that door will begin to swing open, and if the Government of the United States fully appreciates the opportunity, and the people of this country will help, the highest water mark that the wave of our national prosperity has ever reached will be one hundred feet under what shall speedily be the full tide of commercial, agricultural, manufacturing, literary, and moral success.

Our people for the most part sit in appalling ignorance of an opportunity such as was never spread out before any nation since the morning stars sang together. "On the south three gates"—ay, three

thousand gates, and all of them wide open. I have had facts put before me enough to keep a man awake nights because of their significance. The simple fact is, that the vast realm of population in the tropics are buying from transatlantic nations almost everything, and from us almost nothing, and the tide ought to turn and the tide will turn, and I preach this sermon to help it turn. Your ears will tingle with the intensity of this recital: In 1880 five billion three hundred and sixty-nine million dollars worth of goods manufactured in the United States, and only two per cent. taken by foreign markets! Is it not a marvel that American manufactures are not as dead as the proverbial door-nail? My only wonder is, that nine-tenths of the manufacturers have not gone into bankruptcy, and ninety-nine one-hundredths of the factory hands have not gone into starvation or the almshouse; and it will be worse if the battle is to go on between Lowell spindles here and Manchester spindles there, between foreign merchants who want tariffs down and American merchants who want tariffs up. There is no relief for us in the markets of Europe, and there will be none until

Moons shall wax and wane no more.

"Another door toward the south"—"on the south three gates." This nation to-day is like a silly dry-goods merchant who stands behind the counter haggling with a small customer about three yards of tape, when there are at the counter, impatiently waiting, three princesses wishing to purchase their bridal trousseaus. May God arouse this nation from its commercial idiocy! On the south of us are regions nearly three times as large as the United States without manufactories, without woollen goods, without agricultural implements, without telegraphs, without tele-

phones, without shoes, without sewing-machines, without ten thousand things that we have and they must have. Not tens of thousands, but millions of consumers. Where shall they get their supplies? They are getting them from another hemisphere three thousand miles away, and we at their next door are buried under a surplus of those very things. They are able to trade with us for their sugars and coffees and spices and fruits and valuable woods and a thousand other commodities we need as much as they need our products. But look, and then hang your heads at the statement that, while our next-door neighbors, the southern republics and Brazil and neighboring colonies import six hundred and seventy-five million dollars worth of goods a year, only one hundred and twenty-six million dollars worth are from the United States — one hundred and twenty-six million dollars out of six hundred and seventy-five million dollars — only one-fifth of the trade ours. European nations taking their four fingers and leaving us the poor thumb. The sister republics on the American continent, with a foreign commerce amounting to four hundred and twenty-eight million dollars, trade with us to the feeble and paltry sum of sixty-three million dollars. There is nothing but a comparative ferry between this country and the West Indies, while there are raging seas and long voyages between them and other continents, yet they import one hundred and sixteen million dollars worth of goods, and only thirty-one million dollars worth come from us.

Now, all this I hope will be speedily changed, and it is going to be the solution of the labor question, of the bread question, of the communistic question, of the over-production and under-consumption question, and nearly all the other questions. It is going to set all the mills on the Merrimac and the Connecticut

and the Susquehanna and the Chattahoochee and the Alabama running day and night with double set of hands, and calling for ten factories where we have one, and putting all the men who are now out of employ into work at good wages; and it is going to change this story of dull times into a prosperity which will roll on in full tide until the Mississippi loses its way to the Gulf of Mexico.

No more thankful am I for the past blessings to this nation that I am thankful to God for this opening opportunity, in its height stupendous and in its width hemispheric. How will it be done? Among other things, by such action as that which led our Congress to appropriate one million three hundred thousand dollars to the New Orleans Exposition, and led Mexico to appropriate two hundred thousand dollars, and New Orleans to appropriate five hundred thousand dollars. That exposition preceded by the Sydenham Crystal Palace, and the French and the Vienna and the Philadelphia expositions, yet in far-reaching significance more important than all of them put together. It is going to be the hinge of this century. Those other expositions showed chiefly what had already been done. This of next month will build a platform on which the nations of this American continent shall come up for introduction to a new commercial epoch in the history of the ages. On that platform will come up Bolivia, Peru, Paraguay, Uruguay, Venezuela, Salvador, Nicaragua, Colombia, Costa Rica, Ecuador, Brazil, and the brunette West Indies to meet the blonde and smiling United States. Hail! marriage of North and South. While the pessimists have been hunting up the burial service to read at the death of American commerce, and the stops of the organ were being pulled out for the Dead March in Saul, I, an optimist both by nature and by grace, take

up in anticipation the bright-covered wedding liturgy, and as the blonde North takes the brunette South by the hand, saying, "With all my worldly goods, I thee endow," I cry, "Whom God hath joined together let neither foreign despotism nor American demagogism ever put asunder." Then let all the organs and choirs and orchestras make everything, from the Montreal ice palace to the halls of the Montezumas, quake under the rolling thunders of the grand march of North and South American progress.

This southern door will be further fastened open by the tides of travel diverted from Europe to the land of the Aztecs. Much of the one hundred and six million five hundred thousand dollars yearly expended by Americans in Europe will be expended in southern exploration, in looking at some of the ruins of the forty-seven cities which Stephens, the traveler, found only a little way apart, and walking through the corridors and under the arches and in the great doorways and over the miracles of mosaic and along by the monumental glories of another civilization; and ancient America will, with cold lips of stone, kiss the warm lips of modern America; and to have seen the Andes and Popocatepetl will be deemed as important as to have seen the Alpine and Balkan ranges. So there will be fewer people spoiled by foreign travel, and in our midst there will be less poor and nauseating imitation of the French shrug and the intentional hesitancy of a brainless foreign swell. The fact is, that there are more people made fools of by European travel than in any other way. And though sensible when they embark, they return with a collar and a cravat and a shoe and a coat and a pronunciation and a contempt for American institutions, and a bend of the elbow that makes one believe in evolution backward from man to ape! Of the thirty thousand Ameri-

cans who now cross the sea annually, thousands will, on pleasure and business, visit the tropics, and so tourists and merchants and scientists and capitalists will all help in this national development.

I wish that somehow our next Congress might take the one hundred million dollars of surplus in the United States Treasury which the Republicans neglected to steal and before the Democrats get a chance to steal it, and in some way expend it in establishing new lines of shipping between the ports of North and South America and in dredging their harbors and in building telegraph lines and in the quickening of that glorious consummation which is sure to come. I want it to come very soon. I want it to come before there is any more suffering. I want it to come before there is any more sorrow.

In anticipation I nail on the front door of the nation an advertisement: Wanted, one hundred thousand men to build a South American railroad as long as from here to San Francisco. Wanted, five thousand telegraph operators. Wanted, twenty million dollars worth of dry-goods and hardware from New York city. Wanted, all the clocks you can make at New Haven and all the brains you can spare from Boston and all the bells you can mold at Troy and all the McCormick reapers you can fashion at Chicago and all the hams you can turn out at Cincinnati and all the railroad iron you can send from Boonton and Pittsburg. Wanted, wanted right away, wanted by express, wanted C. O. D., wanted by railroad train, wanted by steamer, wanted lawyers to plead our causes, wanted doctors to cure our sick, wanted ministers to evangelize our population, wanted professors to establish our universities.

Without this opening prospect this Thanksgiving Day would be dark for those of us who are interested

in the laboring classes. To-day there are one million people out of work in this country — ten per cent. of the laboring classes with nothing to do but suffer, and another twenty per cent. toiling on reduced wages. Can I, a minister of religion, stand in this place to-day, amid all these signs of prosperity and these great harvests, which have brought blessings to so many of our doors, and forget this fact? I cannot. I shall not take my seat at the Thanksgiving table with wife and children to-day, until I look at the bare plates of these multitudes, and at the empty wardrobes, and invoke upon them the mercy of God and the generous consideration of those in comfortable circumstances, and send from my own pocket my individual quota.

Congress will assemble next week, and let it waste no time in abstractions, but by some swift enactment open this door south, and all the other legitimate doors, for the relief of men who can get no work, and who stand in this cold November weather wringing their numb fingers, with their helpless families at their back. God help them! Hungry men and women never have been quiet and never will be quiet and never ought to be quiet. Bread they ought to have, bread they must have, and bread they will have. With this, the fifth plentiful harvest, if there be any man, woman, or child in America without food and without comfortable apparel and without shelter, there must be something awfully wrong.

May the suffering Christ, who once had not where to lay his head, champion the cause of the helpless, and smash the great monopolies that are built out of the bones and cemented with the blood of poor workmen, and send a supply this day from full pantries to every destitute home, and so change the condition of those hardly bested, that by the time another Thanksgiving Day arrives the poorest man in America

may have upon his table a twenty-pound turkey, royally browned and basted and stuffed, put upon plates dashed with cranberry, and emptied only to make way for dessert of pumpkin pie such as New England matrons bake, or a more classic mince pie, such as our dear old mothers in New Jersey mixed with their own hands before those hands were folded in the last sleep, just before they entered upon the long Thanksgiving Day of heaven, and where we shall yet throw our arms around them and the other departed ones who used to be with us on Thanksgiving Day, and give them a rapturous hug and kiss all the heartier for the present painful separations. I no more believe in the Fatherhood of God than I do in the brotherhood of man. And for all the world may there be plenty to wear and plenty to eat. Amen and Amen!

# THE SWORD SHEATHED IN FLOWERS

Isa., 47: 4: "**The Lord** of hosts **is his name.**"

# THE SWORD SHEATHED IN FLOWERS*

Isa., 47: 4: "The Lord of hosts is his name."

Under the God of armies we meet to-day. He has been on one or the other side of the great fights of the ages. He was present with indignation and pity at the great hemorrhages of the world, Salamis, Marathon, Cannæ, Navarre, Leipzig, Sedan, Waterloo, Gettysburg. He saw all the armies of the ages march and where they fell. He presides over all grave trenches and all the national cemeteries, and not a private soldier that was sacrificed in all the wars of the centuries but God knows where his dust is as well as though for every man there had been built a monument of marble, glorified from base to top with epitaph and eulogium. Over all the armies of the living and over all the armies of the dead! "The Lord of hosts is his name."

In this spring-time the American nation kneels with cool bandage of garlands to bind up the wounds of battle. War is more ghastly now than once, not only because of the greater destructiveness of its weaponry, but because now it takes down the best men, whereas once it chiefly took down the worst. Bruce in 1717, in his *Institutions of Military Law*, said of the European armies of his day: "If all infamous persons and such as have committed capital crimes, heretics, atheists, and all dastardly and feminine men, were weeded out of the army, it would soon be reduced to a pretty moderate number." Flogging and mean pay made them still more ignoble. Officers were ap-

*A Decoration Day sermon.

pointed to see that each soldier drank his ration of a pint of spirits a day. There were noble men in battle, but the moral character of an army then was ninety-five per cent. lower than the moral character of an army to-day. By so much is war now the more detestable because it destroys the picked men of the nations.

The South last week and the North this week, in great and solemn ceremony of decoration, first of all deplore the desolation of war. I know there are those who intimate that blood-letting is healthful for nations and that nothing but the lancet can keep them from plethora and that frequent wars are necessary in order to kill off the useless and bad populations of the earth. That heathenish idea is utterly loathsome to me, especially when I remember that war is indiscriminate and takes down the good as well as the bad. Then I think the time has come when Christian nations ought to substitute arbitration and treaty in the place of wholesale massacre.

A glance at isolated facts will show the waste, the desolation, the suffering, the extermination of war. When Napoleon's army marched up toward Moscow they burned every house for one hundred and fifty miles. Our Revolutionary war cost the English Government six hundred and eighty million dollars. The wars growing out of the French revolution cost England three thousand million of dollars. Christendom, or as I might mispronounce it in order to make the fact more appalling Christ-endom, has paid in twenty-two years fifteen thousand million dollars for battle. Those were the twenty-two years, I think, ending in 1820 or thereabout. The exorbitant and exhausting taxes of Great Britain and the United States are for the most part resultant from conflicts. When we complain about our taxes we charge the fault upon this

administration or that administration, upon this line of policy or upon that line of policy, but it is a simple fact that to-day we are paying for the shot and the shell, and the ambulances and the cavalry horses and the batteries and the exploded fortresses and the broken bones and the digging of the grave trenches, and for four years of national martyrdom. Edmund Burke estimated that the nations of this world had expended thirty-five thousand million dollars in war, but he did his ciphering before our great American and European wars were plunged into. He never dreamed that in this land, in the latter part of this century, in four years we should expend in battle three thousand million dollars.

But what was all the waste of treasure when compared with the waste of human life? The story is appalling beyond everything. In one battle under Julius Cæsar four hundred thousand fell. Under Xerxes in one campaign five millions were slain; under Genghis Khan at Herat, one million six hundred thousand were slain; at Nishar one million seven hundred and forty-seven thousand were slain; at the siege of Ostend one hundred and twenty thousand; at Acre three hundred thousand. At the siege of Troy one million eight hundred and sixteen thousand fell. The Tartar and two African wars cost one hundred and eight million lives. The wars against the Turks and the Saracens cost one hundred and eighty million lives. Added to all these the million who fell or expired in hospital in our own conflict. It might seem to some a small addition, but a vast addition it seems to me, because it comes so near our own hearts. Then take the fact that thirty-five times the present population of the earth have fallen in battle. Looking on these things, am I not right in charging you, O Christian men and women, to pray every day of your lives that the Lord will hasten on

the day when war shall cease? Enough the tears. Enough the blood. Enough the bereavement. Enough the martyrdom.

Again, by this annual ceremony we propose vividly to impress the rising generation. Subtract 1865 when the war ended from our 1883, and you will realize what a vast number of people were born since the war, or were so young as to have no vivid appreciation. No one under twenty-eight years of age has any adequate memory of that prolonged horror. Young man, do you remember it? "Well," you say, "I only remember that mother swooned away while she was reading the newspaper, and that they brought my father home wrapped in the flag, and that a good many people came in the house to pray, and that mother faded away after that until again there were many people in the house, and they told me she was dead." There are others who cannot remember the roll of the drum or the tramp of the regiment or a sigh or a tear of that tornado of woe that swept the nation again and again until there was one dead in each house. Now it is the religious duty of those who do remember it to tell those who do not. My young friends, there were such partings at rail-car windows and steamboat wharves and at front doors of comfortable homes as I pray God you may never witness. Oh, what a time it was when fathers and mothers gave up their sons, never expecting to see them again, and never did see them again until they came back mutilated and crushed and dead. Four years of hostile experiences. Four years of ghastliness. Four years of grave-digging. Four years of funerals, coffins, shrouds, hearses, dirges. Mourning! Mourning! Mourning! It was hell let loose.

What a time of waiting for news! Morning paper and evening paper scrutinized for intelligence from the

boys at the front. First, announcement that the battle must occur the next day. Then the news of the battle's going on. On the following day still going on. Then news of thirty thousand slain, and of the names of the great generals who had fallen, but no news about the private soldiers. Waiting for news! After many days a load of wounded going through the town or city, but no news from our boy. Then a long list of wounded and a long list of the dead and a long list of the missing, and among the last list our boy. When missing? How missing? Who saw him last? Missing! missing! Was he in the woods or by the stream? How was he hurt? Missing! missing! What burning prayers that he may yet be heard from! In that awful waiting for news many a life perished. The strain of anxiety was too great. That wife's brain gave way the first week after the battle, and ever and anon she walks the floor of the asylum or looks out of the window as though she expected some one to come along the path and up the steps as she soliloquizes: "Missing! missing!"

What made matters worse, all this might have been avoided. There was no more need of that war than that this moment I should plunge a dagger through your heart. There were a few Christian philanthropists in those days scoffed at both by North and South, who had the right of it. If they had been heard on both sides we should have had no war and no slavery. It was advised by those Christian philanthropists, "Let the North pay in money for the slaves as property and set them free." The North said, "We cannot afford to pay." The South said, "We will not sell the slaves anyhow." But the North did pay in war expenses enough to purchase the slaves, and the South was compelled to give up slavery anyhow. Might not the North better have paid the money and saved the

lives of five hundred thousand brave men, and might not the South better have sold out slavery and saved her five hundred thousand brave men?

I swear you by the graves of your fathers and brothers and sons to a new hatred for the champion curse of the universe — war! O Lord God, with the hottest bolt of thine indignation strike that monster down forever and ever. Imprison it in the deepest dungeon of the eternal penitentiary. Bolt it in with all the iron ever forged in cannon or molded into howitzers. Cleave it with all the sabers that ever glittered in battle, and wring its soul with all the pangs which it ever caused. Let it feel all the conflagration of the homesteads it ever destroyed. Deeper down let it fall, and in fiercer flame let it burn, till it has gathered into its heart all the suffering of eternity as well as time. In the name of the millions of graves of its victims, I curse it! The nations need more the spirit of treaty and less of the spirit of war, less of the Disraelian and more of the Gladstonian.

Again, by this national ceremony we mean to honor courage. Many of these departed soldiers were volunteers, not conscripts; and many of those who were drafted might have provided a substitute or got off on furlough or have deserted. The fact that they lie in their graves is proof of their bravery. Brave at the front, brave at cannon's mouth, brave on lonely picket duty, brave in cavalry charge, brave before the surgeon, brave in the dying message to the home circle. We put a garland on the brow of courage. The world wants more of it. The Church of God is in woeful need of men who can stand under fire. The lion of worldly derision roars and the sheep tremble. In great reformatory movements at the first shot how many fall back! The great obstacle to the Church's advancement is the inanity, the vacuity, the soft pret-

tiness, the namby-pambyism of professed Christians. Great on a parade, cowards in battle. They go into battle not with warriors' gauntlet, but with kid gloves, not clutching the sword-hilt too tight lest the glove split at the back. In all our reformatory and Christian work the great want is more backbone, more mettle, more daring, more prowess. We would in all our churches like to trade off a hundred do-nothings for one do-everything. "Quit yourselves like men; be strong."

Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

Again, we mean by this national observance to honor self-sacrifice for others. To all these departed men home and kindred were as dear as our home and kindred are to us. Do you know how they felt? Just as you and I would feel starting out to-morrow morning with nine chances out of ten against our returning alive; for the intelligent soldier sees not only battle ahead but malarial sickness and exhaustion. Had these men chosen, they could have spent last night in their homes, and to-day have been seated where you are. They chose the camp, not because they liked it better than their own house, and followed the drum and fife, not because they were better music than the voices of the domestic circle. South Mountain and Murfreesboro and the swamps of Chickahominy were not playgrounds. These heroes risked and lost all for others. There is no higher sublimity than that. To keep three-quarters for ourselves and give one quarter to others is honorable. To divide even with others is generous. To keep nothing for ourselves and give all for others is magnanimity, Christlike.

Put a girdle around your body, and then measure the girdle and see if you are fifty or sixty inches round. And is that the circle of your sympathies — the size of yourself? Or, to measure you around the heart, would it take a girdle large enough to encircle the land and encircle the world? You want to know what we dry theologians mean when we talk of vicarious suffering. Look at the soldiers' graves on Decoration Day and find out. Vicarious! pangs for others, wounds for others, homesickness for others, blood for others, sepulcher for others.

Those who visit the national cemeteries at Arlington Heights and at Richmond and Gettysburg will see one inscription on soldiers' tombs oftener repeated than any other—"Unknown." When, several years ago, I was called to deliver the oration at Arlington Heights, Washington, I was not as much impressed with the minute guns that shook the earth, or with the attendance of President and Cabinet and foreign ministers and generals of the army and commodores of the navy, as with the pathetic and overwhelming suggestiveness of that epitaph on so many graves at my feet. "Unknown!" "Unknown!" It seems to me that the time must come when the Government of the United States shall take off that epitaph. They are no more unknown! We have found them out at last. They are the beloved sons of the Republic.

Would it not be well to take the statue of the heathen goddess off the top of the Capitol at Washington (for I have no faith in the morals of a heathen goddess) and put one great statue in all our national cemeteries — a statue of liberty in the form of a Christian woman with her hand on an open Bible and her foot on the Rock of Ages, with the other hand pointing down to the graves of the unknown, saying, "These are my sons who died that I might live." Take off the

misnomer. Everybody knows them. It is of comparatively little importance what was the name given them in baptism of water. In the holier and mightier baptism of blood we know them, and on Decoration Day the Nation puts both arms around them and hugs them to her heart, crying: "Mine forever!"

Again, by this national ceremony we propose the future defense of this nation. By every wreath of flowers on the soldiers' graves we say, "Those who die for the country shall not be forgotten," and that will give enthusiasm to our young men in case our nation should in the future need to defend itself in battle. We shall never have another war between North and South. The old decayed bone of contention, American slavery, has been cast out, although here and there a depraved politician takes it up to see if he can gnaw something off it.

We are floating off farther and farther from the possibility of sectional strife. No possibility of civil war. But about foreign invasion I am not so certain. When I spoke against war I said nothing against self-defense. An inventor told me at Washington that he had invented a style of weapon which could be used in self-defense but not in aggressive warfare. I said, "When you get the nations to adopt that weapon you have introduced the millennium." I have no right to go on my neighbor's premises and assault him, but if some ruffian break into my house for the assassination of my family, and I can borrow a gun and load it in time and aim it straight enough, I will shoot him.

There is no room on this continent for any other nation — except Canada, and a better neighbor no one ever had. If you do not think so, go to Montreal and Toronto, and see how well they will treat you. Other than that there is absolutely no room for any other nation. I have been across the continent again

and again, and know that we have not a half inch of ground for the gouty foot of foreign despotism to stand on. But I am not so sure that some of the arrogant nations of Europe may not some day challenge us. I do not know that those forts around New York Bay are to sleep all through the next century. I do not know that Barnegat lighthouse will not yet look off upon a hostile navy. I do not know but that a half dozen nations, envious of our prosperity, may want to give us a wrestle. During our Civil War there were two or three nations that could hardly keep their hands off us. It is very easy to pick national quarrels, and if our nation escapes much longer it will be the exception. If foreign foe should come, we want men like those of 1812 and like those of 1862 to meet them. We want them all up and down the coast, Pulaski and Fort Sumter in the same chorus of thunder as Fort Lafayette and Fort Hamilton — men who will not only know how to fight, but how to die. When such a time comes, if it ever does come, the generations on the stage of action will say, "My country will care for my family as they did in the soldiers' asylums for the orphans in the Civil War, and my country will honor my dust as it honored those who preceded me in patriotic sacrifice, and once a year at any rate, on Decoration Day, I shall be resurrected into the remembrance of those for whom I died. Here I go for God and my country! Hurrah!"

If foreign foe should come, our old sectional animosities would have no power. Here go our regiments into the battle-field: Fifteenth New York Volunteers, Tenth Alabama Cavalry, Fourteenth Pennsylvania Riflemen, Tenth Massachusetts Artillery, Seventh South Carolina Sharpshooters. I have no faith in the cry, "No North, no South, no East, no West." Let all four sections keep their peculiarities

and their preferences, each doing its own work and not interfering with each other, each of the four carrying its part in the great harmony — the bass, the alto, the tenor, the soprano — in the grand march of Union.

Once more, this great national ceremony means the beautification of the tombs, whether of those who fell in battle or accident, or who have expired in their beds or in our arms or on our laps. I suppose you have noticed that many of the families take this season as the time for the adornment of their family plots. This national observance has secured the arboriculture and floriculture of the cemeteries, the straightening up of many a slab planted thirty or forty years ago, and has swung the scythe through the long grass, and has brought the stonecutter to call out the half-obliterated epitaph. This day is the benediction of the resting place of father, mother, son, daughter, brother, sister. It is all that we can do for them now. Make their resting places attractive, not absurd with costly outlay, but in quiet remembrance. You know how. If you can afford only one flower, that will do. It shows what you would do if you could. One blossom from you may mean more than the Duke of Wellington's catafalque. We cannot afford to forget them. They were so lovely to us. We miss them so much. We will never get over it. Blessed Lord Jesus, comfort our broken hearts. From every bank of flowers breathes promise of resurrection. In olden times the Hebrews, returning from their burial-place, used to pluck the grass from the field three or four times, then throw it over their heads, suggestive of the Resurrection. We pick not the grass, but the flowers, and instead of throwing them over our heads we place them before our eyes, right down over the silent heart that once beat with warmest love toward us or over the still feet that ran to serve us or over the lips from

which we took the kiss at the anguish of the last parting. But stop! We are not infidels. Our bodies will soon join the bodies of our departed in the tomb, and our spirits shall join their spirits in the land of the rising sun. We cannot long be separated. Instead of crying with Jacob for Joseph, "I will go down into the grave unto my son, mourning," let us cry with David, "I shall go to him."

On one of the gates of Greenwood is the quaint inscription, "A night's lodging on the way to the City of the New Jerusalem." Comfort one another with these words. May the hand of him who shall wipe away all tears from all eyes wipe your cheek with its softest tenderness. The Christ of Mary and Martha and Lazarus will enfold you in his arms. The white-robed angels who sat at the tomb of Jesus will yet roll the stone from the door of your dead in radiant resurrection. The Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout and the voice of the archangel. So the Dead March in Saul shall become the Hallelujah Chorus.

# EXPANSION

**Genesis, 28: 14:** "Thou shalt spread abroad to the west, and to the east."

# EXPANSION

Genesis, 28: 14: "Thou shalt spread abroad to the west, and to the east."

Since the Americano-Hispanic War is concluded and a United States ambassador is again stationed at Madrid, and a Spanish ambassador at Washington, the people of our country are divided into expansionists and anti-expansionists. From a different standpoint than that usually taken, I discuss this all-absorbing theme. I leave the political aspect of this subject to statesmen and warriors, and pray Almighty God that they may be enabled rightly to settle the question whether the islands in controversy shall be finally annexed, or held under protectorate, or resigned to themselves, while I call attention to the fact that a campaign of moral and religious expansion ought to be immediately opened on widest and grandest scale.

At the close of this war God put into the hands of this country the key to the world's redemption. Heretofore the religious movement in lands where Christ is unknown had to precede the educational. After in China and India and the islands of the sea the missionaries had labored over fifty or seventy-five years, the printing-press and the secular school came in. Now, to better advantage than ever before, religious and secular enlightenment may go side by side, and so the work be accomplished in short time and more thoroughly. Starting with the fact that in Cuba and Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands at

* Preached in Washington in 1898, shortly after the close of the Spanish-American conflict.

least three-fourths of the people can neither read nor write, what an opportunity for school and printing-press! Within five years every man in those islands may be taught to read not only the Bible but the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States and the biography of George Washington and of Abraham Lincoln.

It seems to me that the Government of the United States ought by vote of Congress to afford common schools and printing-presses to those benighted regions. Our national legislature by one vote appropriated fifty million dollars to give bread and medicine to Cuba. Why not by a similar generosity give fifty million dollars for feeding and healing the minds and souls of those ignorant and besotted archipelagoes. In the name of God, I nominate a school for every neighborhood of Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines. As soon as the gavel falls at twelve o'clock of next December fourth on the table of Senate and House of Representatives, and the roll has been called and the preliminaries are observed let some member of our national Legislature, with mind and soul and voice strong enough to be heard not only through those halls, but through Christendom, propose a measure for the mental and moral disenthralment of the islands whose future status is in controversy.

What has made American civilization the highest civilization the world has ever seen? Next to the Bible and the church, schools, common schools, schools reaching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from British America to Gulf of Mexico. Five years under such educational advantage and this whole subject that keeps our public men agitated, some of them to frothing at the mouth, will settle itself. Give those islands readers, spellers, arithmetics, histories,

blackboards, maps, geographies, globes. Let the State Legislatures at their next meeting take parts of those islands under their especial educational patronage. What is needed is State and national action in this matter of schools.

Then let the editorial associations of the United States, as many of such organizations as there are States, resolve at the next convocation to establish in every region of those islands a printing-press, to be supported by people of this country until it can become self-supporting. Each of these State editorial associations sending out to those islands at least one editor and two reporters and enough typesetters, down will go the ignorance and superstition of those islands as certainly as the Spanish fleet under Cervera sank under the pounding of our American battleships, and into their every port will go intelligence and love of free institutions as certainly as into the harbor of Manila went Admiral Dewey on that famous night when he was not expected. The printing-press! Nothing can stand before its bombardment. Editors of American newspapers and publishers of American books! Take the ordination for such a magnificent service. Eloquence on Capitol Hill cannot meet the exigency. Epigrams on political platforms or in State Legislatures will not hasten the desired consummation one week or one hour or one moment.

When Cubans and Porto Ricans and Filipinos see the morning and evening newspapers thrown into the doorways and hawked along the streets of Havana and Santiago and Manila, those who cannot read, by the force of curiosity will learn to read, so that they may know what information is being scattered; and that which may be missionary effort at the start, and carried on by Americans sent forth to do the work, will soon be done by educated natives. Porto Rican edi-

tors! Porto Rican reporters! Porto Rican typesetters! Porto Rican publishers! It was a great mercy to take those islands from under the heels of despotism, but it will be a mightier mercy to emancipate them from ignorance and degradation. The expansion of the knowledge and intellectual qualification of all those insular regions is the desire of all intelligent Americans. Awake, all you schools and colleges and universities and printing-presses, to your opportunity!

Still further here is a wide-open door for Christianity. First of all, we have the attention of those people. The heathen nations are for the most part soporific. The American missionaries heretofore had great difficulty in getting heathendom to listen. They excited some comment by their attire, so different was the parting of the hair and the shape of the hat and the cut of the coat and the formation of the shoe of the evangelizers; but the questions constantly arose in regard to the missionary: "Who is he?" "What is he here for?" And then the interrogator would relax into the previous stupid indifference. But that condition of things has passed. The guns of our American navy have awakened those populations. They do not ask who we are. They have found out. They are now listening to what American civilization and our Christian religion have to say on any subject. Now is the time, while their ears and eyes are wide open, to tell them of the rescuing and saving and inspiriting power of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world. The steam printing-press which secular education plants there may be used and will be used to print religious newspapers and tracts and sermons and mighty discussions of questions temporal and eternal.

The comfortable homes of those populations,

when Christianized, standing side by side with the degraded huts of those who remain unchristianized, will be revolutionary for good. The Porto Rican and the Filipino will come out from his uncleansed and low-roofed and uninviting kennel, and say to his neighbor of beautiful household: "Why cannot I have things as you have them?" And when he finds that it is the Bible, with its teachings on family life and personal purity and exalted principle, and the Church of God that proposes the rectification of all evil and the implantation of all good, he will cry out: "Give me the Bible and the Church and the earthly alleviations and the eternal hope which have wrought for you such transfiguration."

Now, Church of God; now, all Christian philanthropists, is your opportunity! Nothing like it has occurred since Christ came. Perhaps there may be nothing like it till his second coming. Here is a definiteness of aim that is most helpful and inspiring. The millions of dollars given for the redemption of the world and the thousands of glorious missionaries who have, as volunteers, gone forth among barbaric nations, were given and enlisted under a great and immeasurable idea; but when they come to add to the great and immeasurable idea the idea of definiteness we will infinitely augment the work. More than three hundred million of heathen in India, more than four hundred million of people in China, and more millions of heathen than can be guessed outside of those countries, sometimes stagger and confound and defeat our faith; but here in these islands of present controversy we can farm out the work among the churches, and in five years, under the blessing of God, not only fit the people for the right of suffrage, but prepare them for usefulness and heaven.

The difference between the general idea of the

world's evangelization and some particularized field of evangelization is the difference between the improvement of agriculture among all nations and the improvement of seventy-five acres put under one's especial care and industry. By all means let the general work go on; but here is the specified field for religious concentration and development. This is not chimerical or impractical. The American Missionary Association of the Congregational church has already begun the work at San Juan, Utuado, and Albonito, and all denominations of Christians will soon be in those insular fields, and we all need, with our prayers and contributions, to cheer them on to take for God and righteousness those regions which our navy has captured from Spanish oppression.

It has been estimated that this Americo-Spanish war cost us three hundred million dollars. It would not cost half of that to proclaim and carry on and consummate a holy war that will rescue those archipelagoes from satanic domination. Who will volunteer? I beat the drum of a recruiting station. Who will enlist under the one-starred, blood-striped banner of Immanuel? Cuba and Porto Rico and the Philippines are stepping-stones for our American Christianity to cross over and take the round world for God. We need a new evangelical alliance organized for this one purpose. In all denominations there are those with large enough hearts and who have been thoroughly enough converted to join in such an advanced movement; men, who, putting aside all minor differences of opinion, "believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, his only begotten Son," and who would march shoulder to shoulder in such a Gospel campaign. The result would be that those islanders, after such a scene of Gospelization, would assort themselves into denom-

nations to suit themselves, and some would be sprinkled in holy baptism, and others would be immersed in those warm rivers, and some would worship in religious assemblage silent as the Quaker meeting-house, and others would have as many jubilant ejaculations as a backwoods camp-meeting; and some of those who preached would be gowned and surpliced for the work, and others would stand in citizens' apparel or in their shirt-sleeves preaching that Gospel which is to save the world.

Mark you well that statesmanship, however grand it is, and wise men of the world, however noble, cannot do this work. Mere secular education does not moralize. Some of the most thoroughly educated men in all the world have been the worst men. Quicken a man's intellect, while at the same time you do not make his morals good, and you only augment his power for evil. Geography and mathematics and metaphysics and philosophy will never qualify a people to govern themselves. A corrupt printing-press is worse than no printing-press at all, but let loose an open Bible upon those islands, and let the apocalyptic angel once fly over them, and you will prepare them to become either colonies of the United States Government, or, as I hope will be the case, independent republics.

God did not exhaust himself when he built this nation. Those islands will yet have their Thomas Jeffersons, qualified to write for them Declarations of Independence; and George Washingtons, capable of achieving their liberties; and Abraham Lincolns, strong enough to emancipate their serfdoms; and Longfellows and Bryants, capable of putting their hills and their rivers and their landscapes into poems; and their Bancrofts and Prescotts, to make their histories; and their Irvings, to write their "Sketch

Books;" and their Charles O'Conors and Rufus Choates, to plead in the court-rooms; and their Daniel Websters and John J. Crittendens, to move their senates.

The day cometh—hear it all ye who have no hope for those islands of bedwarfed and diseased illiterates—the day cometh when those regions will have a Christian civilization equal to that which this country now enjoys, while I hope by that time this country will be as superior to what it now is, as to-day Washington and New York are better than Manila and Santiago. Do you see by this process of Gospelized intelligence, those archipelagoes will, as a nation, be protected from the two woes prophesied in regard to this country, the one woe prophesied by the expansionists, and the other woe prophesied by the anti-expansionists? It is said by those who would have us take all we can lay our hands on as a nation, that unless we enter the door now open for the enlargement of our national domain, we will decline the mission which God, in his providence, has assigned us. But surely no woe will come upon us, or upon them, if we Christianize them as we now have the opportunity of doing. The political technicalities are nothing as compared with the importance of this movement. I implore all political expansionists to augment us in this work of moral and religious expansion, for unless those islands are moralized and elevated in intelligence and habits, we do not want them, and their annexation would be political damnation. On the other hand, I implore all anti-expansionists to take a hand in the Gospelization of Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippine Islands. The only way to prepare them to take care of themselves is to give them the Ten Commandments that were published on Mount Sinai, and let them hear the groan of sacrifice that

was breathed out on the heights of Golgotha. What they most want is the Gospel, the pure Gospel, the omnipotent Gospel, the Gospel that helps heal the wounds of the body, and irradiates the darkness of the mind, and achieves the ransom of the soul.

But on this platform the so-called expansionists and so-called anti-expansionists will yet stand side by side. Though I am not a prophet, nor the son of a prophet, within five years, if this religio-educational work is properly attended to, there will be a Cuban republic, a Porto Rican republic and a Philippine republic, none of them on a large scale; but they will all have their schools and printing-presses and evangelical churches, their presidents, their senates and house of representatives, their mayors and their constabularies; and as good order will be observed in their cities as now reigns on Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, or Broadway, New York.

Christ has started for the conquest of the nations, and nothing on earth or in hell can stop it. The continents are rapidly rolling into his dominion, and why not these islands, which for the most part, are only fragments broken off from continents, the interval lands having been sunk by earthquakes, allowing the ocean to take mastery over them? Each mother continent has around it a whole family of little continents. If the continents are being so rapidly evangelized, why not the islands? If America, why not Cuba and the Bahamas? If Asia, why not the Philippines and the Moluccas? If Europe, why not the Azores and the Orkneys? If Africa, why not Madagascar and St. Helena? The same power that broke them off the mainland, can lift them into evangelization.

In the old Book, which has become a new Book by reason of modern discoveries, special attention is

called to the islands. "Declare the Lord's praise in the islands," commands Isaiah. "Let the multitudes of the islands be glad thereof," says the Psalmist. "All the islands of the heathen shall worship him," writes Zephaniah. "He shall turn his face to the islands," prophesies Daniel. "The inhabitants of the isles shall be astonished at thee," foretells Ezekiel. "Hear it and declare it to the islands afar off," exclaims Jeremiah. You see from this the islands are not to be neglected. Perhaps they are the Lord's favorites, as in households if there be any favoritism at all it is for the weakest. The islands, too small to take care of themselves, have the eternal God to take care of them. Let nations look out how they tread on the islands, however small and weak, for they are omnipotently defended. They may not be able to marshal large armies, or to send out navies to sweep the sea, but better than that, they have the chariots of heaven on their side and the drawn sword of the Almighty. I have as much faith in the salvation of the smallest island of the Philippines, of the Falklands, of the Canaries, of the Ladrones, of the Carolines, of the Fijis, of the Barbadoes, of the Cape Verdes, of the Society Islands, as I have in the salvation of America.

The continents themselves are only larger islands, and the world in which we live is only a still larger island, and the solar system is a group of islands, and the universe is an archipelago studded with islands of worlds, surrounded by the great ocean of infinitude and immensity. So you see when God planned the universe he diagrammed it into islands, and he will look after the interest of each of those islands, however small, and England and Holland and France and Germany and America must not treat the smallest and weakest island that comes under their sway any

different from the way they treat the strongest nation of all the earth. God may chiefly deal with individuals in the next world, but he deals with nations in this world only, and when persistently a nation practises injustice against other people, it is only a question of time when the offender will find his doom. The path of time is strewn with the carcasses of nations that because of their maltreatment of other nations perished. The higher such offending empires rise, the harder will be their fall.

I believe the United States Government will last as long as the world lasts. I believe the fires of the Judgment Day will leap on the domes of our State and National capitals, while yet they are in their full power. I believe the last earthquake will put its explosion under our national foundations while yet they stand firm. I believe that republican and democratic form of government will be the universal form of government for all nations when they have been evangelized, for then the nations will be capable of self-government and will have demanded and secured that form of government as a right. It will be either that or a theocracy, which will be the direct government of Christ in his personal reign on earth, as many Bible students believe. Yet that jubilant expectation is founded not on the skill of human statesmanship or human legislation, but upon the belief that this nation will submit to divine guidance, and obey the divine law, and carry out its divinely-imposed mission. But if we defy the God of nations, our doom is fixed.

It required the pen of an Edward Gibbon, through four great volumes of more than five hundred pages each, to tell the story of the decline and fall of the Roman empire, concluding his monumental work with the words: "It was among the ruins of the capitol that I first conceived the idea of a work which has

amused and exercised near twenty years of my life, and which, however inadequate to my own wishes, I finally deliver to the curiosity and candor of the public." What! the Roman empire dead. Did she lack warriors? No. Behold her Pompey and her Julius Cæsar. Did she lack lawmakers and lawgivers? No. Think of the masters of Roman jurisprudence, our American attorneys to-day quoting those laws in our court-rooms more than fifteen centuries after they were enacted. In poetry did she not have her Virgil and Ovid? In history did she not have her Sallust and her Livy? In eloquence did she not have her Scipio and Cicero? In satire did she not have a Juvenal and a Horace? What pens were wielded by her Cato and her Terence and her Pliny! All nations heard the cry of her war eagles, the voices of her oratory, and the chime of her cantos. But the day of judgment came for that nation, and Hannibal crossed the Apennines, and the Goths and Vandals swooped, and the Carthaginian fleet assailed, and Numidian horsemen galloped, and nations combined, and Rome sank. The tourist now on the banks of the Tiber sees the ruins of her Forum, the ruins of her Colosseum, the ruins of her art, the ruins of her aqueducts, the ruins of her catacombs, the ruins of her palaces.

If our nation forgets its duty to other nations and practices injustice against other people, however insignificant, it will not take another Edward Gibbon twenty years, and through four great volumes, to tell the story of the decline and fall of American institutions. By so much as our opportunities have been greater than any nation that ever lived, and the mission to which she has been ordained is more stupendous than any bestowed by the Almighty upon any people, if we forget our God and commit wickedness

our overthrow will be quicker and more tremendous; and yonder Capitoline hill, with its architectural magnificence will become a heap of gigantic ruins, to be visited by the people of other times and other nations, who will read in letters of crushed and crumbled marble that which David wrote many hundred years ago upon parchment: "The way of the wicked he turneth upside down."

Three years ago, at this season, in memorial sermon, I proposed the twisting of two garlands, one to be put upon the grave of the Northern soldier, and the other to be put on the grave of the Southern soldier; but this year we need three garlands, the third to be put upon the graves of those who fell in this Americo-Hispanic conflict. The third garland needs to be quite as fragrant and as radiant as the other two. These last heroes braved more than bayonets and bombshell; they braved the pestiferous breath of the tropics—whole battalions, whole regiments, whole brigades, whole armies of deathful malaria. They confronted those oppositions of the torrid climes which no sword can pierce, no agility climb, no stratagem flank, no torpedo explode, no courage conquer. Under the awful charge of visible and invisible hosts about six thousand men went down, some to instant death, and others through lingering pangs in hospital.

If in this third wreath you twist the crimson rose, suggestive of sanguinary sacrifice, and the white calla-lily, suggestive of glorious resurrection, put in also a few forget-me-nots, suggestive of remembrance, and a few passion flowers, suggestive of the love that mourns the slain, and a few heliotropes, suggestive of the fragrance of their memory. Then let the night's dew put the tears into the blue eyes of the violets, and all the soldiers' cemeteries be so many censers burning incense before the throne of that God

who has been the friend of this nation from the time of Lexington to the time of San Juan Hill, from the guns of the United States warships *Constitution* and *Constellation,* at the beginning of this century, to the guns of the United States warships *Olympia, Oregon, Brooklyn,* and other loaded thunders at the close of this century.

Remember, here and now, that those brave boys opened up the way for a kind of expansion we all believe in. They swung open the gates for the speedy Gospelization of islands stupid with the superstition of ages. They cleared the way for missionaries and Bibles. They set those islands free. Leaving to the United States Government to decide what shall be the political destiny of those peoples, let us all join in a campaign of religious expansion—expansion of affection that can take all the world in, expansion of our theologies until none shall reject their broad invitation, expansion of hope that embraces eternity as well as time, expansion of effort that will not cease till the whole earth is saved, and the time arrives when the prophecy shall be fulfilled and "they shall come from the north and the south and the east and the west and sit down in the kingdom of God, and the last shall be first and the first last."

Week before last, in this capital of the nation, we set three nights on fire in celebration of naval and soldierly heroics, and there were rockets of fire and wheels of fire and sheaves of fire and spouting fountains of fire and bombardments of fire and ships of fire sank in billows of fire, and those three nights were three garlands of fire; but now we are in softer and quieter mood, and the three garlands of to-day are woven of blossoms and corollas of all colors and all pungencies of aroma, and we bethink ourselves that this third garland was needed to chain together the

Northern garland of other decorative times to the Southern garland of other decorative times. Floral chain of three links! For the first time in sixty years the North and South stand in complete brotherhood. Heroes of Vermont and Alabama, of Massachusetts and South Carolina, of Maine and Louisiana, shoulder to shoulder! May that alliance remain until the last oppression is extirpated from the earth and all nations stand in the liberty with which Christ would make all people free!

# A NEW CENSUS

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One of the most wondrous characters of his time was David. A red-haired boy, he could shepherd a flock, or carry "ten loaves and ten slices of milk cheese to his brothers in the regiment," or with leathern thong, stone loaded, bring down a giant whose armor weighed two hundred weight of metal, or cause a lion which roared at him in rage to roar with pain as he flung it, dying to the roadside, or could marshal a host or rule an empire or thrum a harp so skilfully that it cured Saul's dementia—a harp from whose strings dripped pastorals, elegies, lyrics, triumphal marches, benedictions. Now, this man, a combination of music and heroics, of dithyrambs and battle-fields, of country quietudes and statesmanship, is to fit out a military expedition. Four thousand troops, according to Josephus, were sent into the field. The captains were put in command of the companies, and the colonels in command of the regiments, which were disposed into right wing, left wing, and center. General Joab, General Abishai, and General Ittai are to lead these three divisions; but who shall take the field as commander-in-chief? David claims his right as king, and proposes to go to the front. He will lead them in the awful charge, for he has not a cowardly nerve in all his body. He did not propose to have his troops go into perils which he himself would not brave, and the battle-field required as much courage then as now; for the opposing forces must, in order to do any execution at all, come up to within positive

reach of saber and spear. But there came up from the troops and from civilians a mighty protest against David's taking the field. His life was too important to the nation. If he went down, the empire went down; whereas, if the whole four thousand of the ranks were slain, another army might be marshaled and the defeat turned into victory. The army and the nation practically cried out, "No, no! You cannot go to the front. We estimate you as ten thousand men. 'Thou art worth ten thousand of us!'"

That army and that nation, then and there reminded David, and now remind us, of the fact which we forget, or never appreciate at all, that some people are morally or spiritually worth far more than others, and some worth far less. The census and statistics of neighborhoods, of churches, of nations, serve their purpose, but they can never accurately express the real state of things. The practical subject that I want to present is that those who have especial opportunity, especial graces, especial wealth, especial talent, especial eloquence, ought to make up by especial assiduity and consecration for those who have less opportunities and less gifts. You ought to do ten times more for God and human uplifting than those who have only a tenth of your equipments. The rank and the file of the four thousand of the text told the truth when they said, "Thou art worth ten thousand of us."

In no city of its size are there so many men of talent as are gathered in this capital of the American nation. Some of the States are at times represented by men who have neither talents nor good morals. Their political party compensates them for partisan services by sending them to Congress, or by securing for them positions in the war or navy or pension or printing departments. They were nobodies before they left home, and they are nobodies here. But they

are exceptional. All the States of the Union generally send their most talented men, and men of exemplary lives and noble purposes. Some of them have the gifts and qualifications of ten men, of a hundred men —yea, of a thousand men—and their constituents could truthfully use the words of my text and say, "Thou art worth ten thousand of us."

With such opportunity are they augmenting their usefulness in every possible direction? Many of them are, some of them are not. It is a stupendous thing to have power—political power, social power, official power. It has often been printed and often quoted as one of the wise sayings of the ancients, "Knowledge is power." Yet it may as certainly be power for evil as for good. The lightning express rail-train has power for good, if it is on the track, but horrible power for disaster if it leaves the track and plunges down the embankment. The ocean-steamer has power for good, sailing in right direction and in safe waters and under good helmsman and wide-awake watchman on the lookout, but indescribable power for evil if under full headway it strikes the breakers. As steam-power or electricity or water forces may be stored in boilers, in dynamos, in reservoirs, to be employed all over a town or city; so God sometimes puts in one man enough faith to supply thousands of men with courage. If a man happens to be thus endowed, let him realize his opportunity and improve it. At this time millions of men are a-tremble lest this nation make a mistake and enter upon some policy of government for the islands of the sea that will cause the republic to founder. God will give to a few men on both sides of this question faith and courage for all the rest. There are two false positions many are now taking, false as false can be. The one is that if we decline to take under full charge Cuba and Porto Rico and the

Philippines, we make a declination that will be disastrous to our nation, and other nations will take control of those archipelagoes and rule them, and perhaps to our humiliation and destruction. The other theory is that if we take possession of those once Spanish colonies, we invite foreign interference, and enter upon a career that will finally be the demolition of this government. Both positions are immeasurable mistakes. God has set apart this continent for free government and the triumphs of Christianity, and we may take either the first or the second course without ruin. We may say to those islands, "We do not want you, but we have set you free; now stay free, while we see that the Spanish panther never again puts its paw on your neck." Or we may invite the annexation of Cuba and Porto Rico, and say to the Philippines, "Get ready, by education and good morals, for free government, and at the right time you shall be one of our territories, on the way to be one of our States." God is on the side of the right, and by earnest imploration for divine guidance on the part of this nation we will be led to do the right. We are on the brink of nothing. There is no frightful crisis. This train of Republican and Democratic institutions is a through train, and all we want is to have the engineer and the brakeman and the conductor attend to their business and the passengers keep their places. We want men in this nation with faith enough for all. We want here and there a David worth ten thousand men.

A vast majority of men have no surplus of confidence for others and hardly enough confidence for themselves. They go through life saying depressing things and doing depressing things. They chill prayer-meetings, discourage charitable institutions, injure commerce, and kill churches. They blow out the lights when they ought to be kindling them. They

hover around a dull fire on their own hearth, and take up so much room that no one can catch the least caloric; instead of stirring the hearth into a blaze, the crackle of whose back-log would invite the whole neighborhood to come in to feel the abounding warmth and see the transfiguration of the faces. As we all have to guess a great deal about the future, let us guess something good, for it will be more encouraging, and the guess will be just as apt to come true. What a lot of ingrates the Lord has at his table! People who have had three meals a day for fifty years, and yet they fear that they will soon have to rattle their knife and fork on an empty dinner-plate. How many have had, winter and spring and summer and fall, clothing for sixty years, but expect an empty wardrobe shortly! How many have lived under free institutions all their days, but fear that the United States may be telescoped in some foreign collision! Oh, but the taxes have gone up! Yes, but thank God, it is easier, with money, to pay the taxes, now that they are up, than it was without money, to pay the taxes when they were down. We want a few men who have faith in God and that mighty future which holds several things, among them a millennium. Columbanus said to his friend, "Deicolus, why are you always smiling?" The reply was, "Because no one can take my God from me!" We want more men to feel that they have a mission to cheer others, and to draw up the corners of people's mouths which have a long while been drawn down; more Davids who can shepherd whole flocks of bright hopes, and can play a harp of encouragement, and strike down a Goliath of despair, and of whom we can say, "Thou art worth ten thousand of us."

The regiments mobilized for the defense of the throne of Israel were right in protesting against

David's exposure of his life at the front. Had he been pierced of an arrow, or cloven down with a battle-ax, or fatally flung from snorting war-charger, what a disaster for the throne of Israel! Absalom, his son, was a low fellow, and unfit to reign; his two chief characteristics were his handsome face and his long hair—so long, that when he had it cut, that which was scissored off, weighed "two hundred shekels, after the king's weight," and when a man has nothing but a handsome face and an exuberance of hair, there is not much of him. The capture or slaying of David would have been a calamity irreparable. Unnecessary exposure would have been a crime for David, as it is a crime for you.

Some people think it is a bright thing to put themselves in unnecessary peril. They like to walk up to the edge of a precipice and look off, defying vertigo, or go among contagions, when they can be of no use but to demonstrate their own bravado, or with glee drive horses which are only harnessed whirlwinds, or see how close they can walk in front of a trolley car without being crushed, or spring on a rail-train after it has started, or leap off a rail-train before it has stopped. Their life is a series of narrow escapes, careless of what predicament their family would suffer at their sudden taking off, or of the misfortune that might come to their business partners, or the complete failure of their life-work, if a coroner's jury must be called in to decide the character of their exit. They do not take into consideration what their life is worth to others. Taken off through such recklessness, they go criminals. I warrant that you will die soon enough, without coaxing and bantering casualty to see if it can launch you into the next world.

In nine cases out of ten, the fatalities every day reported, are not the fault of engineers or brakemen

or conductors or cab-drivers, but of the stupidity and recklessness of people at street or railroad crossing. They would like to have the Chicago limited express train, with three hundred passengers and advertised to arrive at a certain hour in a certain city, slow up to let them get two minutes sooner to their destination. You have no right to put your life in peril, unless by such exposure something is to be gained for others. What imbecility in thousands of Americans during our recent Americo-Spanish war—disappointed because the surrender came so soon, and they could not have the advantage of being shot at San Juan hill, or brought down with the yellow fever, and carried on a litter to transports that were already so many floating lazarettos—instead of thanking God that they got no nearer to the slaughter than Tampa or Chattanooga, or the encampment at their own State capital, to become mad at the Government, and mad at God, because they could not get to the front in time to join the four thousand corpses that are now being transported from the tropics to the national cemeteries of the United States! Exposure and daring are admirable when duty calls, but keep out of peril when nothing practical and useful is to be gained for your family or your country or your God.

Now, here is another important point: as there are so many people in the world who amount to little or nothing, you ought to augment yourself, and if not able, like David, to be worth ten thousand times more than others, you can command God's re-enforcing grace to make yourself worth four times or three times or twice as much as some others. Pray twice as much, read twice as much, give twice as much, go to church twice as much. Instead of spending your time finding fault with others, substitute your superior fidelity for their dereliction and default. In any church there are

ten members worth all the other thousand. In every great business firm there is one man worth the other three partners. In every legislative hall, State or national, there are five men worth all the other fifty or hundred. Take the suggestion of my text and augment yourself. Make your one talent do the work of two, or your five talents do the work of ten, or your ten talents do the work of twenty. Multiply your words of encouragement. Multiply the number of boosts you can give to those who are trying to climb. Instead of being one man in a battalion, by your faith in God and consecration, be a whole regiment. I like the question of a general of a small army, when some one was counting the number of officers and soldiers of the opposing forces, and the small number of their own army, and the general cried out in indignation, "How many do you count me?" David was ten thousand men. You ought to be at least two men in this battle for God and righteousness.

The daily papers say that my old friend Jeremiah C. Lanphier, of New York, is dead at ninety years of age. But they are mistaken. That man can never die. He will live as long as heaven lives. He was the father of vitalized, vivified and arousing prayer-meetings. He established the noonday Fulton Street prayer-meeting, famous throughout Christendom, and more honored of God than any devotional meeting since the world began. He introduced the little bell on the prayer-meeting table which always tapped when prayers were too prolix, or exhortations too long-winded. Finding that many business men are from twelve noon to one o'clock at comparative leisure, he announced that at twelve o'clock of the twenty-third of September, 1857, there would begin a prayer-meeting of one hour in the small upper room of the Reformed church, on Fulton Street, New York. Lanphier went

to that room at twelve o'clock, and sat alone. At half-past twelve a man entered, and others came until there were six worshipers present. The meeting on the following Wednesday numbered twenty, and the next week forty. Then the meeting became too large for the room, and it was taken into the main auditorium, and for over forty years that service has been the religious center of Christendom. Requests for prayer from all parts of the earth have come there, and the prayers offered been answered sometimes with a resound that was heard throughout Christendom. Hundreds of thousands of souls have stepped into that Bethesda and been healed. That meeting started the great revival of 1857, in which it is estimated five hundred thousand souls were converted. When Monday morning, December 26, 1898, Jeremiah C. Lanphier's soul ascended, I think he was met at the gate of heaven by a welcoming throng as mighty as that which has greeted any admitted soul for five centuries.

When the consul-general came in his official row-boat to take us off our great steamer in the harbor of Constantinople, there were many things I wanted to see in that city of multiform enchantments, but most of all I was anxious to see that architectural charm of the ages, the Saint Sophia — once a church, but now a mosque. I do not wonder that when Lamartine saw it he thanked God, and Pouqueville felt himself lifted into some other world. What pillars of porphyry and walls of malachite and hovering arches and galleries which seemed to have alighted from heaven instead of being built up from earth! But after all, I cannot forget that it is a destroyed church, and that one day that building, which had been dedicated to God, was transferred to that religion which has Mohammed for its prophet. One day, centuries ago, a hundred thousand people had fled between its walls

from the devastating war of the Turk, but all in vain, for Mohammed II, on horseback and followed by infuriate mobs, rode into that church, the hoofs clattering on the sacred floors, while the conqueror shouted the victory of superstition and invoked Allah, the god of Arabs and Turks, to accept the stupendous pile in dedication. What a desecration, and what world-wide despair! But that which the nations now most need is a hero, a leader, a champion, an incarnated God, to turn all the mosques of superstition and all the basilicas of sin into temples of righteousness, and to rededicate this world, so long given up to wickedness and sin, to the God who in the beginning pronounced it very good. Such a hero, such a leader, such a champion, such an incarnated God we have. He comes riding in upon the white horse of eternal victory, and we can, in more exalted sense than that which the soldiers of David felt, cry out, "Thou art worth ten thousand of us."

The world has had other conquerors, yet they subdued only a nation or a continent; but here is one who is to be a conqueror of hemispheres. Other physicians have cured sufferings, but here is a doctor who gave sight to those who were born blind, and without surgery straightened the crooked back, and changed the numbness of paralysis into warm circulation, and who will yet extirpate all the ailments of the world. There have been other merciful hearts all up and down through the ages, but here is one who loves us with an everlasting love, and whose mercy antedates the birth of the first mountain, and the wash of the first sea, and the radiance of the first aurora, and the chant of the morning stars at the creation, and who will continue after the last rock has melted in the final conflagration, and Atlantic and Pacific oceans have rolled out of their beds, and the last night shall have

folded up its shadow, and our Lord shall have cried out in the same words that sounded through the night of John's banishment on Patmos, "I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last." Then all the mightiest of heaven will gather around the incarnated God whom I preach, each one saying it for himself, but altogether uttering it in mighty chorus, "Thou Son of David, thou Son of Mary, thou Son of God, thou art worth ten thousand of us!"

But I must not close without commending to you this wonderful Christ here and now as your pardon for all sin and your solace for all grief and your triumph in all struggle. Down at Norfolk, Virginia, a gentleman was telling me of one of our war-ships in Cuban waters. Before it left a Northern harbor, some Christian ladies at much expense and with fine taste, bought and furnished for that war-vessel a pulpit, from which the chaplain might read the service and preach, while on shipboard. The pulpit was made in the shape of a cross, and it was beautifully damasked and tasseled. The ship got into the battle before Santiago, and the vessels of the enemy began to sink, and their crews were struggling in the waters, when, from this ship I speak of, the officers and sailors began to throw over chairs, planks, tables, to help the drowning save themselves. After a while everything movable had been thrown overboard, except the pulpit in the shape of a cross. After objection by some that it was too beautiful and valuable to be cast into the waters, the cross was dropped into the sea. One of the drowning men seized it, but let go, and another seized it, and the shout went from many on deck to those struggling in the waves, "Cling to the cross! Cling to the cross!" Several of the drowning took the advice and held on until they were rescued and

brought in safety to deck and ashore and home; and I say to all the souls to-day sinking in sin and sorrow, now swept this way and now that: though the guns of temptation and disaster may splinter and knock from under you all other standing, and everything else goes down, take hold the Cross and cling to it for your present and everlasting safety. Cling to the Cross! for he who died upon it will save to the uttermost, and he is so good and so lovely and so mighty that he is worth infinitely more than ten thousand of us.

# THE DAY DAWN

Romans, 13: 12: "The day is at hand."

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Good-morning! Back from the mountains and the seaside and the springs and the farmhouse, your cheek bronzed and your spirits lighted, I hail you home again with the words of Gehazi to the Shunammite: "Is it well with thee? is it well with thy husband? is it well with the child?" On some faces I see the mark of recent grief, but all along the track of tears I see the story of resurrection and reunion when all tears are done; the deep plowing of the keel, followed by the flash of the phosphorescence.

Now that I have asked you in regard to your welfare, you naturally ask how I am. Very well, thank you. Whether it was the bracing air of the Colorado mountains twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea, or the tonic atmosphere of the Pacific coast, or a bath in the surf of Long Island beach, or whether it is the joy of standing in this great group of warm-hearted friends, or whether it is a new appreciation of the goodness of God, I cannot tell. I simply know I am grandly and gloriously and inexpressibly happy.

It was said that John Moffatt, the great Methodist preacher, occasionally got fast in his sermon, and to extricate himself would cry, "Hallelujah!" I am in no such predicament to-day, but I am full of the same rhapsodic ejaculation. Starting out this morning on a new ecclesiastical year, I want to give you the key-note of my next twelve months' ministry. I want to set it to the tune of Antioch, Ariel, and Coronation. During the summer a new stop has been put in this

great organ—a new trumpet-stop—and I want to put a new trumpet-stop into my sermons. In all our Christian work you and I want more of the element of gladness. That man had no right to say that Christ never laughed. Do you suppose that he was somber at the wedding in Cana of Galilee? Do you suppose Christ was unresponsive when the children clambered over his knee and shoulder at his own invitation? Do you suppose that the evangelist meant nothing when he said of Christ: "He rejoiced in spirit?" Do you believe that the divine Christ who pours all the water over the rocks at Vernal Falls, Yosemite, does not believe in the sparkle and gallop and tumultuous joy and rushing raptures of human life?" I believe not only that the morning laughs, and that the mountains laugh, and that the seas laugh, and that the cascades laugh, but that Christ laughed.

Moreover, take a laugh and a tear into an alembic and assay them and test them and analyze them, and you will often find as much of the pure gold of religion in a laugh as in a tear. Deep spiritual joy always shows itself in facial illumination. John Wesley said he was sure of a good religious impression being produced because of what he calls the great laughter he saw among the people. Godless merriment is blasphemy anywhere, but expression of Christian joy is appropriate everywhere.

Moreover, the outlook of the world ought to stir us to gladness. Astronomers recently have disturbed many people by telling them that there is danger of stellar collision. We have been told through the papers by these astronomers that there are worlds coming very near together, and that we shall have plagues and wars and tumults, and perhaps the world's destruction. Do not be scared. If you have ever stood at a railroad center, where ten or twenty

or thirty rail tracks cross each other, and seen that by the movement of the switch one or two inches the trains shoot this way and that, without any colliding, then you can understand how fifty worlds may come within an inch of disaster, and that inch be as good as a million miles. If a human switch-tender can shoot the trains this way and that without harm, cannot the hand that for thousands of years has upheld the universe keep our little world out of harm's way?

Christian geologists tell us that this world was millions of years in building. Well, now, I do not think God would take millions of years to build a house which was to last only six thousand years. There is nothing in the world or outside the world, terrestrial or astronomical, to excite dismay. I wish that some stout Gospel breeze might scatter all the malaria of human foreboding. The sun rose this morning at five o'clock and thirty-seven minutes, and I think that is just about the hour in the world's history. "The day is at hand."

The first ray of the dawn I see in the gradual substitution of diplomatic skill for human butchery. Within the last twenty-five years there have been international differences which would have brought a shock of arms in any other day, but which were peacefully adjusted, the pen taking the place of the sword. That *Alabama* question in any other age of the world would have caused war between the United States and England. How was it settled? By men-of-war off the Narrows, or off the Mersey? By the Gulf Stream of the ocean crossed by a gulf stream of human blood? By the pathway of nations incarnadined? No. A few wise men go into a quiet room at Geneva, talk the matter over, and telegraph to Washington and to London, "All settled." Peace, peace. England pays to the United States the amount awarded

—pays really more than she ought to have paid—but the United States is not honest enough to return it. But still, all that *Alabama* broil is settled—settled forever. Arbitration instead of battle.

So, this recent quarrel about the Canadian fisheries in any other age would have caused war between the United States and England. England said, "Pay me for the invasion of my Canadian fisheries." The United States said, "I will not pay anything." Well, the two nations say, "I guess we had better leave the whole matter to a commission." The commission is appointed, and the commission examines the affair, and the commission reports, and pay we ought, pay we must, pay we do. Not a pound of powder burned, not a cartridge bitten off, no one hurt so much as by the scratch of a pin. Arbitration instead of battle.

Some years ago it seemed as if all the nations of Europe were about to fly at each other's throats. You remember how we here in America stood breathless with suspense, wondering what would come next. If one drop of blood had been shed, rivers of carnage would have poured forth. If one musket had been discharged all Europe would have quaked with cannonade. Disraeli, at Berlin, makes a proposition and all the dogs of war slink to their kennels. France will never again, I think, through peccadillo of ambassador, bring on a battle with other nations. She sees that God, in punishment at Sedan, blotted out the French empire, and the only aspirant for that throne who had any right of expectation dies in a war that has not the dignity of even being respectable. What is that blush on the cheek of England to-day? What is the leaf that England would like to tear out of her history? The Zulu war. What meant the rising up of the English nation at the ballot-box last spring, overthrowing an administration

which they thought was getting fond of military glory? It meant this: That the people of England want no more war. Down with the sword, and up with the treaty.

We in this country might better have settled our sectional difficulties by arbitration than by the thrust of the sword.

Why did we not let William H. Seward, of New York, and Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, go out and spend a few days under the trees on the banks of the Potomac and talk the matter over, and settle it, as settle it they could, rather than the North pay in cost of war four billion seven hundred million dollars, and the South pay four billion seven hundred and fifty million dollars, the destroying angel leaving the first-born dead in so many houses all the way from the Penobscot to the Alabama. Ye aged men, whose sons fell in the strife, do you not think that would have been better? Oh, yes! we have come to believe, I think, in this country, that arbitration is better than battle. I wish to God that this nation might be a model of willingness for arbitration. No need of killing another Indian. No need of sacrificing any more brave General Custers. Stop exasperating the red man, and there will be no more arrows shot out from the reservation. A general of the United States army, in high repute throughout this land, and who, perhaps, has been in more Indian wars than any other officer, and who has been wounded again and again in behalf of our Government in battle against the Indians, told me within thirty days that all the wars that had ever occurred in this country between Indians and white men had been provoked by white men, and that there was no exception to the rule. While we are arbitrating with Christian nations, let us toward barbarians carry our-

selves in a manner unprovocative of contest. I inherit a large estate, and the waters are rich with fish, and the woods are songful with birds, and my cornfields are silken and golden. Here is my sister's grave. Out yonder, under that large tree, my father died. An invader comes, and proposes to drive me off and take possession of my property. He crowds me back, and crowds me on, and crowds me into a closer corner and still closer corner, until after a while I say. "Stand back; don't crowd me any more, or I'll strike. What right have you to come here and drive me off of my premises? I got this farm from my father, and he got it from his father. What right have you to come here and molest me?" You blandly say, "Oh, I know more than you do. I belong to a higher civilization. I cut my hair shorter than you do. I could put this ground to a great deal better use than you do." And you keep crowding me back and crowding me on into a closer corner and closer corner, until one day I look around upon my suffering family, and fired by their hardships I hew you in twain. Forthwith all the world comes to your funeral to pronounce eulogium, comes to my execution to anathematize me. You are the hero, I am the culprit. Behold the United States Government and the North American Indian. The red man has stood more wrongs than I would, or you. We would have struck sooner, deeper. That which is right in defense of a Brooklyn home or a New York home is right in defense of a home on the top of the Rocky Mountains.

Before this dwindling red race dies completely out, I wish that this generation of white people might by common justice atone for the inhumanity of its predecessors. In the day of God's judgment I would rather be a blood-smeared Modoc than a swindling

United States officer on an Indian reservation! One man was a barbarian and a savage, and never pretended to be anything but a barbarian and a savage. The other man pretended to be a representative of a Christian nation. Notwithstanding all this, the general disgust with war and the substitution of diplomatic skill for the glittering edge of keen steel is a sign unmistakable that "the day is at hand."

I find another ray of the dawn in the compression of the world's distances. What a slow, snail-like, almost impossible thing would have been the world's rectification with fourteen hundred millions of population and no facile means of communication; but now, through telegraphy for the eye and telephonic intimacy for the ear, and through steamboating and railroading, the twenty-five thousand miles of the world's circumference are shriveling up into insignificant brevity. Hongkong is nearer to New York than a few years ago New Haven was; Bombay, Moscow, Madras, Melbourne within speaking distance. Purchase a telegraphic chart, and by the blue lines see the telegraphs of the land, and by the red lines the cables under the ocean. You see what opportunity this is going to give for the final movements of Christianity. A fortress may be months or years in building, but after it is constructed it may do all its work in twenty minutes. Christianity has been planting its batteries for nineteen centuries, and may go on in the work through other centuries; but when those batteries are thoroughly planted, those fortresses are fully built, they may do all their work in twenty-four hours. The world sometimes derides the church for slowness of movement. Is science any quicker? Did it not take science five thousand six hundred and fifty-two years to find out so simple a thing as the circulation of the human blood? With

the earth and the sky full of electricity, science took five thousand eight hundred years before it even guessed that there was any practical use that might be made of this subtle and mighty element. When good men take possession of all these scientific forces, and all these agencies of invention, I do not know that the redemption of the world will be more than the work of a day. Did we not last Wednesday read the Queen's speech at the proroguing of Parliament the day before in London? If that be so, is it anything marvelous to believe that in twenty-four hours a divine communication can reach the whole earth?

Suppose Christ should descend on the nations — many expect that Christ will come among the nations personally — suppose that to-morrow morning the Son of God from a hovering cloud should descend upon these cities. Would not that fact be known all the world over in twenty-fours hours? Suppose he should present his Gospel in a few words, saying, "I am the Son of God; I came to pardon all your sins and to heal all your sorrows, and to prove that I am a supernatural being, I have just descended from the clouds; do you believe me, and do you believe me now?" Why, all the telegraph stations of the earth would be crowded as none of them were ever crowded just after a shipwreck. I tell you these things to show you it is not among the impossibilities or even the improbabilities that Christ will conquer the whole earth, and do it instanter, when the time comes. There are foretokenings in the air. Something great is going soon to happen. I do not think that Jupiter is going to run us down, or that the axle of the world is going to break; but I mean something great for the world's blessing and not for the world's damage is going to happen. I think the world has had it hard enough. Enough, the London

plagues. Enough, the Asiatic choleras. Enough, the wars. Enough, the shipwrecks. Enough, the conflagrations. I think our world could stand right well a procession of prosperities and triumphs. Better be on the lookout. Better have your observatories open toward the heavens, and the lenses of your most powerful telescopes well polished. Better have all your Leyden jars ready for some new pulsation of mighty influence. Better have new fonts of type in your printing offices to set up some astounding good news. Better have some banner that has never been carried, ready for sudden procession. Better have the bells in your church towers well hung, and rope within reach, that you may ring out the marriage of the King's Son. Cleanse all your court-houses, for the Judge of all the earth may appear. Let all your legislative halls be gilded, for the great Lawgiver may be about to come. Drive off the thrones of despotism all the occupants, for the King of heaven and earth may be about to reign. The darkness of the night is blooming and whitening into the lilies of morning cloud, and the lilies reddening into the roses of stronger day — fit garlands, whether white or red, for him on whose head are many crowns. "The day is at hand!"

One more ray of the dawn I see in facts chronological and mathematical. Come, now, do not let us do another stroke of work until we have settled one matter. What is going to be the final issue of this great contest between sin and righteousness? Which is going to prove himself the stronger, God or Diabolus? Is this world going to be all garden or all desert? Now let us have that matter settled. If we believe Isaiah and Ezekiel and Hosea and Micah and Malachi and John and Peter and Paul and Christ, we believe the former, that it is going to be all

garden. But let us have it settled. Let us know whether we are working on toward a success or toward a dead failure. Let us know whether this is a Bull Run or a Gettysburg.

If there is a child in your house sick, and you are sure he is going to get well, you sympathize with present pains, but all the foreboding is gone. If you are in a cyclone off the Florida coast, and the captain assures you the vessel is stanch and the winds are changing for a better quarter, and he is sure he will bring you safe into the harbor, you patiently submit to present distress with the thought of safe arrival. Now I want to know whether we are coming on toward dismay, darkness, and defeat, or on toward light and blessedness. You and I believe the latter, and if so, every year we spend is one year subtracted from the world's woe, and every event that passes, whether bright or dark, brings us one event nearer a happy consummation, and by all that is inexorable in chronology and mathematics I commend you to good cheer and courage. If there is anything in arithmetic, if you subtract two from five and leave three, then by every rolling sun we are coming on toward a magnificent terminus. Then every winter passed is one severity less for our poor world. Then every summer gone by brings us nearer unfading arborescence. Put your algebra down on the top of your Bible, and rejoice. If it is nearer morning at three o'clock than it is at two, if it is nearer morning at four o'clock than it is at three, then we are nearer the dawn of the world's deliverance. God's clock seems to go very slowly, but the pendulum swings and the hands move, and it will yet strike noon. The sun and the moon stood still once; they will never stand still again until they stop forever. If you believe arithmetic as well as your Bible, you must

believe we are nearer the dawn. "The day is at hand."

There is a class of phenomena which makes me think that the spiritual and the heavenly world may after a while make a demonstration in this world which will bring all moral and spiritual things to a climax. Now, I am no spiritualist; but every intelligent man has noticed that there are strange and mysterious things which indicate to him that perhaps the spiritual world is not so far off as sometimes we conjecture, and that after a while, from the spiritual and heavenly world there may be a demonstration upon our world for its betterment. We call it magnetism or we call it mesmerism or we call it electricity because we want some term to cover up our ignorance. I do not know what it is. I never heard an audible voice from the other world. I do not say that there may not be persons who have heard voices from the other world. I am persuaded of this, however, that the veil between this world and the next is getting thinner and thinner, and that perhaps after a while, at the call of God—not at the call of the Davenport brothers or Andrew Jackson Davis—some of the old Scriptural warriors, some of the spirits of other days mighty for God, a Joshua or a Caleb or a David or a Paul may come down and help us in this battle against unrighteousness. Oh, how I would like to have them here—him of the Red Sea, him of the Valley of Ajalon, him of Mars Hill. History says that Robert Clayton, of the English cavalry, at the close of a war bought up all the old cavalry horses lest they be turned out to drudgery and hard work, and bought a piece of ground at Naversmire Heath, and turned these old war-horses into the thickest and the richest pasture to spend the rest of their days, for what they had done in other days. One day a thunder

storm came up, and these war-horses mistook the thunder of the skies for the thunder of battle, and they wheeled into line—no riders on their backs—they wheeled into line ready for the fray. And I doubt me whether, when the last thunder of this battle for God and truth goes booming through the heavens, the old Scriptural warriors can keep their places on their thrones. Methinks they will spring into the fight and exchange crown for helmet, and palm-branch for weapon, and come down out of the King's galleries into the arena, crying, "Make room! I must fight in this great Armageddon."

My beloved people, I preach this sermon because I want you to toil with the sunlight in your faces. I want you old men to understand before you die that all the work you did for God while yet your ear was alert and your foot fleet is going to be counted up in the final victories. I want all these younger people to understand that when they toil for God they always win the day; that all prayers are answered, and all Christian work in some way is effectual, and that the tide is setting in the right direction, and that all heaven is on our side—saintly, cherubic, seraphic, archangelic, omnipotent, chariot and throne, doxology and procession, principalities and dominion; he who hath the moon under his feet and all the armies of heaven on white horses.

Brother! brother! all I am afraid of is, not that Christ will lose the battle, but that you and I will not get into it quick enough to do something worthy of our blood-bought immortality. Oh, Christ! how shall I meet thee, thou of the scarred brow and the scarred back and the scarred hand and the scarred foot and the scarred breast if I have no scars of wounds gotten in thy service? It shall not be so. I step out to-day in front of the battle. Come on,

you foes of God, I dare you to the combat. Come on, with pens dipped in caricature. Come on, with tongues forked and viperous and adderous. Come on, with types soaked in the scum of the eternal pit. I defy you! Come on! I bare my brow, I uncover my heart. Strike! I cannot see my Lord until I have been hurt for Christ. If we do not suffer with him on earth, we cannot be glorified with him in heaven. Take good heart. On! on! on! See! the skies have brightened! See! the hour is about to come! Pick out all the cheeriest of the anthems. Let the orchestra string their best instruments. "The night is far spent, the day is at hand."

# THE QUEEN OF FESTIVALS

I Cor., 15: 54: "Death is swallowed up in victory."

# THE QUEEN OF FESTIVALS

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About eighteen hundred and fifty Easter mornings have wakened the earth. In France for three centuries the almanacs made the year begin at Easter, until Charles IX made the year begin at January first. In the Tower of London there is a royal pay-roll of Edward I, on which there is an entry of eighteen pence for four hundred colored and pictured Easter eggs, with which the people sported. In Russia, slaves were fed and alms were distributed on Easter. Ecclesiastical councils met in Pontus, in Gaul, in Rome, in Achaia to decide the particular day, and after a controversy more animated than gracious, decided it; and now through all Christendom, in some way the first Sunday after the full moon which happens upon or next after March twenty-first is filled with Easter rejoicing.

The royal court of the Sabbaths is made up of fifty-two. Fifty-one are princes in the royal household, but Easter is queen. She wears richer diadem, she sways a more jeweled scepter, and in her smile nations are irradiated. How welcome she is when, after a harsh winter and late spring, she seems to step out of the snowbank rather than the conservatory, to come out of the North instead of the South, out of the arctic rather than the tropics, discounting from the icy equinox; but welcome this queenly day, holding high in her right hand the wrenched-off bolt of Christ's sepulcher, and holding high in her left hand the key to all the cemeteries in Christendom.

My text is an ejaculation. It is spun out of hallelujahs. Paul wrote right on in his argument about the resurrection and observed all the laws of logic; but when he came to write the words of the text, his fingers and his pen and the parchment on which he wrote took fire, and he cried out, "Death is swallowed up in victory!" It is an exciting thing to see an army routed and flying. They run each other down. They scatter everything valuable in the track. Unwheeled artillery. Hoof of horse on breast of wounded and dying man. You have read of the French falling back from Sedan, of Napoleon's track of ninety thousand corpses in the snowbanks of Russia, of the retreat of our own armies from Manassas, or of the five kings tumbling over the rocks of Beth-horan with their armies, while the hail-storms of heaven and the swords of Joshua's host struck them with their fury. In my text is a worse discomfiture. It seems that a black giant proposed to conquer the earth. He gathered for his host all the aches and pains and malarias and cancers and distempers and epidemics of the ages. He marched them down, drilling them in the northeast wind and amid the slush of tempests. He threw up barricades of grave-mound. He pitched tent of charnel house. Some of the troops marched with slow tread commanded by consumptions, some in double-quick, commanded by pneumonias. Some he took by long besiegement of evil habit, and some by one stroke of the battle-ax of casualty. With bony hand he pounded at the door of hospitals and sick rooms, and won all the victories in all the great battle-fields of all the five continents. Forward, march! ordered the conqueror of conquerors, and all the generals and commanders-in-chief, and all presidents and kings and sultans and czars dropped under the feet of his war-charger. But

one Christmas night his antagonist was born. As most of the plagues and sicknesses and despotisms come out of the East, it was appropriate that the new conqueror should come out of the same quarter. Power is given him to awaken all the fallen of all the centuries and of all lands, and marshal them against the black giant. Fields have already been won, but the last day of the world's existence will see the decisive battle. When Christ shall lead forth his two brigades, the brigade of the risen dead and the brigade of the celestial host, the black giant will fall back, and the brigade from the riven sepulchers will take him from beneath and the brigade of descending immortals will take him from above, and death shall be swallowed up in victory.

The old braggart that threatened the conquest and demolition of the planet has lost his throne, has lost his scepter, has lost his palace, has lost his prestige, and the one word written over all the gates of mausoleum and catacomb and necropolis, on cenotaph and sarcophagus, on the lonely khan of the arctic explorer, and on the catafalque of great cathedral, written in capitals of azalia and calla-lily, written in musical cadence, written in doxology of great assemblages, written on the sculptured door of the family vault is "victory." Coronal word, embannered word, apocalyptic word, chief word of triumphal arch under which conquerors return.

Victory! Word shouted at Culloden and Balaklava and Blenheim, at Megiddo and Solferino, at Marathon, where the Athenians drove back the Medes; at Poictiers, where Charles Martel broke the ranks of the Saracens; at Salamis, where Themistocles in the great sea-fight confounded the Persians, and at the door of the Eastern cavern of chiseled rock, where Christ came out through a recess and

throttled the King of Terrors, and put him back in the niche from which the celestial Conqueror had just emerged. Aha! when the jaws of the Eastern mausoleum took down the black giant "death was swallowed up in victory." I proclaim the abolition of death.

The old antagonist is driven back into mythology with all the lore about Stygian ferry and Charon with oar and boat. Melrose Abbey and Kenilworth Castle are no more in ruins than is the sepulcher. We shall have no more to do with death than we have with the cloak-room at a governor's or President's levee. We stop at such cloak-room and leave in charge of a servant our overcoat, our overshoes, our outward apparel, that we may not be impeded in the brilliant round of the drawing-room. Well, my friends, when we go out of this world we are going to a King's banquet, and to a reception of monarchs, and at the door of the tomb we leave the cloak of flesh and the wrappings with which we meet the storms of this world. At the close of an earthly reception, under the brush and broom of the porter the coat or hat may be handed to us better than when we resigned it, and the cloak of humanity will finally be returned to us improved and brightened and purified and glorified.

You and I do not want our bodies returned as they are now. We want to get rid of all their weaknesses and all their susceptibilities to fatigue and all their slowness of locomotion. We want them put through a chemistry of soil and heat and cold and changing seasons, out of which God will reconstruct them as much better than they are now as the body of the rosiest and healthiest child that bounds over the lawn in Central Park is better than the sickest patient in Bellevue Hospital. But as to our soul, we

will cross right over, not waiting for obsequies, independent of obituary, into a state in every way better, with wider room and velocities beyond computation; the dullest of us into companionship with the very best spirits in their very best mood, in the very parlor of the universe, the four walls burnished and paneled and pictured and glorified with all the splendors that the infinite God in all the ages has been able to invent. Victory!

This view of course makes it of but little importance whether we are cremated or sepultured. If the latter is dust to dust, the former is ashes to ashes. If any prefer incineration let them have it without cavil or protest. The world may become so crowded that cremation may be universally adopted by law as well as by general consent. Many of the mightiest and best spirits have gone through this process. Thousands and tens of thousands of God's children have been cremated — P. P. Bliss and wife, the evangelistic singers, cremated by accident at Ashtabula Bridge; John Rodgers, cremated by persecution; Latimer and Ridley, cremated at Oxford; Pothinus, and Blandina, a slave, and Alexander, a physician, and their comrades cremated at the order of Marcus Aurelius — at least a hundred thousand of Christ's disciples cremated, and there can be no doubt about the resurrection of their bodies. If the world lasts as much longer as it has thus far, there perhaps may be no room for the large acreage set apart for resting-places, but there is plenty of room yet, and the race need not pass that bridge of fire until it comes to it. The most of us prefer the old way. But whether out of natural disintegration or cremation we shall get that luminous, buoyant, gladsome, transcendent, magnificent, inexplicable structure called the resurrection body, you will have it, I will have it. I say to you to-

day, as Paul said to Agrippa: "Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you, that God should raise the dead?" That far-up cloud, higher than the hawk flies, higher than the eagle flies, what is it made of? Drops of water from a river, other drops from a lake, still other drops from a stagnant pool, but now embodied in a cloud and kindled by the sun. If God can make such a lustrous cloud out of water drops, many of them soiled and impure and fetched from miles away, can he not transport the fragments of a human body from the earth and out of them build a radiant body? Cannot God, who owns all the material out of which bones and muscle and flesh are made, set them up again if they have fallen? If a manufacturer of telescopes drop a telescope on the floor and it breaks, can he not mend it again so you can see through it? And if God drops the human eye into the dust, the eye which he originally fashioned, can he not restore it? Ay, if the manufacturer of the telescope by the use of a new glass and a change of material can make a better instrument than that which was originally constructed, and actually improve it, do you not think the fashioner of the human eye may improve its sight and multiply the natural eye by the thousandfold additional forces of the resurrection eye?

"Why should it be thought with you an incredible thing that God should raise the dead?" Things all around us suggest it. Out of what grew all these flowers? Out of the mold and the earth. Resurrected! Resurrected! The radiant butterfly, where did it come from? The loathsome caterpillar. That albatross that smites the tempest with its wings, where did it come from? A senseless shell. Near Bergerac, France, in a Celtic tomb under a block, were found flower seeds that had been buried two thou-

sand years. The explorer took the flower seed and planted it, and it came up; it bloomed in bluebell and heliotrope. Two thousand years ago buried, yet resurrected. A traveler says he found in a mummy-pit in Egypt garden peas that had been buried there three thousand years ago. He brought them out and on the fourth of June, 1844, he planted them, and in thirty days they sprang up. Buried three thousand years, yet resurrected. "Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead?"

Where did all this silk come from — the silk that adorns your persons and your homes? In the hollow of a staff a Greek missionary brought from China to Europe the progenitors of those worms that now supply the silk markets of many nations. The pageantry of bannered host and the luxurious articles of commercial emporium blazing out from the silkworms. And who shall be surprised if out of this insignificant earthly body, this insignificant earthly life, our bodies unfold into something worthy of the coming eternities? Put silver into diluted nitre and it dissolves. Is the silver gone forever? No. Put in some pieces of copper and the silver reappears. If one force dissolves another force organizes.

"Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead?" The insects flew and the worms crawled last autumn feebler and feebler, and then stopped. They have taken no food. They want none. They lie dormant and insensible, but soon the south wind will blow the resurrection trumpet, and the air and the earth will be full of them. Do you not think that God can do as much for our bodies as he does for the wasps and the spiders and the snails? This morning at half-past four o'clock there was a resurrection. Out of the night, the day. In a few weeks there will be a resur-

rection in all our gardens. Why not some day a resurrection amid all the graves?

Ever and anon there are instances of men and women entranced. A trance is death followed by resurrection after a few days; total suspension of mental power and voluntary action. Rev. William Tennent, a great evangelist of the last generation, of whom Dr. Archibald Alexander, a man far from being sentimental, wrote in most eulogistic terms—Rev. William Tennent seemed to die. His spirit apparently left the body. People came in day after day and said: "He is dead, he is dead." But the soul that fled returned, and Will Tennent lived to write what he had seen while his soul was gone. It may be found some time that what is called suspended animation or comatose state is brief death, giving the soul an excursion into the next world, from which it comes back, a furlough of a few hours granted from the conflict of life to which it must return. Do not this waking up of men from trance and this waking up of insects from winter lifelessness and this waking up of grains buried three thousand years ago make it easier for you to believe that your body and mine after the vacation of the grave shall rouse and rally, though there be three thousand years between our last breath and the sounding of the archangelic reveille? Physiologists tell us that while the most of our bodies are built with such wonderful economy that we can spare nothing, and the loss of a finger is a hinderment, and the injury of a toe-joint makes us lame, still that we have two or three useless physical apparati, and no anatomist or physiologist has ever been able to tell what they are good for. They may be the foundation of the resurrection body, worth nothing to us in this state, to be indispensably valuable in the next state. The Jewish rabbis and the scientists of our day have

found out that there are two or three superfluities of body that are something gloriously suggestive of another state.

I called at my friend's house one summer day. I found the yard all piled up with the rubbish of carpenter's and mason's work. The door was off. The plumbers had torn up the floor. The roof was being lifted in cupola. All the pictures were gone, and the paper-hangers were doing their work. All the modern improvements were being introduced into that dwelling. There was not a room in the house fit to live in at that time, although a month before when I visited that house everything was so beautiful I could not have suggested an improvement. My friend had gone with his family to the Holy Land, expecting to come back at the end of six months, when the building was to be done. And, oh, what was his joy when at the end of six months, he returned and he found the old house had been enlarged and improved and glorified. That is your body. It looks well now—all the rooms filled with health, and we could hardly make a suggestion. But after a while your soul will go to the Holy Land, and while you are gone the old house of your tabernacle will be entirely reconstructed from cellar to attic, and every nerve, muscle and bone and tissue and artery must be hauled over, and the old structure will be burnished and adorned and raised and cupolaed and enlarged, and all the improvements of heaven introduced, and you will move into it on resurrection day. "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Oh, what a day when body and soul meet again! They are very fond of each other. Did your body ever have a pain and your soul not pity it? or your body have a joy and

your soul not re-echo it? or, changing the question, did your soul ever have any trouble and your body not sympathize with it, growing wan and weak under the depressing influence? Or did your soul ever have a gladness but your body celebrated it with kindled eye and cheek and elastic step? Surely God never intended two such good friends to be very long separated. And so when the world's last Easter morning shall come the soul will descend, crying, "Where is my body?" and the body will ascend, saying, "Where is my soul?" and the Lord of the resurrection will bring them together, and it will be a perfect soul in a perfect body, introduced by a perfect Christ into a perfect heaven. Victory! Do you wonder that on Easter day we swathe our churches with garlands? Do you wonder we celebrate it with the most consecrated voice of song that we can invite, with the deftest fingers on organ and cornet, and with doxologies that beat these arches with the billows of sound as the sea smites the basalt at Giant's Causeway? Only the bad disapprove of the Resurrection. A cruel heathen warrior heard Mr. Moffat, the missionary, preach about the resurrection, and he said to the missionary: "Will my father rise in the last day?" "Yes," said the missionary. "Will all the dead in battle rise?" said the cruel chieftain. "Yes," said the missionary. Then said the warrior, "Let me hear no more about the resurrection, there can be no resurrection, there shall be no resurrection. I have slain thousands in battle. Will they rise?" Ah, there will be more to rise on that day than those whose crimes have never been repented of will want to see. But for all others who allowed Christ to be their pardon and their life and their resurrection it will be a day of victory.

The thunders of the last day will be the salvo that

greets you into harbor. The lightnings will be only the torches of triumphal procession marching down to escort you home. The burning worlds flashing through immensity will be the rockets celebrating your coronation on thrones where you will reign forever and forever and forever. Where is death? What have we to do with death? As your reunited body and soul swing off from this planet on that last day you will see deep gashes all up and down the hills, deep gashes all through the valleys, and they will be the emptied graves, they will be the abandoned sepulchers, with rough ground tossed on each side of them, and slabs will lie uneven on the rent hillocks, and there will be fallen monuments and cenotaphs, and then for the first you will appreciate the full exhilaration of the text, "Death is swallowed up in victory."

Hail the Lord of earth and heaven!
Praise to thee by both be given;
Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hail the resurrection thou!

# SUNSET

Luke, 24: 29: "Abide with us; for it is towards evening."

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Two villagers having concluded their errand in Jerusalem have started out at the city gate and are on their way to Emmaus, the place of their residence. They go with a sad heart. Jesus, who had been their admiration and their joy, had been basely massacred and entombed. As with sad face and broken heart they pass on their way, a stranger accosts them. They tell him their anxieties and bitterness of soul. He in turn talks to them, mightily expounding the Scriptures. He throws over them the fascination of intelligent conversation. They forget the time and notice not the objects they pass, and before they are aware have come up in front of their house. They pause before the entrance and attempt to persuade the stranger to tarry with them. They press upon him their hospitalities. Night is coming on, and he may meet a prowling wild beast or be obliged to lie unsheltered from the dew. He cannot go much farther now. Why not stop there, and continue their pleasant conversation? They take him by the arm and they insist upon his coming in, addressing him in the words: "Abide with us, for it is towards evening." The lamps are lighted, the table is spread, pleasant socialities are enkindled. They rejoice in the presence of the stranger guest. He asks a blessing upon the bread they eat, and he hands a piece of it to each. Suddenly and with overwhelming power the thought flashes upon the astounded people—it is the Lord! And as they sit in breathless wonder, looking upon the resur-

rected body of Jesus, he vanished. The interview ended. He was gone.

With many of us it is a bright, sunshiny day of prosperity. There is not a cloud in the sky, not a leaf rustling in the forest. No chill in the air. But we cannot expect all this to last. He is not an intelligent man who expects perpetual daylight of joy. The sun will after a while near the horizon. The shadows will lengthen. While I speak, many of us stand in the very hour described in the text, "For it is towards evening." The request of the text is appropriate for some before me. For with them it is toward the evening of old age. They have passed the meridian of life. They are sometimes startled to think how old they are. They do not, however, like to have others remark upon it. If others suggest their approximation toward venerable appearance, they say, "Why, I'm not so old after all." They do, indeed, notice that they cannot lift quite so much as once. They cannot walk quite so fast. They cannot read quite so well without spectacles. They cannot so easily recover from a cough or any occasional ailment. They have lost their taste for merriment. They are surprised at the quick passage of the year. They say that it only seems but a little while ago that they were boys. They are going a little down hill. There is something in their health, something in their vision, something in their walk, something in their changing associations, something above, something beneath, something within to remind them that it is toward evening.

The great want of all such is to have Jesus abide with them. It is a dismal thing to be getting old without the rejuvenating influence of religion. When we stop on the down-grade of life and see that it dips to the verge of the cold river, we want to behold some one near who will help us across it. When the sight

loses its power to glance and gather up, we need the faith that can illumine. When we feel the failure of the ear, we need the clear tones of that voice which in olden times broke up the silence of the deaf with cadences of mercy. When the axmen of death hew down whole forests of strength and beauty around us and we are left in solitude, we need the dove of divine mercy to sing in our branches. When the shadows begin to fall and we feel that the day is far spent, we need most of all to supplant the beneficent Jesus in the prayer of the villagers, "Abide with us, for it is towards evening."

The request of the text is an appropriate exclamation for all those who are approaching the gloomy hour of temptation. There is nothing easier than to be good-natured when everything pleases, or to be humble when there is nothing to puff us up, or forgiving when we have not been assailed, or honest when we have no inducement to fraud. But you have felt the grapple of some temptation. Your nature at some time quaked and groaned under the infernal force. You felt that the devil was after you. You saw your Christian graces retreating. You feared that you would fail in the awful wrestle with sin and be thrown into the dust. The gloom thickened. The first indications of the night were seen. In all the trembling of your soul, in all the infernal suggestions of Satan, in all the surging up of tumultuous passions and excitements, you felt with awful emphasis that it was toward evening. In the tempted hour you need to ask Jesus to abide with you. You can beat back the monster that would devour. You can unhorse the sin that would ride you down. You can sharpen the battle-ax with which you split the head of helmeted abomination. Who helped Paul shake the brazen-gated heart of Felix? Who acted like a good sailor

when all the crew howled in the Mediterranean shipwreck? Who helped the martyrs to be firm, when one word of recantation would have unfastened the withes of the stake and put out the kindling fire? When the night of the soul came on and all the denizens of darkness came riding upon the winds of perdition—who gave strength to the soul? Who gave calmness to the heart? Who broke the spell of infernal enchantment? He who heard the request of the villagers: "Abide with us, for it is towards evening." One of the forts of France was attacked and the outworks were taken before night. The besieging army lay down, thinking that there was but little to do in the morning and that the soldiery in the fort could be easily made to surrender. But during the night, through a back-stairs, they escaped into the country. In the morning the besieging army sprang upon the battlements, but found that their prey was gone. So when we are assaulted in temptation, there is always some secret stair by which we might get off. God will not allow us to be tempted above what we are able, but with every temptation will bring a way of escape that we may be able to bear it.

The prayer of the text is appropriate for all who are anticipating sorrow. The greatest folly that ever grew on this planet is the tendency to borrow trouble; but there are times when approaching sorrow is so evident that we need to be making especial preparations for its coming. One of your children has lately become a favorite. The cry of that child strikes deeper into the heart than the cry of all the others. You think more about it. You give it more attention, not because it is any more of a treasure than the others, but because it is becoming frail. There is something in the cheek, in the eye and in the walk that makes you quite sure that the leaves of the flower are going

to be scattered. The utmost nursing and medical attendance are ineffectual. The pulse becomes feeble, the complexion lighter, the step weaker, the laugh fainter. No more romping for that one through hall and parlor. The nursery is darkened by an approaching calamity. The heart feels with mournful anticipation that the sun is going down. Night speeds on. It is toward evening.

You have long rejoiced in the care of a mother. You have done everything to make her last days happy. You have run with quick feet to wait upon her every want. Her presence has been a perpetual blessing in the household. But the fruit-gatherers are looking wistfully at that tree. Her soul is ripe for heaven. The gates are ready to flash open for her entrance. But your soul sinks at the thought of separation. You cannot bear to think that soon you will be called to take the last look at that face, which from the first hour has looked upon you with affection unchangeable. But you see that life is ebbing and the grave will soon hide her from your sight. You sit quiet. You feel heavy-hearted. The light is fading from the sky, the air is chill. It is toward evening.

You had a considerable estate and felt independent. In five minutes on one fair balance sheet you could see just how you stood with the world. But there came complications; something that you imagined impossible, happened. The best friend you had proved traitor to your interests. A sudden crash of national misfortune prostrated your credit. You may to-day be going on in business, but you feel anxious about where you are standing, and fear that the next turn of the commercial wheel will bring you prostrate. You foresee what you consider certain defalcation. You think of the anguish of telling your friends that you are not worth a dollar. You know not how you will ever

bring your children home from school. You wonder how you will stand the selling of your library or the moving into a plainer house. The misfortunes of life have accumulated. You wonder what makes the sky so dark. It is toward evening.

Trouble is an apothecary that mixes a great many draughts, bitter and sour and nauseous, and you must drink some one of them. Trouble puts up a great many packs, and you must carry some one of them. There is no sandal so thick and well adjusted but some thorn will strike through it. There is no sound so sweet but the undertaker's screw-driver grates through it. In this swift shuttle of the heart some of the threads must break. The journey from Jerusalem to Emmaus will soon be ended. Our Bible, our common sense, our observation reiterate in tones that we cannot mistake and ought not to disregard: it is toward evening.

Oh, then, for Jesus to abide with us! He sweetens the cup. He extracts the thorn. He wipes the tear. He hushes the tempest. He soothes the soul that flies to him for shelter. Let the night swoop and the Euroclydon toss the sea. Let the thunders roll—soon all will be well. Christ in the ship to soothe his friends. Christ on the sea to stop its tumult. Christ in the grave to scatter the darkness. Christ in the heavens to lead the way. Blessed all such. His arms will enclose them, his grace comfort them, his light cheer them, his sacrifice free them, his glory enchant them. If earthly estate take wings, he will be an incorruptible treasure. If friends die, he will be their resurrection. Standing with us in the morning of our joy and in the noonday of our prosperity, he will not forsake us when the luster has faded and it is toward evening.

Listen to Paul's battle-shout with misfortune. Hark to mounting Latimer's fire song. Look at the

glory that hath reft the dungeon and filled the earth and heavens with the crash of the falling manacles of despotism. And then look at those who have tried to cure themselves by human prescriptions, attempting to heal gangrene with patch of court-plaster, and to stop the plague of dying empires with the quackery of earthly wisdom. Nothing can speak peace to the soul, nothing can unstrap our crushing burdens, nothing can overcome our spiritual foes, nothing can open our eyes to see the surrounding horses and chariots of salvation that fill all the mountains, but the voice and command of him, who stopped one night at Emmaus.

The words of the text are pertinent to us all, from the fact that we are nearing the evening of death. I have heard it said that we ought to live as though each moment were to be our last. I do not believe that theory. As far as preparation is concerned, we ought always to be ready; but we cannot always be thinking of death, for we have duties in life that demand our attention. When a man is selling goods, it is his business to think of the bargain he is making. When a man is pleading in the courts it is his duty to think of the interests of his clients. When a clerk is adding up accounts it is his duty to keep his mind upon the column of figures. He who fills up his life with thoughts of death is far from being the highest style of Christian. I knew a man who used often to say at night, "I wish I might die before morning!" He is now an infidel. But there are times when we can and ought to give ourselves to the contemplation of that solemn moment when to the soul time ends and eternity begins. We must go through that one pass. There is no roundabout way, no by-path, no circuitous route. Die we must; and it will be to us a shameful occurrence or a time of admirable behavior. Our

friends may stretch out their hands to keep us back, but no imploration on their part can hinder us. They might offer large retainers, but death would not take the fee. The breath will fail and the eyes will close and the heart will stop. You may hang the couch with gorgeous tapestry, but what does death care for bed-curtains? You may hang the room with the finest works of art, but what does death care for pictures? You may fill the house with the wailings of widow-hood and orphanage; does death mind weeping?

This ought not to be a depressing theme. Who wants to live here forever? The world has always treated me well, and every day I feel less and less like scolding and complaining. But yet I would not want to make this my eternal residence. I love to watch the clouds, and to bathe my soul in the blue sea of heaven; but I expect when the firmament is rolled away as a scroll to see a new heaven, grander, higher and more glorious. You ought to be willing to exchange your body that has headaches and sideaches and weaknesses innumerable, that limps with the stone-bruise or festers with the thorn or flames on the funeral pyre of fevers, for an incorruptible body and an eye that blinks not before the jasper gates and the great white throne. But between that and this there is an hour about which no man should be reckless or foolhardy. I doubt not your courage, but I tell you that you will want something better than a strong arm, a good aim and a trusty sword when you come to your last battle. You will need a better robe than any you have in your wardrobe to keep you warm in that place. Circumstances do not make so much difference. It may be bright day when you push off from the planet or it may be dark night, and while the owl is hooting from the forest. It may be spring, and your soul may go out among the blossoms, apple orchards

swinging their censers in the way. It may be winter and the earth in a snow shroud. It may be autumn, and the forests set on fire by the retreating year; dead nature laid out in state. It may be with your wife's hand in your hand, or you may be in a strange hotel with a servant faithful to the last. It may be in the rail-train, shot off the switch, and tumbling in long reverberation down the embankment—crash! crash! I know not the time; I know not the mode; but the days of our life are being subtracted away and we shall come down to the time when we have but ten days left, then nine days, then eight days, then seven days, six days, five days, four days, three days, two days, one day. Then hours: three hours, two hours, one hour. Then only minutes left: five minutes, four minutes, three minutes, two minutes, one minute. Then only seconds left: four seconds, three seconds, two seconds, one second. Gone! The chapter of life ended! The book closed! The pulses at rest! The feet through with the journey! The hands closed from all work. No word on the lips. No breath in the nostrils. Hair combed back to lie undisheveled by any human hands. The muscles still. The nerves still. The lungs still. The tongue still. All still. You might put the stethoscope to breast and hear no sound. You might put a speaking trumpet to the ear, but you could not wake the deafness. No motion. No throb. No life. Still! Still!

On earth, with many of you, the evening is the happiest part of the twenty-four hours. You gather about the stand. You talk and laugh and sing. You recount the day. You plan for the morrow. You have games and repartees. Amid all the toil of the day, that is the goal for which you run, and as you take out your watch or look at the descending sun, you thrill with the thought that it is toward evening.

So death comes to the disciple! What if the sun of life is about to set? Jesus is the day-spring from on high; the perpetual morning of every ransomed spirit. What if the darkness comes? Jesus is the light of the world and of heaven. What though this earthly house does crumble? Jesus has prepared a house of many mansions. Jesus is the anchor that always holds. Jesus is the light that is never eclipsed. Jesus is the fountain that is never exhausted. Jesus is the evening star, hung up amid the gloom of the gathering night.

You are almost through with the abuse and backbiting of enemies. They will call you no more by evil names. Your good deeds will not longer be misinterpreted or your honor filched. The troubles of earth will end in the felicities of heaven! Toward evening! The bereavements of earth will soon be lifted. You will not much longer stand pouring your grief in the tomb like Rachel weeping for her children or David mourning for Absalom. Broken hearts bound up. Wounds healed. Tears wiped away. Sorrows terminated. No more sounding of the dead march! Toward evening. Death will come, sweet as slumber to the eyelids of the babe, as full rations to a starving soldier, as evening hour to the exhausted workman. The sky will take on its sunset glow, every cloud a fire-psalm, every lake a glassy mirror; the forests transfigured; delicate mists climbing the air. Your friends will announce it; your pulses will beat it; your joys will ring it; your lips will whisper it: "Toward evening."

# THE WORLD'S FAIR

Ezek., 27: 12: "They traded in thy fairs."

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Fairs may be for the sale of goods, or for the exhibition of goods on a small scale or a large scale, for county or city, for one nation or for all nations. My text brings us to the fairs of ancient Tyre, a city that is now extinct. Part of the city was on an island, and part on the mainland. Alexander, the conqueror, was much embarrassed when he found so much of the city was on an island, for he had no ships, But his military genius was not to be balked. Having marched his army to the beach, he ordered them to tear up the city on the mainland and throw it into the water, and build a causeway two hundred feet wide to the island. So they took that part of the city which was on the mainland, and with it built a causeway of timber and brick and stone, on which his army marched to the capture of that part of the city which was on the island, as though a hostile army should put Brooklyn into the East river, and over it march to the capture of New York. That Tyrian causeway of ruins which Alexander's army built is still there, and by alluvial deposits has permanently united the island to the mainland, so that it is no longer an island but a promontory. The sand — the greatest of all undertakers for burying cities, having covered up for the most part Baalbec and Palmyra and Thebes and Memphis and Carthage and Babylon and Luxor and

* This sermon was preached some time before the World's Fair, at Chicago.

Jericho — the sand, so small and yet so mighty, is now gradually giving rites of sepulture to what was left of Tyre. But, oh, what a magnificent city it once was! Mistress of the sea! Queen of international commerce! All nations casting their crowns at her feet! Where we have in our sailing vessels benches of wood, she had benches of ivory. Where we have for our masts of ships sails of coarse canvas, she had sails of richest embroidery.

The chapter from which my text is taken, after enumerating the richest countries in all the world, says of Tyre: "They traded in thy fairs." Look in upon a World's Fair at Tyre. Ezekiel leads us through one department, and it is a horse fair. Underfed and overdriven for ages, the horses of to-day give you no idea of the splendid animals which, rearing and plunging and snorting and neighing, were brought down over the plank of the ships, and led into the World's Fair at Tyre, until Ezekiel, who was a minister of religion, and not supposed to know much about horses, cried out in admiration: "They of the house of Togarmah traded in thy fairs with horses." Here in another department of that World's Fair at Tyre, led on by Ezekiel, the prophet, we find everything all ablaze with precious stones. Like petrified snow are the corals; like fragments of fallen sky are the sapphires; and here is agate a-blush with all colors. What is that aroma we inhale? It is from the chests of cedar which we open, and find them filled with all styles of fabric. But the aromatics increase as we pass down this lane of enchantment, and here are cassia and frankincense and balm. Led on by Ezekiel, the prophet, we come to an agricultural fair with a display of wheat from Minnith and Pannag, rich as that of our modern Dakota or Michigan. And here is a mineralogical fair, with specimens of iron and silver and tin and lead and

gold. But halt! for here is purple, Tyrian purple, all tints and shades, deep almost unto the black, and bright almost unto the blue; waiting for kings and queens to order it made into robes for coronation-day; purple, not like that which is now made from the orchilla weed, but the extinct purple, the lost purple, which the ancients knew how to make out of the gasteropod mollusks of the Mediterranean. Look at those casks of wine from Helbon! See those snowbanks of wool from the back of sheep that once pastured in Gilead! Oh, the bewildering riches and variety of that world's fair at Tyre!

But the world has copied those Bible-mentioned fairs in all succeeding ages, and it has had its Louis VI fair at Dagobert, and Henry I fair on St. Bartholomew's day, and Hungarian fairs at Pesth and Easter fairs at Leipsic and the Scotch fairs at Perth (bright was the day when I was at one of them), and afterward came the London World's Fair and the New York World's Fair and the Vienna World's Fair and the Parisian World's Fair, and in commemoration of the discovery of America in 1492, there will be held in this country in 1892 a World's Fair that shall eclipse all preceding national expositions. I say, God speed the movement! Surely the event commemorated is worthy of all the architecture and music and pyrotechnics and eloquence and stupendous planning and monetary expenditure and congressional appropriations which the most sanguine Christian patriot has ever dreamed of. Was any voyage that the world ever heard of crowned with such an arrival as that of Columbus and his men? After they had been encouraged for the last few days by flight of land birds, and floating branches of red berries, and while Columbus was down in the cabin studying the sea-chart, Martin Pinzon, standing on deck, and looking to the southwest, cried: "Land!

land! land!" And "Gloria in Excelsis" was sung in raining tears on all the three ships of the expedition. Most appropriate and patriotic and Christian will be a commemorative World's Fair in America in 1892. Leaving to others the discussion as to the site of such exposition — and I wonder not that some five or six of our cities are struggling to have it, for it will give to any city to which it is assigned an impulse of prosperity for a hundred years — I say, leaving to others the selection of the particular locality to be thus honored, I want to say some things from the point of Christian patriotism which ought to be said, and the earlier the better, that we get thousands of people talking in the right direction, and that will make healthful public opinion. I beg you to consider prayerfully what I feel called upon of God as an American citizen and as a preacher of righteousness to utter.

My first suggestion is that it is not wise, as certainly it is not Christian, to continue this wide and persistent attempt of American cities to belittle and depreciate other cities. It has been going on for years, but now the spirit seems to culminate in this discussion as to where the World's Fair shall be held, a style of discussion which has a tendency to injure the success of the fair as a great moral and patriotic enterprise, after the locality has been decided upon. There is such a thing as healthful rivalry between cities, but you will bear me out in saying that there can be no good to come from the uncanny things said about each other by New York and Chicago, by Chicago and St. Louis, by St. Paul and Minneapolis, by Tacoma and Seattle, and all through the States by almost every two proximate cities. All cities, like individuals, have their virtues and their vices. All our American cities should be our exultation. What churches! What public libraries! What asylums of mercy! What

academies of music! What mighty men in law and medicine and art and scholarship! What schools and colleges and universities! What women radiant and gracious, and an improvement on all the generations of women since Eve! What philanthropists who do not feel satisfied with their own charities until they get into the hundreds of thousands and millions! What "God's acres" for the dead, gardens of beauty and palaces of marble for those who sleep the last sleep! Now stop your slander of American cities. Do you say they are the centres of crime and political corruption? Please admit the fact that they are the centres of intelligence and generosity, and the mightiest patrons of architecture and sculpture and painting and music and reservoirs of religious influence for all the continent. It will be well for the country districts to cease talking against the cities, and it will be well for the city of one locality to stop talking against the cities of other localities. New York will not get the World's Fair by deprecating Chicago, nor Chicago by bombarding New York.

Another suggestion concerning the coming exposition: Let not the materialistic and monetary idea overpower the moral and religous. During that exposition, the first time in all their lives, there will be thousands of people from other lands who will see a country without a state religion. Let us, by an increased harmony among all denominations of religion, impress other nationalities, as they come here that year, with the superior advantage of having all denominations alike in the sight of government. All the rulers and chief men of Europe belong to the state religion, whatever it may be. Although our last two Presidents have been Presbyterians, the previous one was an Episcopalian; and the two previous, Methodists; and going further back in that line of Presidents,

we find Martin Van Buren a Dutch Reformed, and John Quincy Adams a Unitarian; and a man's religion in this country is neither hindrance nor advantage in the matter of political elevation. All Europe needs that. All the world needs that. A man's religion is something between himself and his God, and it must not, directly or indirectly, be interfered with.

Furthermore, during that exposition, Christian civilization will confront barbarism. We shall have a greater opportunity to make an evangelizing impression upon foreign nationalities than would otherwise be afforded us in a quarter of a century. Let the churches of the city where the exposition is held be open every day, and prayers be offered and sermons preached and doxologies sung. In the less than three years between this and that world's convocation, let us get a baptism of the Holy Ghost, so that the six months of that World's Fair shall be fifty Pentecosts in one, and instead of three thousand converted, as in the former Pentecost, hundreds of thousands will be converted. You must remember that the Pentecost mentioned in the Bible occurred when there was no printing-press, no books, no Christian pamphlets, no religious newspapers, and yet the influence was tremendous. How many nationalities were touched? The account says: "Parthians and Medes and Elamites," that is, people from the eastern countries; "Phrygia and Pamphylia," that is, the western countries; "Cyrene and strangers of Rome, Cretes, and Arabians," that is, the southern countries; but they were all moved by the mighty spectacle. Instead of the sixteen or eighteen tribes of people reported at that Pentecost, all the chief nations of Europe and Asia, North and South America, will be represented at our World's Fair in 1892, and a Pentecost here, and then, would mean the salvation of the world.

But, you say, we may have at that fair the people of all lands, and all the machinery for Gospelization, the religious printing-presses and the churches, but all that would not make a Pentecost; we must have God. Well, you can have him. Has he not been graciously waiting? and nothing stands in the way but our own unbelief and indolence and sin. May God break down the barriers! The grandest opportunity for the evangelization of all nations since Jesus Christ died on the cross will be the World's Exposition of 1892. God may take us out of the harvest-field before that, but let it be known throughout Christendom that that year, between May and November, will be the mountain of Christian advantage, the Alpine and Himalayan height of opportunity overtopping all others for salvation. Instead of the slow process of having to send the Gospel to other lands by our own American missionaries, who have difficult toil in acquiring the foreign language, and then must contend with foreign prejudices, what a grand thing to have able and influential foreigners converted during their visit in America, and then have them return to their native lands with the glorious tidings. Oh, for an overwhelming work of grace for the year 1892, beginning in the autumn of 1889!

Another opportunity, if our public men see it — and it is the duty of pulpit and printing-press to help them to see it — will be the calling at that time and place of a great peace congress for all nations. The convention of representatives from the governments of North and South America, now at Washington, is only a type of what we may have on a vast and world-wide scale at the International Exposition of 1892. By one stroke the gorgon of war might be slain and buried so deep that neither trumpet of human dispute or of archangel's blowing could resurrect it. When

the last Napoleon called such a congress of nations many did not respond, and those that did respond gathered wondering what trap that wily destroyer of the French republic and the builder of a French monarchy might spring on them. But what if the most popular government on earth — I mean the United States Government — should practically say to all nations: On the American continent, in 1892, we will hold a World's Fair, and all nations will send to it specimens of their products, their manufactures, and their arts, and we invite all the governments of Europe, Asia, and Africa to send representatives to a peace convention that shall be held at the same time and place, and establish an international arbitration commission to whom shall be referred all controversies between nation and nation, their decision to be final, and so all nations would be relieved from the expense of standing armies and naval equipment, war having been made an everlasting impossibility. All the nations of the earth worth consideration would come to it — mighty men of England and Germany and France and Russia, and all the other great nationalities — Bismarck, who worships the Lord of Hosts; and Gladstone, who worships the God of Peace; and Boulanger, who worships himself. The fact is that the nations are sick of drinking out of chalices made out of human skulls filled with blood.

The United States Government is the only government in the whole world that could successfully call such a congress. Suppose France should call it, Germany would not come; or Germany call it, France would not come; or England should call it, nations long jealous of her overshadowing power in Europe would not come. America, in favor with all nationalities, standing out independent and alone, is the spot, and 1892 will be the time. May it please the Presi-

dent of the United States, may it please the Secretary of State, may it please the Cabinet, may it please the Senate and House of Representatives, may it please the printing-presses and the churches and the people who lift up and put down our American rulers!

To them I make this timely and solemn and Christian appeal. Do you not think people die fast enough without this wholesale butchery of war? Do you not think that we can trust to pneumonias and consumptions and apoplexies and palsies and yellow fevers and Asiatic choleras the work of killing them fast enough? Do you not think the greedy, wide-open jaws of the grave out to be satisfied if filled by natural causes with hundreds of thousands of corpses a year? Do you not think we can do something better with men than to dash their life out against casements or blow them into fragments by torpedoes, or send them out into the world, where they need all their faculties, footless, armless, eyeless? Do you not think that women might be appointed to an easier place than the edge of a grave-trench to wring their pale hands and weep out their eyesight in widowhood and childlessness? Why, the last glory has gone out of war. which we all admire—namely courage—for a man which we all admire — namely, courage — for a man had to stand at the hilt of his sword when the point pierced the foe, and while he was slaying another the other might slay him; or it was bayonet charge. But now it is cool or deliberate murder, and clear out at sea a bombshell can be hurled miles away into a city, or while thousands of private soldiers, who have no interest in the contest, for they were conscripted, are losing their lives, their general may sit smoking one of the best Havana cigars after a dinner of quail on toast. It may be well enough for graduating students of colleges on Commencement Day to orate about the

poetry of war, but do not talk about the poetry of war to the men of the Federal or Confederate armies who were at the front, or to some of us who, as members of the Christian Commission, saw the ghastly hospitals at Antietam and Hagerstown. Ah! you may worship the Lord of Hosts, I worship the "God of Peace, who brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus Christ, that great Shepherd of the sheep." War is an accursed monster, and it was born in the lowest cavern of perdition, and I pray that it may speedily descend to the place from which it arose, its last sword and shield and musket rattling on the bottom of the red-hot marl of hell. Let there be called a peace convention for 1892, with delegates sent by all the decent governments of Christendom, and while they are in session, if you should some night go out and look into the sky above the exposition buildings, you may find that the old gallery of crystal, that was taken down after the Bethlehem anthem of eighteen centuries ago was sung out, is rebuilt again in the clouds, and the same angelic singers are returned with the same librettos of light to chant "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will to men."

Again, I suggest, in regard to the World's Fair, that, while appropriate places are prepared for all foreign exhibits, we make no room for the importation of foreign vices. America has enough of its own, and we need no new instalments of that kind. A World's Fair will bring all kinds of people, good and bad. The good we must prepare to welcome, the bad we must prepare to shun. The attempt will again be made in 1892, as in 1876, to break up our American Sabbath. That attempt was made at the Philadelphia Centennial, but was defeated. The American Sabbath is the best-kept Sabbath on earth. We do not want it broken down, and substituted in the place thereof the Brus-

sels Sabbath, the Vienna Sabbath, the St. Petersburg Sabbath, or any of the foreign Sabbaths at all. I think the Lord is more than generous in asking only fifty-two days out of the three hundred and sixty-five for his service. You let the Sabbath go, and with it will go your Bible, and after that your liberties, and your children, or your grandchildren will be here in America under a despotism as bad as in those lands where they turn the Lord's Day into wassail and frolic.

Among those who come there will be, as at other expositions, lordly people who will bring their vices with them. Among the dukes and duchesses and princes and princesses of other lands are some of the best men and women of all the earth. Remember Earl of Kintore, Lord Cairns and Lord Shaftesbury. But there is a snobbery and flunkeyism in American society that runs after a grandee, a duke, a lord, or a prince, though he may be a walking lazaretto and his breath a plague. It makes the fortune of some of our queens of society to dance one cotillion with one of these princely lepers. Some people cannot get their hat off quick enough when they see such a foreign lord approaching, and they do not care for the mire into which they drop their knees as they bow to worship. Let no splendor of pedigree or any pomp and paraphernalia of circumstance make him atttractive. There is only one set of Ten Commandments that I ever heard of, and no class of men or women in all the world are excused from obedience to those laws written by finger of lightning on the granite surface of Mount Sinai. Surely we have enough American vices without making any drafts upon European vices for 1892.

By this sermon I would have the nation made aware of its opportunity and get ready to improve it, and of some perils and get ready to combat them. I

rejoice to believe that the advantages will overtop everything in that World's Fair. What an introduction to each other of communities, of states, of republics, of empires, of zones, of hemispheres! What doors of information will be swung wide open for the boys and girls now on the threshold! What national and international education! What crowning of industry with sheaves of grains, and what imperial robing of her with embroidered fabrics! What scientific apparatus! What telescopes for the infinitude above and microscopes for the infinitude beneath, and instruments to put nature to the torture until she tells her last secret! What a display of the munificence of the God who has grown enough wheat to make a loaf of good bread large enough for the human race, and enough cotton to stocking every foot, and enough timber to shelter every head, making it manifest that it is not God's fault, but either man's oppression or indolence or dissipation if there be any without supply.

Under the arches of the chief building of that exposition let capital and labor, too long estranged, at last be married, each taking the hand of each in pledge of eternal fidelity, while representatives of all nations stand round rejoicing at the nuptials, and saying: "What God hath joined together let not man put asunder." Then shall the threnody of the needlewoman no longer be heard:

Work, work, work!
  Till the brain begins to swim;
Work, work, work!
  Till the eyes are heavy and dim.
Seam and gusset and band,
  Band and gusset and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
  And sew them on in a dream.

Oh, Christian America! Make ready for the grandest exposition ever seen under the sun! Have Bibles enough bound. Have churches enough established. Have scientific halls enough endowed. Have printing-presses enough set up. Have revivals of religion enough in full blast. I believe you will. "'Hosanna to the Son of David! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!"

# MAY-DAY REFLECTIONS

Phil., 4: 12: "I know both how to be abased, and I know how to abound."

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Happy Paul! Could you really accommodate yourself to all circumstances in life? Could you go up without pride, and could you come down without exasperation? Teach the same lesson to us all.

We are at a season of the year when vast populations in all our cities are changing residence. Having been born in a house, and having all our lives lived in a house, we do not have full appreciation of what a house is. It is the growth of thousands of years. The human race first lived in clefts of rocks, the beasts of the field moving out of the caverns to let the human race move in. The shepherds and the robbers in some lands still live in caverns of the earth. The troglodytes are savages which to this day prefer the caverns to a house. They are warm, they are large, they are very comfortable, they are less subject to violent changes of heat and cold. We come on along down in the history of the race, and we come to the lodge; which was a home built out of twisted tree branches. We come further on down in the history of the race, and we come to the tent; which was a home built with a round pole in the center and skins of animals reaching out in all directions, mats on the floor for the people to sit on. Time passed on and the world, after much invention, came to build the house; which was a space surrounded by broad stones against which the earth was heaped from the outside. The roof was made of chalk and gypsum and coals and

stones and ashes pounded together. After a while the porch was born. After a while the gate. Then hundreds of years passed on, and in the fourteenth century the modern chimney was constructed. The old Hebrews had openings in their houses from which the smoke might escape if it preferred, but there was no inducement offered for it to leave until the modern chimney. Wooden keys opened the door, or the keyhole was large enough to allow the finger to be inserted for the lifting of the latch or the sliding it. There being no windows, the people were dependent for light upon lattice-work, over which a thin veil was drawn down in time of winter to keep out the elements. Window glass was, so late as two or three hundred years ago in England and Scotland, so great a luxury that only the very wealthiest could afford it. A handmill and an oven and a few leathern bottles and some rude pitchers and plates made up the entire equipment of the culinary department.

But the home planted in the old cave, or at the foot of a tent pole, has grown and enlarged and spread abroad until we have the modern house, with its branches and roots, and vast girth and height and depth of comfort and accommodation. Architecture in other days busied itself chiefly in planning and building triumphal arches and basilicas and hippodromes and mausoleums and columns, while they allowed the people for residences to burrow like muskrats in the earth. St. Sophia, of Constantinople; St. Mark's, of Venice; St. Peter's, of Rome, are only the Raphaeled walls against which lean the squalor and the pauperism of many nations.

I rejoice that while our modern architects give us grand capitols in which to legislate, and grand courthouses in which to administer justice, and grand churches in which to worship God, they also give

much of their time to the planning of comfortable abodes for our tired population. I have not so much interest in the Arch of Titus at Beneventum as I have in the wish that all the people may have a comfortable shelter; nor have I so much interest in the Temple of Jupiter Olympus at Athens as I have in the hope that every man may have an altar for the worship of the true God in his own house. And I have not so much interest in the science of ceramics, which goes crazy over a twisted vase or a queer-handled jug in use three thousand years ago or a pitcher out of which the ancient Pharaohs poured their drunken debauch, as I have that every man have on his table a plate with plenty of healthful food and an appetite to attack it. Thank God for your home — not merely the house you live in now, but the house you were born in, and the many houses you have resided in since you began your earthly residence. Count over the number of those houses in which you have resided, and you will be surprised. Once in a while you will find a man who lives in the house where he was born and where his father was born and his grandfather was born and his great-grandfather was born; but that is not one out of a thousand cases. I have not been more migratory than most people, but I was amazed when I came to count up the number of residences I have occupied. The fact is, there is in this world no such thing as permanent residence.

In a private vehicle, and not in a rail-car, from which you can see but little, I rode from New York to Yonkers and Tarrytown on the banks of the Hudson — the finest ride on the planet for a man who wants to see palatial residences in fascinating scenery. It was in the early spring and before the gentlemen of New York had gone out to their country residences. I rode into the grounds of one of these

mansions to admire the gardens, and the overseer of the place told me — and they all told me — that all the houses had been sold, or that the owners wanted to sell them, and there was literally no exception, although I called at many places, just admiring the gardens and the grounds and the palatial residences. Some wanted to sell, or had sold, because of financial misfortune or because their wives did not want to reside in the summer-time in those places while their husbands tarried in town in the night, always having some business on hand keeping them away. From some houses the people had been shaken out by chills and fever, from some houses they had gone because death or misfortune had occurred, and all those palaces and mansions had either changed occupants or wanted to change.

Take up the city directory of New York and tell me how few families live on Fifth Avenue and Madison Avenue who lived there fifteen or twenty years ago. Take up the city directory of Brooklyn and tell me how few people live on the Heights or on the Hill who lived there fifteen or twenty years ago. There is no such thing as permanent residence. I saw Monticello, of Virginia, President Jefferson's residence, and I saw on the same day Montpelier, which was either Madison's or Monroe's residence, and I saw also the White House, which was President Taylor's residence and President Harrison's residence and President Lincoln's residence and President Garfield's residence. Was it a permanent residence in any case?

I tell you that the race is nomadic, and no sooner gets in one place than it wants to change for another place, or is compelled to change for another place; and so the race invented the railroad and the steamboat in order more rapidly to get into some other place than

that in which it was then. Ay, instead of being nomadic, it is immortal, moving on and moving on. We whip up our horses and hasten on until the hub of the front wheel shivers on the tombstone and tips us headlong into the grave, the only permanent earthly residence. But bless God, even that stay is limited, for we shall have a resurrection.

To-morrow the streets will be filled with the furniture carts and the drays and the trucks. It will be a hard day for horses, because they will be overloaded. It will be a hard day for laborers, for they will overlift before they get the family furniture from one house to another. It will be a hard day for housekeepers to see their furniture scratched, and their crockery broken, and their carpets misfit, and their furniture dashed of the sudden showers. It will be a hard day for landlords. It will be a hard day for tenants. Especial grace is needed for moving day. Many a man's religion has suffered a fearful strain between the hour on the morning of the first of May when he took his immature breakfast and the hour at night when he rolled into his extemporized couch. The furniture broken sometimes will result in the breaking of one of the ten commandments. There is no more fearful post than the hall of a house where two families meet, one moving out, and the other moving in! The salutation is apt to be more vehement than complimentary. The grace that will be sufficient for the first of January and the first of February and the first of March and the first of April will not be sufficient for the first of May. Say your prayers to-morrow morning if you find nothing better to kneel down by than a coal-scuttle, and say your prayers at night though your knee comes down on a paper of carpet tacks! You will want supernatural help to-morrow if any of you move. Help in the morning

to start out aright on the day's work. Help at night to repent. There will be enough annoyances to make a Xanthippe out of a Frances Ridley Havergal. I have again and again been in crisis of moving day, and I have stood appalled and amazed and helpless in the shipwreck, taking as well as I could those things that floated ashore from the breakers, and I know how to comfort and how to warn and how to encourage the people; so I preach this practical May-day sermon.

All these troubles will soon be gone, and the bruises will heal and the stiffened joints will become supple and your ruffled temper will be smoothed of its wrinkles and order will take the place of disorder, and you will sit down in your new home seriously to contemplate. My first word, then, in this part of my discourse, is to all those who move out of small houses into larger ones. Now we will see whether, like the apostle, you know how to abound. Do not, because your new house has two more stories than the old one, add two stories to your vanity, or make your brightly-polished door-plate the coffin-plate to your buried humility. Many persons moving into a larger house have become arrogant and supercilious. They swagger where once they walked, they simper where once they laughed, they go about with an air which seems to say, "Let all smaller craft get out of these waters if they do not want to be run over by a regular Cunarder." I have known people who were kind and amiable and Christian in their smaller house — no sooner did they go over the doorsill of the new house than they became a glorified nuisance. They were the terror of dry-goods clerks and the amazement of ferry-boats, into which they swept; and if compelled to stand a moment with condemnatory glance turning all the people seated into criminals and con-

victs. They began to hunt up the family coat-of-arms, and had lion couchant or unicorn rampant on the carriage door; when if they had the appropriate coat-of-arms it would have been a butter firkin or a shoe-last or a plow or a trowel. Instead of being like all the rest of us, made out of dust, they would have you think that they were trickled out of heaven on a lump of loaf-sugar. The first thing you know of them, the father will fail in business and the daughter will run off with a French dancing-master. A woman spoiled by a finer house is bad enough, but a man so upset is sickening. The lavendered fool goes around so dainty and so precise and so affected in the roll of his eyes or the whirl of his cane or the clicking of the ivory handle against his front teeth or his effeminate languor, and his conversation so interlarded with "oh's" and "ah's" that he is to me a dose of ipecacuanha.

Now, my friends, if you move into a larger house, thank God for more room — for more room to hang your pictures, for more room in which to gather your friends, for more room in which to let your children romp and play, for more room for great bookcases filled with good reading, or wealth of bric-a-brac. Have as large and as fine a house as you can afford to have, but do not sacrifice your humility and your common sense, do not lose your balance, do not be spoiled by your successes.

Two or three years ago, we were the guests on an English manor. The statuary, the ferneries, the botanical and horticultural genius of the place had done all they could do to make the place attractive. For generations there had been an amassing of plate and costly surroundings. At half-past nine o'clock in the morning, the proprietor of the estate had the bell rung, and some twenty or thirty men-servants and

maid-servants came in to prayers. The proprietor of the estate read the Scriptures, gave out the hymn, started the music, his daughter at the organ, and then the music over, the proprietor of the estate kneeled down and commended all his guests, all his family, all his employees to the Lord Almighty. God can trust such a man as that with a large estate. He knows how to abound. He trusted God and God trusted him. And I could call off the roll of fifty merchant princes as mighty for God as they are mighty in worldly successes. Ah, my friends, do not be puffed up by any of the successes of this life, do not be spoiled by the number of liveried coachmen that may stop at your door, or the sweep of the long trail across the imported tapestry. Many of those who come to your house are fawning parasites. They are not so much in love with you as they are in love with your house and your successes. You move down next year to 320 Low-Water-Mark Street, and see how many of their carriages will halt at your door. Timon of Athens was a wealthy lord, and all the mighty men and women of the land came and sat at his banquet, proud to sit there, and they drank deep to his health. They sent him costly presents. He sent costlier presents back again, and there was no man in all the land so admired as Timon of Athens, the wealthy lord. But after a while, through lavish hospitality, or through betrayal, he lost everything. Then he sent for help to those lords whom he had banqueted and to whom he had given large sums of money, Lucullus, Lucius, Sempronius and Ventidas. Did those lords send any help to him? Oh, no! Lucullus said, when he was applied to, "Well, I thought that Timon would come down, he was too lavish; let him suffer for his recklessness." Lucius said, "I would be very glad to help Timon, but I have made

large purchases and my means are all absorbed." And one lord sent one excuse and another lord sent another excuse. But to the astonishment of everybody, after a while Timon proclaimed another feast. Those lords said to themselves: "Why, either Timon has had a good turn of fortune or he has been deceiving us, testing our love." And so they all flocked to the banquet apologetic, for seeming lukewarmness. The guests were all seated at the table, and Timon ordered the covers lifted. The covers lifted, there was nothing under them but smoking hot water. Then Timon said to his guests, "Dogs, lap! lap, dogs!" and under the terrific irony they fled the room, while Timon pursued them with his anathema, calling them fools of fortune, destroyers of happiness under a mask, hurling at the same time the pitchers and the chalices after them. I would not want to make you oversuspicious in the day of your success, but I want you to understand right well there is a vast difference between the popularity of Timon, the prosperous, and Timon, the unfortunate — I want you to know there is a vast difference in the number of people who admire a man when he is going up, and the number of people who admire him when he is going down.

But I must have a word with those who in this May-day time move out of larger residences into smaller. Sometimes the pathetic reason is that the family has dwindled in size and so much room is not required, so they move out into smaller apartments. I know there are such cases. Marriage has taken some of the members of the family, death has taken other members of the family, and after a while father and mother wake up to find their family just the size it was when they started, and they would be lonesome and lost in a large house; hence they move out of it.

Moving day is a great sadness to such if they have

the law of association dominant. There are the rooms named after the different members of the family. I suppose it is so in all your households. It is so in mine; we name the rooms after the persons who occupy them. And then there is the dining hall where the festivities took place, the holiday festivities; there is the sitting-room where the family met night after night, and there is the room sacred because there a life started or a life stopped; the Alpha and the Omega of some earthly existence. Scene of meeting and parting, of congratulation and heart-break. Every door-knob, every fresco, every mantel, every threshold meaning more to you than it can ever mean to any one else.

When moving out of a house I have always been in the habit, after everything was gone, of going into each room and bidding it a mute farewell. There will be tears running down many cheeks to-morrow that the carmen will not be able to understand. It is a solemn and a touching and an overwhelming thing to leave places forever — places where we have struggled and toiled and wept and sung and prayed and anxiously watched and agonized. Oh! life is such a strange mixture of honey and of gall, weddings and burials, midnoon and midnight clashing. Every home a lighthouse against which the billows of many seas tumble. Thank God these changes are not always going to continue, otherwise the nerves would give out and the brain would founder on a dementia like that of King Lear when his daughter, Cordelia, came to medicine his domestic calamities.

But there are others who will move out of large residences into smaller through the reversal of fortune. The property must be sold, or the bailiff will sell it, or the income is less and you cannot pay the house rent. First of all, such persons should under-

stand that our happiness is not dependent on the size of the house we live in. I have known people enjoy a small heaven in two rooms and others suffer a pandemonium in twenty. There is as much happiness in a small house as in a large house. There is as much satisfaction under the light of a tallow candle as under the glare of chandelier all the burners at full blaze. Who was the happier, John Bunyan in Bedford Jail, or Belshazzar in the saturnalia? Contentment is something you can neither rent nor purchase. It is not extrinsic, it is intrinsic. Are there fewer rooms in the house to which you move; you will have less to take care of. Is it to be stove instead of furnace? all the doctors say the modern modes of warming buildings are unhealthy. Is it less pier mirrors? Less temptation to your vanity. Is it old-fashioned toilet instead of water pipes all through the house? Less to freeze and burst when you cannot get a plumber. Is it less carriage? More room for robust exercise. Is it less social position? Fewer people who want to drag you down by their jealousies. Is it less fortune to leave in your last will and testament? Less to spoil your children. Is it less money for the marketing? Less temptation to ruin the health of your family with pineapples and indigestible salads. Is it a little deaf? Not hearing so many disagreeables.

I meet you to-morrow at the door of your new home, and while I help you lift the clothes closet over the banisters, and the carman is getting red in the face in trying to transport that article of furniture to some new destination, I congratulate you. You are going to have a better time this year, some of you, than you have ever had. You take God and the Christian religion in your home and you will be grandly happy. God in the parlor — that will sanctify your sociabilities. God in the nursery — that will

protect your children. God in the dining hall — that will make the plainest meal an imperial banquet. God in the morning — that will launch the day brightly from the dry docks. God in the evening — that will sail the day sweetly into the harbor. And get joy, one and all of you, whether you move or do not move. Get joy out of the thought that we are soon all going to have a grand moving day. Do you want a picture of the new house into which you will move? Here it is, wrought with the hand of a master: "We know that, if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." How much rent will we have to pay for it? We are going to own it. How much must we pay for it? how much cash down? and how much left on mortgage? Our Father is going to give it as a free gift. When are we going to move into it? We are moving now.

Heads of families are very apt to stay in the old house until they have seen everything off. They send ahead the children and they send ahead the treasures and the valuables. Then after a while they will come themselves. I remember very well in the country that in boyhood moving day was a jubilation. On almost the first load we, the children, were sent on ahead to the new house and we arrived with shout and laughter, and in an hour we had ranged through every room in the house, the barn, and the granary. Toward night, and perhaps in the last wagon, father and mother would come, looking very tired, and we would come down to the foot of the lane to meet them and tell them of all the wonders we discovered in the new place; and then, the last wagon unloaded, the candles lighted, our neighbors who had helped us to move — for in those times neighbors helped each other — came in and sat down

with us at a table on which there was every luxury they could think of. Well, my dear Lord knows that some of us have been moving a good while. We have sent our children ahead, we have sent many of our valuables ahead, sent many treasures ahead. We cannot go yet. There is work for us to do; but after a while it will be toward night and we will be very tired, and then we will start for our new home; and those who have gone ahead of us, they will see our approach, and they will come down the lane to meet us, and they will have much to tell us of what they have discovered in the "house of many mansions," and of how large the rooms are and of how bright the fountains. And then, the last load unloaded, the table will be spread and our celestial neighbors will come in to sit down with our reunited families, and the chalices will be full, not with the wine that sweats in the vat of earthly intoxication, but with "the new wine of the kingdom." And there for the first time we will realize what fools we were on earth when we feared to die, since death has turned out only to be the moving from a smaller house into a larger one, and the exchange of a pauper's hut for a prince's castle, and the going upstairs from a miserable kitchen to a glorious parlor. Oh! house of God not made with hands, eternal in the heavens!

# THE SINKING STEAMER

II Corinthians, 11: 25: "A night and a day I have been in the deep."

# THE SINKING STEAMER

II Corinthians, 11: 25: "A night and a day I have been in the deep."

Whether Paul's ship had been broken to pieces by a storm, or whether it had collided with another vessel, I know not; but here we find him floating on a plank in the Mediterranean Sea, and for twenty-four hours. "A night and a day have I been in the deep."

The perils of ancient navigation were very great, among other things because the sea was so solitary. If a ship were disabled, it might move over the waters day after day, and week after week, and month after month, and not sight a sail. But I think that in our day, notwithstanding all our lighthouses and compasses and sextants and ironclads there is just as much danger now, coming not from the solitariness of the sea, but from the multiplicity of crafts. Any one who has noticed the great fleet of ships going in and out the Narrows, or up and down Long Island Sound, has been amazed at the fact that there are so few casualties. The nation is to-day stunned and staggered with calamity. When those two floating palaces were plowing through the waters of Long Island Sound and nearing each other, only the eye of God saw that they were coming into collision. We are at the season of the year when parts of families make hegira into the country. Many of the schools have come to vacation, and the young people were impatient to be away. There is nothing more beautiful than the disposition of heads of families to send their households to the mountains and the springs and the

farms, while the men must stay and toil in the sweltering city and fight out the battle for bread. How glad they are if their families can be in a cooler and better atmosphere. God only saw what was coming. The fog stooped upon the Sound, and the steamers slowed up and the whistles blew and the bells rang, yet nevertheless at a quarter to twelve o'clock at night, the *Stonington* crashed into the *Narragansett*, and perhaps fifty and perhaps a hundred, after struggling first with the flames and then with the waters, surrendered their immortal spirits to God who gave them. I will not rehearse that scene; there was in it a pathos and a tragedy all indescribable, when that aged woman cried out, "Never mind me, save the young people!" when that mother cried out, "Never mind me, save my boy!" when those young men, frenzied with the appalling scene, took their own lives.

Alas! alas! While they are searching the waters for the dead, and while the telegraph offices are thronged with the pale-cheeked and the agonized, waiting for intelligence, it is becoming that we bow our hearts before God this morning, in sympathetic prayer for all the bereft, while we mourn for the loss of some of the most valued of society; some who to-day but for that calamity would have been preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and that we learn some very practical lessons for our own souls.

In the first place, this calamity of last Friday night on Long Island Sound impresses me with the responsibility of those who hold the lives, the bodies, the property, or the souls of people in their care. I will not at this early point in the history of that disaster pretend to say who was to blame. Some say it was the captain, some say it was the company, some say the blame was on the *Stonington*, some say the blame was on the *Narragansett*. I will not attempt to de-

cide. I invoke the law of the land with severe scrutiny to find out who was to blame and bring chastisement upon those who have hurled hundreds of families into awful bereavement. The fact is that this whole country has already been empaneled on the coroner's jury and has rendered a verdict saying: "There is awful blame somewhere." Captains of steamships, conductors of railroad trains, engineers of locomotives, architects of buildings, pilots of steamboats, have great responsibilities. Yet ministers of the Gospel and Christian workers who have under their care the spiritual interests of the people — they also are to keep ringing the alarm bells, they are to stand on the outlook, they are to obey the injunction, "What I say unto you I say unto all — watch." I tell you I would rather be captain of a steamship driving a hundred human lives into destruction than a minister of religion or a religious worker with a defective theology driving thousands and tens of thousands of immortal souls into shipwreck. "When I say unto the wicked, thou shalt surely die, and thou givest him not warning, the same wicked man shall die in his iniquity, but his blood will I require at thine hand."

'Tis not a cause of small import,
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
It filled the Saviour's hands.

Oh! my friends, whatever be your responsibility, if you have under your keeping the bodies, the minds, the property, the souls of men, beware how you discharge that responsibility. Remember the *Narragansett*.

Again: that disaster Friday night, on Long Island Sound, impresses me with the fact that brilliant surroundings are no security against the last enemy.

You and I perhaps have been on that *Narragansett.* It was a beautiful ship. The furniture exquisite, the pictures, the upholstery, all the appointments, just what you would like to have had them, and yet, notwithstanding the passengers were so brilliantly surrounded, they were called away. The fact is, Death has just as much regard for the Nantucket whaler as he has for the splendid *Narragansett.* Belshazzar at the banqueting hall; Napoleon III in the mansion at Chiselhurst; Charles Dickens in his beautiful home at Gad's Hill; the Prince Consort in Windsor Castle, summoned away. An armed sentinel stands at the gate of every palace, and when some one approaches, the sentinel cries, "Halt!" and whoever the dignitary may be, he must halt or be pierced through; but Death comes up to the gate of the palace, and he captures both the sentinel and the gate.

On that *Narragansett,* there were those who could have given their fifty thousand dollars for another day's existence; one hundred thousand dollars for another day of existence; two hundred thousand dollars for another day; but Death will not receive a bribe. He comes in with muddy feet from walking amid the upturned earth of the new-made grave, and blunders across the tapestry, and sets his spade against the headboard of the rosewood bedstead. "They that possess themselves in the multitude of their riches, none of them can redeem his brother, nor give to God a ransom that he should not see corruption." "The wise men die, likewise the fool and the brutish person perish, and leave their wealth to others." Oh! do not let us be deluded with the idea, because we may have brilliant home, brilliant equipage, brilliant companionship, brilliant surroundings, that therefore there is any safety.

The disaster on Long Island Sound further shows

me the fact that there are many people who have not yet been persuaded of the nonsense of prayer. I do not suppose there was a person on board that vessel but had heard argument used against Christianity. There was not a person on that vessel but had heard prayer scoffed at and derided, and yet all the reports say that when the disaster came they all prayed. The prayer was heard from the *Narragansett* to the *Stonington*. Those who were on the *Narragansett* and escaped say there were scores and hundreds of people in the water all praying: "God, save my wife! God, save my child! God, save me!" Hundreds of people, scores of people crying: "O God! O God!" Yes, they prayed; and if Tyndall had been there, if the skeptics of this day had been there, they would have all prayed. That would have been the prayer-test. Oh! we may scoff at Christianity, and we may deride supplication before God, and we may say the creature cannot affect the Creator, and it is absurd for one to kneel down and pray into nothingness, expecting to get an answer. We may do all that surrounded with pleasant circumstances, but in the day of calamity and darkness we will pray. It is not so much of a farce after all, is it? It is not so absurd after all, is it? They all prayed. Oh, my friends, ye who have sins to be pardoned, ye who have wounds to be healed, ye who have burdens to be lifted, ye who have immortal souls to be saved, why not now in the day of your prosperity learn this art, this holy art?

Restraining prayer we cease to fight,
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees,
The weakest saint upon his knees.
Were half the breath that's vainly spent
To Heaven in supplication sent
Our cheerful song would oftener be,
Hear what the Lord has done for me.

Again: I am impressed by the disaster on Long Island Sound, with the danger there is in a dense fog. There was no cyclone that night. Sometimes the keepers of the lighthouses neglect their duty and a vessel will drive on the rocks; but all the lighthouses on the coast of Long Island Sound were doing their duty that night. A dense fog came down and that was the cause of the disaster. That was what brought the *Arctic* and the *Vesta* together in that great calamity that some of you remember. When I was going to Liverpool and our vessel was plowing on near the Newfoundland coast during a fog, I remember I heard the poor fishermen in their fishing smacks blowing their foghorns. They were afraid of being run down by some steamer, and many of the poor fellows perish every year in the fog. No one knows where they perish. They simply do not come home. So also comes the ruin of the soul. No man would drive directly on the rocks if he could see them. It is because men are cheated, because they are mystified, because they are befogged. Here is the Herbert Spencer fog, which says that life is a combination of heterogeneous changes, both simultaneous and successive, in correspondences with external coexistences and sequences. Yes, that is what life is! And here is the Huxley fog about protoplasm. And here is the Darwinian fog about the origin of the species, and our dear grandfathers, the gorillas and the chimpanzees! And there is the fog of Pantheism and the fog of Rationalism and the fog of Materialism and the fog which Strauss and Schenckel and Renan have thrown around about the head of Christ. Anything but believe that God made the worlds, and that the Bible is inspired, and that Christ, the Son of God, came to save sinners. Anything but that.

Why, there are wiseacres abroad who would be glad

to be pallbearers and grave-diggers at the same time at one decease, and that at the decease and the burial of the Lord God Almighty. They think there is not room enough for God and them in the same world. They want to push him off the edges of the universe, and they fill the world with their fog, and the scores of people who went down in Long Island Sound during the fog are very few as compared with the thousands and millions who in this vaporing of skepticism have crashed into shipwreck.

Sometimes a strong breeze will very suddenly clear away a fog. So I wish a gale from heaven might sweep away all this fog of skepticism. When I see so many people around me drenched and soaked, and floundering in the dense fog of unbelief, I fall deeper in love with the old-fashioned religion of Jesus Christ. Oh! if these wiseacres would only come and believe the Gospel, how much perturbation they would escape. How happy they would be if they could only just learn the first three questions and the first three answers of the shorter catechism:

> Who made you? God.
> Who redeemed you? Christ.
> Who sanctifies you? The Holy Ghost.

Oh! Sun of Righteousness, scatter the fog. Let us remember the *Narragansett!*

Once more, this disaster impresses me with the importance of being ready for sudden transition. Some of the papers say that there were only twenty minutes between the collision and the time when the vessel sank. Some say that in ten minutes many of them had perished. I suppose that in five minutes many had gone down. Just think of it. Twenty minutes! What a short time, if any of them were not ready for the eternal world! Twenty minutes!

Fifteen of them would be passed in the effort to get ashore. Fifteen of them in the expectation that the life-boat might come. Fifteen in the hope that some strong swimmer might take them ashore. Fifteen gone — only five left, and the five minutes split into two parts, the one-half to look back upon life, the other half to look forward to a great eternity. Twenty minutes! Fifteen minutes! Five minutes! Oh, does not that show every common-sense man that he ought to be ready for sudden transition? Some say, "I won't go on shipboard. If I go to Boston, I'll take the rail-train; I'll never risk my life on the Sound, nor on any steamer." You cannot escape in that way. When you leave this world in all probability you will leave suddenly. Has not that been the history of most of your friends? It has certainly been the truth in regard to most of my own friends who have gone. They may have been sick for months or for years, but when they went, they went suddenly. It was a surprise to all of us; so it was to you with your friends. When the Avondale Mine exploded, how long did those poor miners have to prepare for the next world? Not half a second. When the "draw" was off at Norwalk, when the bridge broke at Ashtabula, how long did the passengers have to prepare for eternity? Five minutes? No. Three minutes? No. Two minutes? No. One minute? No. The twinkling of an eye. "In such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh." Oh! ought we not to be ready for sudden transition?

Can you imagine that beautiful steamer gone? The furnaces are out. The pulsating of that great machinery has all ceased. It is a dead steamer, and it is buried. It is buried in the cemetery of dead ships, that great cemetery of dead ships, the *Arctic*, the *Cambria*, the *North Fleet*, the *Atalanta*, the *City of*

*Boston;* but the time will come when all the dead of Long Island Sound and all the dead of the Atlantic will rise. The trumpet will sound through all the caverns of the deep as well as through all the valleys and the mountains. Day of light. Day of darkness. Day of joy. Day of sorrow. Day of victory. Day of defeat. Day of resurrection.

A voice comes from that dead steamer this morning, saying: "What thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might, for there is neither wisdom nor device in the grave whither we are all hastening." A man is stupid beyond all reclamation who cannot learn that lesson from this awful calamity. Oh, we want to be housed in God, we want this morning to be so encased by divine mercy that nothing can harm us. Do you suppose that calamity did any harm to God's children on board that steamer? No harm. Sudden death was to them sudden glory. The angels of God hovered over the burning *Narragansett* and those who died in Christ went straight to the bosom of Jesus. Do you not want that refuge? Do you not want to fly to that fortress this morning?

I believe there were three or four Eddystone Lighthouses. Henry Winstanley built a lighthouse. It was of very fantastic shape — Eddystone Lighthouse on the coast of England — and the people said, "That lighthouse will not stand the storm." "It will," said Henry Winstanley, "and I hope I may be in it when the first and worst storm comes down." The lighthouse was completed and there was a heavy storm gathering. Perhaps it was time for the equinoctial, and Henry Winstanley, with some of his workmen, went into the lighthouse to spend the night. Oh, it was an awful storm that swept down the coast of England. Next morning the people went down to find the lighthouse. It was gone. Not so much as

a fragment of a wall left. Only two twisted iron bolts. So men get themselves up into the lighthouse of their skepticism; so men get themselves up into the fortress of their egotism; so men get themselves up into a state of defiance against God, and they say, "We are secure; we are not afraid; let all the storms of death come, let the cyclone of the Judgment come; we dare all danger, we despise all threat." Suddenly God breathes on them and they are gone. Only two things left: a grave and a lost soul. Remember the *Narragansett!*

# HEREDITY

I Sam., 17: 58: "Whose son art thou, thou young man?"

# HEREDITY

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Never was there a more unequal fight than that between David and Goliath. David five feet high; Goliath ten. David a shepherd boy, brought up amid rural scenes; Goliath a warrior by profession. Goliath a mountain of braggadocia; David a marvel of humility. Goliath armed with an iron spear; David armed with a sling with smooth stones from the brook. But you are not to despise these latter weapons. There was a regiment of slingers in the Assyrian army and a regiment of slingers in the Egyptian army, and they did terrible execution, and they could cast a stone with almost as much precision and force as now can be hurled shot or shell. The Greeks in their army had slingers who would throw leaden plummets inscribed with the irritating words: "Take this!" So it was a mighty weapon David employed in that famous combat. A Jewish rabbi says that the probability is that Goliath entertained such contempt for David, that in a paroxysm of laughter he threw his head back and his helmet fell off. David saw the uncovered forehead, and, his opportunity having come, taking this sling and swinging it around his head two or three times, and aiming at that uncovered forehead, he crushed it and the monster fell. The battle over, behold a tableau: King Saul sitting; little David standing, his fingers clutched into the hair of decapitated Goliath. As Saul sees David standing there holding in his hand the ghastly, reeking, staring

trophy, evidence of the complete victory over God's enemies, the king wonders what parentage was honored by such heroism, and in my text he asks David his pedigree: "Whose son are thou, thou young man?"

The king saw what you and I see, that this question of heredity is a mighty question. The longer I live the more I believe in blood—good blood, bad blood, proud blood, humble blood, honest blood, thieving blood, heroic blood, cowardly blood. The tendency may skip a generation or two, but it is sure to come out, as in a little child you sometimes see a similarity to a great-grandfather whose picture hangs on the wall. That the physical and mental and moral qualities are inheritable is patent to any one who keeps his eyes open. The similarity is so striking sometimes as to be amusing. Great families, regal or literary, are apt to have like characteristics all down through the generations, and what is more perceptible in such families may be seen on a smaller scale in all families. A thousand years have no power to obliterate the small family traits. The large lip of the House of Austria is seen in all the generations, and is called the Hapsburg lip. The House of Stuart always means in all generations cruelty and bigotry and sensuality. Witness Queen of Scots. Witness Charles I and Charles II. Witness James I and James II and all the other scoundrels of that imperial line.

Scottish blood means persistence, English blood means reverence for the ancient, Welsh blood means religiosity, Danish blood means fondness for the sea, Indian blood means roaming disposition, Celtic blood means fervidity, Roman blood means conquest. The Jewish facility for accumulation you may trace clear back to Abraham, of whom the Bible says, "he

was rich in silver and gold and cattle," and to Isaac and Jacob, who had the same family characteristics. Some families are characterized by longevity, and they have a tenacity of life positively Methuselish. Others are characterized by Goliathian stature, and you can see it for one generation, two generations, five generations, in all the generations. Vigorous theology runs on in the line of the Alexanders. Tragedy runs on in the family of the Kembles. Literature runs on in the line of the Trollopes. Philanthropy runs on in the line of the Wilberforces. Statesmanship runs on in the line of the Adamses. You see these peculiarities in all generations. Henry and Catharine of Navarre religious, all their families religious. The celebrated family of the Casini, all mathematicians. The celebrated family of the Medici —grandfather, son, and Catharine—all remarkable for keen intellect. The celebrated family of Gustavus Adolphus all warriors.

This law of heredity asserts itself without reference to social or political condition, for you sometimes find the ignoble in high place and the honorable in obscure place. A descendant of Edward I a toll-gatherer. A descendant of Edward III a door-keeper. A descendant of the Duke of Northumberland a trunk-maker. Some of the mightiest families of England are extinct, while some of those most honored in the peerage go back to an ancestry of hard knuckles and rough exterior. This law of heredity entirely independent of social or political condition. Then you find avarice and jealousy and sensuality and fraud having full swing in some families. The violent temper of Frederick William is the inheritance of Frederick the Great. It is not a theory to be set forth by worldly philosophy only, but by divine authority. Do you not remember how the

Bible speaks of "a chosen generation," of "the generation of the righteous," of "the generation of vipers," of an "untoward generation," of "a stubborn generation," of "the iniquity of the past visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation?" So that the text comes with the force of a projectile hurled from mightiest catapult, "Whose son art thou, thou young man?"

"Well," says some one, "that theory discharges me from all responsibility. Born of sanctified parents we are bound to be good and we cannot help ourselves. Born of unrighteous parentage we are bound to be evil and we cannot help ourselves." Two inaccuracies. As much as if you should say, "The centripetal force in nature has a tendency to bring everything to the center, and therefore all things come to the center. The centrifugal force in nature has a tendency to throw out everything to the periphery, and therefore everything will go out to the periphery." You know as well as I know that you can make the centripetal overcome the centrifugal, and you can make the centrifugal overcome the centripetal. As when there is a mighty tide of good in a family that may be overcome by determination to evil, as in the case of Aaron Burr, the libertine, who had for father Rev. Aaron Burr, the consecrated president of Princeton; as in the case of Pierrepont Edwards, the scourge of New York society seventy years ago, who had a Christian ancestry; while on the other hand some of the best men and women of this day are those who have come of an ancestry of which it would not be courteous to speak in their presence. The practical and useful object of this sermon is to show to you that if you have come of a Christian ancestry, then you are solemnly bound to preserve and develop the glorious inheritance; or if

you have come of a depraved ancestry, then it is your duty to brace yourself against the evil tendency by all prayer and Christian determination, and you are to find out what are the family frailities, and in arming the castle put the strongest guard at the weakest gate. With these smooth stones from the brook I hope to strike you, not where David struck Goliath, in the head, but where Nathan struck David, in the heart. "Whose son art thou, thou young man?"

There is something in the periodical holidays to bring up remembrances of the old folks. Sometimes in the winter holidays, when we are accustomed to gather our families together, old times have come back again, and our thoughts have been set to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne." The old folks seemed to be busy at such times in making us happy, and perhaps on less resource made their sons and daughters happier than you on larger resource are able to make your sons and daughters happy. The snow lay two feet above their graves, but they shook off the white blankets and mingled in the holiday festivities —the same wrinkles, the same stoop of shoulder under the weight of age, the same old style of dress or coat, the same smile, the same tones of voice. I hope you remember them as they were before they went away. If not, I hope there are those who have recited to you what they were, and that there may be in your house some article of dress or furniture with which you associate their memories. I want to arouse the most sacred memories of your heart while I make the impassioned interrogatory in regard to your pedigree: "Whose son art thou, thou young man?"

First, I accost all those who are descended from a Christian ancestry. I do not ask if your parents were perfect. There are no perfect people now, and I do not suppose there were any perfect people then.

Perhaps there was sometimes too much blood in their eye when they chastised you. But from what I know of you, you got no more than you deserved, and perhaps a little more chastisement would have been salutary. But you are willing to acknowledge, I think, that they wanted to do right. From what you overheard in conversations, and from what you saw at the family altar and at neighborhood obsequies, you know that they had invited God into their heart and life. There was something that sustained those old people supernaturally. You have no doubt about their destiny. You expect if you ever get to heaven to meet them as certainly as you expect to meet the Lord Jesus Christ. That early association has been a charm for you. There was a time when you got right up from a house of iniquity and walked out into the fresh air because you thought your mother was looking at you. You have never been very happy in sin because of a sweet old face that would present itself. Tremulous voices from the past accosted you until they were seemingly audible, and you looked around to see who spoke. There was an estate not mentioned in the last will and testament, a vast estate of prayer and holy example and Christian entreaty and glorious memory. The survivors of the family gathered to hear the will read, and this was to be kept and that was to be sold and it was share and share alike. But there was an unwritten will that read something like this: "In the name of God, Amen. I, being of sound mind, bequeath to my children all my prayers for their salvation; I bequeath to them all the results of a lifetime's toil; I bequeath to them the Christian religion which has been so much comfort to me, and I hope may be solace for them; I bequeath to them a hope of reunion when the partings of life are over; share and share alike may they have in eternal riches.

I bequeath to them the wish that they may avoid my errors and copy anything that may have been worthy. In the name of the God who made me, and the Christ who redeemed me, and the Holy Ghost who sanctifies me, I make this my last will and testament. Witness, all ye hosts of heaven. Witness, time; witness, eternity. Signed, sealed, and delivered in this our dying hour. Father and Mother." You did not get that will proved at the surrogate's office; but I take it out to-day and I read it to you; I take it out of the alcoves of your heart; I shake the dust off it; I ask you will you accept that inheritance, or will you break the will? O ye of Christian ancestry, you have a responsibility vast beyond all measurement! God will not let you off with just being as good as ordinary people when you had such extraordinary advantage. Ought not a flower planted in a hothouse be more thrifty than a flower planted outside in the storm? Ought not a factory turned by the Housatonic do more work than a factory turned by a thin and shallow mountain stream? Ought not you of great early opportunity be better than those who had a cradle unblessed?

A father sets his son up in business. He keeps an account of all the expenditures. So much for store fixtures, so much for rent, so much for this, so much for that, all the items aggregated, and the father expects the son to give an account. Your heavenly Father charges against you all the advantages of a pious ancestry—so many prayers, so much Christian example, so many kind entreaties—all these gracious influences one tremendous aggregate, and he asks you for an account of it. Ought not you to be better than those who had no such advantages? Better have been a foundling picked up off the city commons than with such magnificent inheritance of consecration to

turn out indifferently. Ought not you, my brother, to be better, having had Christian nurture, than that man who can truly say: "The first word I remember my father speaking to me was an oath; the first time I remember my father taking hold of me was in wrath; I never saw a Bible till I was ten years of age, and then I was told it was a pack of lies. The first twenty years of my life I was associated with the vicious. I seemed to be walled in by sin and death." Now, my brother, ought you not—I leave it as a matter of fairness with you—ought you not to be far better than those who had no early Christian influence? Standing as you do between the generation that is past and the generation that is to come, are you going to pass the blessing on, or are you going to have your life the gulf in which that tide of blessing shall drop out of sight forever? You are the trustee of piety in that ancestral line, and are you going to augment or squander that solemn trust fund? Are you going to disinherit your sons and daughters of the heirloom which your parents left you? It cannot be possible that you are going to take such a position as that. You are very careful about the life insurances and careful about the deeds and careful about the mortgages and careful about the title of your property, because when you step off the stage you want your children to get it all. Are you making no provision that they shall get grandfather's and grandmother's religion? What a last will and testament you are making, my brother! "In the name of God, Amen. I, being of sound mind, make this my last will and testament. I bequeath to my children all the money I ever made and all the houses I own; but I rob them of the ancestral grace and the Christian influence that I inherited. I have squandered that on my own worldliness. Share and share

alike must they in the misfortune and the everlasting outrage. Signed, sealed, and delivered in the presence of God and men and angels and devils and all the generations of earth and heaven and hell."

O ye of highly favored ancestry, wake up to a sense of your opportunity and your responsibility. I think there must be an old cradle or a fragment of a cradle somewhere that could tell a story of midnight supplication in your behalf. Where is the old rocking-chair in which you were sung to sleep with the holy nursery rhyme? Where is the old clock that ticked away the moments of that sickness on that awful night when there were but three of you awake —you and God and mother? Is there not an old staff in some closet? Is there not an old family Bible on some shelf that seems to address you with a father's or a mother's voice, saying: "My son, my daughter, how can you reject that God who so kindly dealt with us all our lives and to whom we commended you in our prayers living and dying! By the memory of the old homestead, by the family altar, by our dying pillow, by the graves in which our bodies sleep while our spirits hover, we beg you to turn over a new leaf for the new year." Oh, the power of ancestral piety, well illustrated by a young man of New York who attended a prayer-meeting one night and asked for prayer, and then went home and wrote down these words: "Twenty-five years ago to-night my mother went to heaven, my beautiful, blessed mother, and I have been alone, tossed up and down upon the billows of life's tempestuous ocean. Shall I ever go to heaven? She told me I must meet her in heaven. When she took her boy's hand in hers and turned her gentle, loving eyes on me and gazed earnestly and long into my face and then lifted them to heaven in that last prayer, she prayed that I might

meet her in heaven. I wonder if I ever shall? My mother's prayers! Oh, my sweet, blessed mother's prayers! Did ever boy have such a mother as I had? For twenty-five years I have not heard her pray until to-night. I have heard all her prayers over again. They have had, in fact, a terrible resurrection. Oh, how she was wont to pray! She prayed as they prayed to-night, so earnest, so importunate, so believing. Shall I ever be a Christian? She was a Christian. Oh, how bright and pure and happy was her life! She was a cheerful and happy Christian. There is my mother's Bible. I have not opened it for years. Did she believe I could ever neglect her precious Bible? She surely thought I would read it much and often. How often has she read it to me. Blessed mother, did you pray in vain for your boy? It shall not be in vain. Ah! no, no, it shall not be in vain. I will pray for myself. Who has sinned against so much instruction as I have, against so many precious prayers put up to heaven for me by one of the most lovely, tender, pious, confiding, trusting of mothers, in her heavenly Father's care and grace? She never doubted. She believed. She always prayed as if she did. My Bible, my mother's Bible, and my conscience remind me what I am and what I have made myself. Oh, the bitter pangs of an accusing conscience! I need a Saviour mighty to save. I must seek him. I will. I am on the sea of existence, and I can never get off from it. I am afloat. No anchor, no rudder, no compass, no book of instructions, for I have put them all away from me. Saviour of the perishing, save or I perish." Do you wonder that the next day he arose in a prayer-meeting and said: "My brethren, I stand before you a monument of God's amazing mercy and goodness, forever blessed be his holy name; all I have and all I am I consecrate

to Jesus, my Saviour and my God"? Oh, the power of ancestral prayer. Hear it! Hear it!

But I turn for a moment to those who had evil parentage, and I want to tell you that the highest thrones in heaven and the mightiest triumphs and the brightest crowns will be for those who had evil parentage, but who by the grace of God conquered. As useful, as splendid a gentleman as I know of to-day had for father a man who died blaspheming God until the neighbors had to put their fingers in their ears to shut out the horror. One of the most consecrated and useful Christian ministers of to-day was the son of a drunken horse-jockey. Tide of evil tremendous in some families. It is like Niagara Rapids, and yet men have clung to a rock and been rescued. There is a family in New York whose wealth has rolled up into many millions that was founded by a man who, after he had vast estate sent back a paper of tacks because they were two cents more than he expected. Grip and grind and gouge in the fourth generation—I suppose it will be grip and grind and gouge in the twentieth generation. The thirst for intoxicants has burned down through the arteries of a hundred and fifty years. Pugnacity or combativeness characterize other families. Sometimes one form of evil, sometimes another form of evil. But it may be resisted, it has been resisted. If the family frailty be avarice, cultivate unselfishness and charity, and teach your children never to eat an apple without offering somebody else half of it. Is the family frailty combativeness, keep out of the company of quick-tempered people, and never answer an impertinent question until you have counted a hundred both ways, and after you have written an angry letter keep it a week before you send it, and then burn it up! Is the family frailty timidity and cowardice, cultivate back-

bone, read the biography of brave men like Joshua or Paul, and see if you cannot get a little iron in your blood. Find out what the family frailty is, and set body, mind and soul in battle array. I think the genealogical table was put in the first chapter of the New Testament, not only to show our Lord's pedigree, but to show that a man may rise up in an ancestral line and beat back successfully all the influences of bad heredity. See in that genealogical table that good King Asa came of vile King Abia. See in that genealogical table that Joseph and Mary and the most illustrious Being that ever touched our world, or ever will touch it, had in their ancestral line scandalous Rehoboam and Tamar and Bathsheba. If this world is ever to be Edenized—and it will be—all the infected families of the earth are to be regenerated, and there will some one arise in each family line and open a new genealogical table. There will be some Joseph in the line to reverse the evil influence of Rehoboam, and there will be some Mary in the line to reverse the evil influence of Bathsheba. Perhaps the star of hope may point down to your manger. Perhaps you are to be the hero or the heroine that is to put down the brakes and stop that long train of genealogical tendencies and switch it off on another track from that on which it has been running for a century. You do that, and I will promise you as fine a palace as the architects of heaven can build, the archway inscribed with the words: "More than conqueror."

But whatever your heredity, let me say, you may be sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty. Estranged children from the homestead come back through the open gate of adoption. There is royal blood in our veins. There are crowns on our escutcheon. Our Father is King. Our Brother is King. We may be kings and queens unto God for-

ever. Come and sit down on the ivory bench of the palace. Come and wash in the fountains that fall into the basins of crystal and alabaster. Come and look out of the upholstered window upon gardens of azalea and amaranth. Hear the full burst of the orchestra while you banquet with potentates and victors. Oh, when the text sweeps backward, let it not stop at the cradle that rocked your infancy, but at the cradle that rocked the first world, and when the text sweeps forward, let it not stop at your grave, but at the throne on which you may reign forever and ever. "Whose son art thou, thou young man?" Son of God! Heir of immortality! Take your inheritance!

# RULERS

Prov., 29: 2: "When the righteous are in authority, the people rejoice; but when the wicked beareth rule, the people mourn."

Eccl., 10: 16: "Woe to thee, O land, when thy king is a child, and thy princes eat in the morning."

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The morals of a nation seldom rise higher than the virtue of the rulers. George IV makes impurity popular and national. William Wilberforce gives moral tone to a whole empire. Sin bestarred and epauletted makes crime respectable and brings it to canonization. Malarias arise from the swamp and float upward, but moral distempers descend from the mountain to the plain. The slums only disgust men with the bestiality of crime, but dissolute French court or corrupt congressional delegation puts a premium upon iniquity. Many of the sins of the world are only royal exiles. They had a throne once, but they have been turned out, and they come down now to be entertained by the humble and the insignificant.

There is is not a land on earth which has so many moral men in authority as this land. There is not a session of Legislature or Congress or Cabinet but in it are thoroughly Christian men, men whose hands would spurn a bribe, whose cheek has never been flushed with intoxication, whose tongue has never been smitten of blasphemy or stung of a lie; men whose speeches in behalf of the right and against the wrong remind us of the old Scotch Covenanters and the defiant challenge of Martin Luther and the red lightning of Micah and Habakkuk. These times are not half as bad as the times that are gone. I

judge so from the fact that Aaron Burr, a man stuffed with iniquity until he could hold no more, the debaucher of the debauched, was a member of the Legislature, then Attorney-General, then a Senator of the United States, then Vice-President, and then at last coming within one vote of the highest position in this nation. I judge it from the fact that more than half a century ago the Governor of this State disbanded the Legislature of New York because it was too corrupt to sit in council.

There is a tendency in our time to extol the past to the disadvantage of the present, and I suppose that sixty years from now there may be persons who will represent some of us as angels, although now things are so unpromising. But the iniquity of the past is no excuse for the public wickedness of to-day. Those who are in editorial chairs and in pulpits may not hold back the truth. King David must be made to feel the reproof of Nathan, and Felix must tremble before Paul, and we must not walk with muffled feet to avoid waking up some big sinner. If we keep back the truth, what will we do in the day when the Lord rises up in judgment and we are tried not only for what we have said, but for what we have failed to say?

In unrolling the scroll of public wickedness, I first find incompetency for office. If a man struggle for an official position for which he has no qualification, and win that position, he commits a crime against God and against society. It is no sin for me to be ignorant of medical science; but if ignorant of medical science, I set myself up among professional men and trifle with the lives of people, then the charlatanism becomes positive knavery. It is no sin for me to be ignorant of machinery; but if knowing nothing about it I attempt to take a steamer across to Southampton, and through darkness and storm I lose the lives of

hundreds of passengers, then all who are slain by that shipwreck may hold me accountable. But what shall I say of those who attempt to doctor our institutions without qualification and who, having no qualification, attempt to engineer our political affairs across the rough and stormy sea?

We had at one time in the Congress of the United States men who put one tariff upon linseed oil and another tariff upon flaxseed oil, not knowing they were the same thing. We have had men in our Legislatures who knew not whether to vote aye or no until they had seen the wink of the leader. Capable civilians, acquainted with all our institutions, run over in a stampede for office by men who have not the first qualification. And so there have been school commissioners sometimes nominated in grog-shops and hurrahed for by the rabble, the men elected not able to read their own commissions. And judges of courts who have given sentence to criminals in such inaccuracy of phraseology that the criminal at the bar has been more amused at the stupidity of the bench than alarmed at the prospect of his own punishment. I arraign incompetency for office as one of the great crimes of this day in public places.

I unroll still further the scroll of public wickedness, and I come to intemperance. There has been a great improvement in this direction. The legislators who were more celebrated for their drunkenness than for their statesmanship are dead or compelled to stay at home. You and I very well remember that there went from the State of New York at one time, and from the State of Delaware, and from the State of Illinois, and from other States men who were notorious everywhere as inebriates. That day is past. The grog-shop under the national Capitol to which our rulers used to go to get inspiration before they spoke

upon the great moral and financial and commercial interests of the country, has been abolished; but I am told even now under the national Capitol there are places where our rulers can get some very strong lemonade. But there has been a vast improvement. At one time I went to Washington, to the door of the House of Representatives, and sent in my card to an old friend. I had not seen him for many years, and the last time I saw him he was conspicuous for his integrity and uprightness; but that day when he came out to greet me he was staggering drunk.

The temptation to intemperance in public places is simply terrific. How often there have been men in public places who have disgraced the nation. Of the men who were prominent in political circles twenty-five or thirty years ago, how few died respectable deaths. Those who died of delirium tremens or kindred diseases were in the majority. The doctor fixed up the case very well, and in his report of it said it was gout or it was rheumatism or it was obstruction of the liver or it was exhaustion from patriotic services; but God knew, and we all knew, it was whisky! That which smote the villain in the dark alley smote down the great orator and the great legislator. The one you wrapped in a rough cloth and pushed into a rough coffin and carried out in a box wagon and let him down into a pauper's grave without a prayer or a benediction. Around the other gathered the pomp of the land; and lordly men walked with uncovered heads beside the hearse tossing with plumes on the way to a grave to be adorned with a white marble shaft, all four sides covered with eulogium. The one man was killed by logwood rum at two cents a glass, the other by a beverage costing three dollars a bottle. I write both their epitaphs. I write the one epitaph with my lead-pencil on the

shingle over the pauper's grave; I write the other epitaph with chisel, cutting on the white marble of the Senator: "Slain by strong drink."

You know as well as I that again and again dissipation has been no hindrance to office in this country. Did we not at one time have a Secretary of the United States carried home dead drunk? Did we not have a Vice-President sworn in so intoxicated the whole land hid its head in shame? Have we not in other times had men in the Congress of the nation by day making pleas in behalf of the interests of the country, and by night illustrating what Solomon said: "He goeth after her straightway as an ox to the slaughter and as a fool to the correction of the stocks, until a dart strikes through his liver." Judges and jurors and attorneys sometimes trying important causes by day, and by night carousing together in iniquity.

What was it that defeated the armies sometimes in the Civil War? Drunkenness in the saddle. So again and again in the courts we have had demonstration of the fact that impurity walks under the chandeliers of the mansion and drowses on damask upholstery. Iniquity permitted to run unchallenged if it only be affluent. Stand back and let this libertine ride past in his five-thousand-dollar equipage, but clutch by the neck that poor sinner who transgresses on a small scale, and fetch him up to the police court, and give him a ride in the city van. Down with small villainy! Hurrah for grand iniquity!

If you have not noticed that intemperance is one of the crimes in public places to-day, you have not been to Albany and you have not been to Harrisburg and you have not been to Trenton and you have not been to Washington. The whole land cries out against the iniquity. But the two political parties are silent lest they lose votes, and many of the news-

papers are silent lest they lose subscribers, and many of the pulpits are silent because there are offenders in the pews. Meanwhile God's indignation gathers like the flashings around a threatening cloud just before the swoop of a tornado. The whole land cries out to be delivered. The nation sweats great drops of blood. It is crucified, not between two thieves, but between a thousand, while nations pass by wagging their heads, and saying: "Aha! aha!"

I unroll the scroll of public iniquity, and I come to bribery — bribery by money, bribery by proffered office. Do not charge it upon American institutions. It is a sin we got from the other side the water Francis Bacon, the thinker of his century; Francis Bacon, of whom it was said when men heard him speak they were only fearful that he would stop; Francis Bacon, with all his castles and all his emoluments, destroyed by bribery, fined two hundred thousand dollars, or what is equal to our two hundred thousand dollars, and hurled into London Tower, and his only excuse was that all his predecessors had done the same thing. Lord Chancellor Macclesfield destroyed by bribery. Lord Chancellor Waterbury destroyed by bribery. Benedict Arnold selling the fort in the Highlands for thirty-one thousand five hundred and seventy-five dollars. For this sin Gorgei betrayed Hungary and Ahithophel forsook David and Judas kissed Christ. And it is abroad in our land. You know, in many of the Legislatures of this country, it has been impossible to get a bill through unless it had financial consideration. The question has been asked softly, sometimes very softly asked, in regard to a bill: "Is there any money in it?" and the lobbies of the Legislatures and the national Capitol have been crowded with railroad men and manufacturers and contractors, and the iniquity has

become so great that sometimes reformers and philanthropists have been laughed out of Harrisburg and Albany and Trenton and Washington because they came empty-handed. "You vote for this bill and I'll vote for that bill." "You favor that monopoly of a moneyed institution and I'll favor the other monopoly for another institution." And here is a bill that is going to be very hard to get through the Legislature, and you will call some friends together at a midnight banquet, and while they are intoxicated you will have them promise to vote your way. Here are five thousand dollars for prudent distribution in this direction and here are one thousand dollars for prudent distribution in that direction. Now, we are within four votes of having enough. You give five thousand dollars to that intelligent member from Westchester and you give two thousand dollars to that stupid member from Ulster, and now we are within two votes of having it. Give five hundred dollars to this member who will be sick and stay at home and three hundred dollars to this member who will go to see his great-aunt languishing in her last sickness. Now the day has come for the passing of the bill. The speaker's gavel strikes. "Senators, are you ready for the question? All in favor of voting away these thousands or millions of dollars will say 'aye.'" "Aye, aye, aye, aye!" "The ayes have it."

Some of the finest houses on Madison Square and on Brooklyn Heights and Brooklyn Hill and on Beacon street and on Rittenhouse Square were built out of money paid for votes in Legislatures. Five hundred small wheels in political machinery with cogs reaching into one great center wheel, and that wheel has a tire of railroad iron and a crank to it on which Satan puts his hand and turns the center wheel, and that turns the five hundred other wheels

of political machinery. While in this country it is becoming harder and harder for the great mass of the people to get a living, there are too many men in this country who have their two millions and their ten millions and their twenty millions, and who carry the legislators in one pocket and the Congress of the United States in the other. And there is trouble ahead, and perhaps revolution. I pray God it may be peaceful revolution and at the ballot-box. The time must come in this country when men shall be sent into public position who cannot be purchased. I do not want the union of Church and State, but I declare that if the Church of God does not show itself in favor of the great mass of the people, as well as in favor of the Lord, the time will come when the Church as an institution will be extinct, and Christ will go down again to the beach, and choose twelve plain, honest fishermen to come up into the apostleship of a new dispensation of righteousness manward and Godward.

You know that bribery is cursing this land. The evil started with its greatest power during the Civil War, when men said: "Now you give me this contract above every other applicant, and you shall have ten per cent. of all I make by it. You pass these broken-down cavalry horses as good, and you shall have five thousand dollars as a bonus." "Bonus" is the word. And so they sent down to your fathers and brothers and sons rice that was worm-eaten and bread that was moldy and meat that was rank and blankets that were shoddy and cavalry horses that stumbled in the charge and tents that sifted the rain into exhausted faces. But it was all right. They got the bonus.

I never so much believed in a republican form of government as I do to-day, for the simple reason

that any other style of government would have been consumed long ago. There have been swindles enacted in this nation within the last thirty years enough to swamp three monarchies. The Democratic party filled its cup of iniquity before it went out of power before the war. Then the Republican party came along, and its opportunities through the contracts were greater, and so it filled its cup of iniquity a little sooner, and there they lie to-day, the Democratic party and the Republican party, side by side, great loathsome carcasses of iniquity, each one worse than the other. Tens of thousands of good citizens in all the parties; but you know as well as I do that party organization in this country is utterly, utterly corrupt.

Now, if there were nothing for you and for me to do in this matter I would not present this subject. There are several things for us to do. First, stand aloof from all political office, unless you have your moral principles thoroughly settled. Do not go into this blaze of temptation unless you are fireproof. Hundreds of respectable men have been destroyed for this life and the life to come because they had not moral principle to bear the ordeal of office. You go into some office of authority without moral principle, and before you get through you will lie and you will swear and you will gamble and you will steal. You say that is not complimentary. Well, I always was clumsy at compliments.

Another thing for you to do is to be faithful at the ballot-box. Do not stand on your dignity and say: "I will not go where the rabble are." If need be, put on your old clothes and just push yourself through amid the unwashed, and vote. Vote for men who love God and hate rum. You cannot say, you ought not to say: "I have nothing to do with this matter." Then you will insult the graves of your

fathers who died for the establishment of the Government and you will insult the graves of your children who may live to feel the results of your negligence.

Another thing for you to do: evangelize the people. Get the hearts of the people right, and they will vote right. That woman who in Sunday-school teaches six boys how to be Christians will do more for the future of this country than the man who writes the finest essay about the Federal Constitution. I know there are a great many good people who think that God ought to be recognized in the Constitution, and they are making a move in that direction. I am most anxious that God shall be in the hearts of the people. Get their hearts right, and then they will vote right. If there be fifty million people in this country, then at least a fifty-millionth part of the responsibility rests on you. What we want is a great revival of religion reaching from sea to sea, and it is going to come. A newspaper writer asked me in St. Louis a few weeks ago what I thought of revivals. I said I thought so much of them I never put my faith in anything else. We want thousands in a day, hundreds of thousands in a day, nations in a day. Get all the people evangelized, brought under Christianized influences, and these great evils that we now so much deplore will be banished from the land.

And remember that we are at last to be judged, not as nations, but as individuals — in that day when empires and republics shall alike go down and we shall have to give account for ourselves, for what we have done and for what we have neglected to do — in that day when the earth itself will be a heap of ashes scattered in the blast of the nostrils of the Lord God Almighty. God save the commonwealth of New York! God save the United States of America!

# DESPOTISM OF POLITICS

Acts, 22: 28: "I was free born."

# DESPOTISM OF POLITICS

Acts, 22: 28: "I was free born."

So, seventeen hundred years before Thomas Jefferson wrote the Declaration of American Independence, Paul wrote his declaration of independence. Some official brag has been telling how that, by eminent services or through large compensation, he had purchased his liberty, when Paul, bethinking himself of the fact that Tarsus, the place of his nativity, had been manumitted by Antonius, responds to the braggadocio in these words, practically: "My freedom dates farther back than yours; I am not a liberated slave; my cradle had no shackle on the rockers; my mother was not a serf; I was free-born."

That is descriptive of all the population born in this country during the last seventeen years, and is true of all the white population ever born in this country. And yet the attempt constantly is being made to manacle the people. Chains are being forged for our slavery. I speak to you on the despotism of American politics, and how we are to break that despotism. We are on the eve of the great Presidential nominations. The troops are gathering for Chicago and Cincinnati. The air is hot with political imprecation. We are all being whipped into line as far as is possible. One of three or four pairs of spectacles we are to wear, or suffer for it. The political guillotine is rolled out, and the recalcitrants are shown the knife for their neck and the basket into which their head will probably roll. The managers of the political "machine" are tightening the screws and making more firm the cranks. Delegates are having a stout rope of "instructions"

put around their neck, and have intimated to them that if they vote contrary to the behests of their party the rope will tighten until their facilities for respiration may be seriously interfered with. Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego are commanded to bow down to the images set up, or be roasted in the furnaces seven times heated. Every town and village and city and neighborhood has what is called, in old-fashioned English parlance, its "boss," and every State its larger "boss," and then all these "bosses" meet together and elect a great national "boss." Against this despotism of American politics I utter a protest, and demand that at convention and at ballot-box and everywhere, without hindrance and without malediction, men shall vote as they think best, God their only judge.

First, if we would resist this despotism of American politics we must refuse to believe every four years that everything is at stake. If our institutions are so rickety that every four years they are in danger of smash-up, the sooner they go to pieces the better, and we have a government substituted which has in it some of the elements of durability. I remember fourteen Presidential elections, and each election the leaders of parties told us, with vehemence ghastly and terrific, that everything was in danger of ruin. As near as I could calculate, we were about a quarter of an inch from the eternal precipice. Men went to the ballot-box tremulous with omens. Carriages were sent to bring aged voters and invalids. At party expense they were brought, and patriots who by strange coincidence at the same time were candidates for office, lifted these invalids out of bed into wagons with pillows and mattresses, and supported them to the ballot-box, while they dropped, for the very life of the country, their precious vote. I admit there have been pivotal elections on which everything turned; but more than half

the time there has been nothing at stake but official patronage. This disposition to magnify peril and work before the eyes of the nation, on wires, the skeleton of danger every four years halts our American commerce and demoralizes everything. What do Western merchants want to come to buy goods for in New York if next autumn the land is going to be a howling wilderness? Merchants in all styles of business will tell you that every Presidential year is a dull year. Everything is unsettled. What do men want to buy plows and harrows for, if before they get their crops in, according to the intimation of some, we are to have a bloody Cæsar on the throne who shall have vultures and buzzards caged as ordinary pets; and, as these men intimate, may turn the Senate Chamber into a Colosseum, where shall be thrown to the lions all those who are opposed to the third term? Or, on the other hand, a paralytic President who will pension the Confederate generals and reinstate American slavery and let the South miserably eat up the North. Why, the political orators are getting out their old speeches that they made in the Fremont campaign and in the Lincoln campaign and in all the campaigns since; for the speeches do just as well for the one campaign as for the other, for we are always in imminent peril and always just going to ruin, and, therefore, they do just as well now as they did forty years ago. When I was a lad eight years of age I heard the first political speech of my life. I stood barefooted in the broiling sun, at Somerville, New Jersey, and heard a Western orator show me conclusively that if William Henry Harrison instead of Martin Van Buren was elected President of the United States, there would be no use of my living to grow up, for there would be no country to live in! Many years afterward I went to Boston to lecture in the Music Hall, and I heard in the ante-

room that night that a celebrated orator from the West was to speak in Faneuil Hall; so I hurried through my work and hastened down to Faneuil Hall, the cradle of liberty, and I found the cradle that night was rocked by the very same speech that I had heard in the days of my boyhood, and that the country was in the same imminent peril as forty years ago; and the only difference I could observe was that in the one speech it was William Henry Harrison, and in the other it was Benjamin F. Butler.

Some of us remember when Henry Clay and James K. Polk were contestants for the Presidential chair. When Henry Clay was defeated, my father, pale and sick with the news, sat down and said that all was lost. He had felt the magnetism of that splendid Kentuckian, whose name I cannot pronounce without enthusiasm tingling from scalp to heel. But was everything lost? Why, that election gave us the Texan domain, rich beyond all agricultural estimate, and opened the door for annexation after annexation, until now, when the wind blows from the west our national flag dips in the Atlantic, and when the wind blows from the east the flag dips in the Pacific.

We were told that the existence of the country depended upon Mr. Lincoln's second election to the Presidency. After his second inauguration he died, and Andrew Johnson put the administration in just the opposite direction, and we still live. We were told the prosperity of the State of New York depended upon the result of the election between Mr. Robinson and Mr. Cornell. We changed officers; but I did not see any very wonderful change in the prosperity of the State. The sun rose about the same time it did in other years. The tides came in with about equal strength.

My Christian fellow-citizens, while an election may have greater or less importance attached to it, let us

quit this crisis business, and believe that God built this country to stand. I have made up my mind that the Almighty's capacity to keep his nation on the march of prosperity does not entirely depend upon either Chicago or Cincinnati Convention. Between any two of fifty good men named for the Presidential chair there will not be a half per cent. change in your taxes, nor the thousandth part of an inch of variation in your national prosperity. The only difference will be that if the Democrats come into power the Republicans will have to get out, whereas if the Republicans stay in power, then their men will keep their places. But in many cases there may not even be that difference, for professional politicians forecast the result, and they change their political sentiments in time to save their fortunes! A good sailor sets the sails according to the direction of the wind.

A journalist told me that after there had been a change in a certain administration he went into a place where there were many employees of the government, and he expected to find new incumbents; but lo! they were the same old incumbents, and when he asked how it was, they told him that just at the time the administration happened to change they changed their sentiments, and did it "conscientiously!" The lion of our nation's strength is covered all over with greenbottle flies that are sucking the life-blood out of its neck and flanks, and on the first Tuesday in November the old lion may terribly shake himself, and there may be a new set of greenbottle flies, but more hungry, to take their places. Do not stand agape as to what is to come next. Go and attend to your honest business. Do not believe the despotic political bureaus which tell you that the country is in danger of going to ruin. It is no more in danger of going to pieces than the moon is in danger of going to pieces.

Again, if we want to resist the despotism of American politics, we must realize that neither party is immaculate, and we must judge for ourselves as to who is the best man for official position. Do not vote for the man merely because your party nominates him. There is a difference between men; but between the two parties as parties there is just the difference as between fifty and half a hundred. Both parties need radical reformation, and by the time they are fully reformed, perhaps one or both of them will be reformed out of existence. But you say, "Is there no test? are we to have no preferences?" Ah! so far from saying that, I declare that the man who refuses to vote or neglects to vote is not worthy of American citizenship. But do not be submissive to party wire-pullers; do not go kneeling before demagogic behest.

The question every fourth year with a vast multitude of people, is, who ought to be the next President of the United States? I remark, in the first place, he ought to be a man of established moral character. It is a matter of congratulation that the most of the candidates, city, State, and national, on both sides are moral men. Some of us can look back to the time when for gubernatorial or Presidential position men were named who were libertines and drunkards and gamblers. One of our Vice-Presidents was sworn in drunk. A United States Secretary of State was once carried from his office in a beastly state of intoxication. The American Congress again and again has been disgraced by men who could not walk straight, yet pretending to represent Delaware, Illinois, and New York. I am glad that now the question of morals comes into the political discussion. I care not how much talent a man has if he is bad. Genius is worse than stupidity, if it move in the wrong direction. A nation of homes needs over it a man who has regard for the sanctity of the do-

mestic circle. A nation of young men looking up for example needs over it a man of undisputed integrity. A man who cannot govern himself cannot govern forty-four millions. Our churches, our universities, our schools, and our homesteads must vote for good morals.

Moreover, our President must be a respecter of the Christian religion. I apply no religious test; but a country discovered by a Christian man and settled by the Pilgrim Fathers and the Huguenots and men of other nationalities who, persecuted for their sentiments, came here and took possession of this continent in the name of the God of heaven — this nation must have over it a respecter of the Christian religion. The foundation of our institutions is not, as has been sometimes stated, the Constitution of the United States, but the Bible. Without that, republican institutions are an everlasting impossibility. Our first President was a Christian, and every coming President must at least be a respecter of religious institutions.

I go further and say, each coming President must have a heart large enough to take in all the States and Territories. If he be a Western man, and he despise the seacoast, and is chiefly anxious to change the commercial center; if he be an Eastern man, and he is disposed to denounce all the West as in favor of repudiation; if he be a Southern man, and think only of the North as an ignoble generation; if he be a Northern man and he wants to keep the old grudge up against the South, and wants to fight over again battles that were settled seventeen years ago — that man must not be backed by convention or by ballot-box. The country needs a bigger President than ever before — because the country is bigger. When Washington took his seat as charioteer, he had only thirteen coursers to drive. Now there are thirty-eight, and

some of them are very skittish! Of course, with the wire bit of the telegraph they can be guided much easier than one might suppose; but still there are increased responsibilities. Three-fourths of this century has been taken up with sectional strife. Now, let us have a few years for something else. Let the political orators get out their old speeches that discussed dead issues, and send them to the paper-mill and have them changed into white sheets, on which they shall write one good rousing speech about the moral or commercial or agricultural, or mining prosperities that are now about to burst upon us. Do not let the despotism of politics make you believe there are only one or two or three or four men that can save this nation. There are a hundred that can save it. In other words, it is saved. The old Ship of State has got out into calm waters, and it does not require any very skilful navigation. The flowers of springtime have covered up the Northern and Southern graves, and let no hoof of contention trample the flowers. In pulpit and on platform and in convention and at ballot-box let us plan amity. Why do we want to fight any longer? Is life so long we are in a hurry to get rid of a surplus of it? Is the sword better than the wheat-cradle? Can we not raise rich pasturage except by moldering human bones and the red rain of human carnage. I pray God there may be no more use for the musket in this country except for holiday turn-out. I pray God that the time may hasten on when your navy-yards will be museums containing ships that were used in barbaric ages, when nations settled their quarrels by slaughter.

I pray the time may come when the eagle shall be taken off our coin, and there shall be substituted the dove, the bird of blood giving way for the bird of the olive-branch. Peace once established, let it be

established forever. I give you, my friends, as a panacea for all political ills and a preventive of all national calamity, the Christianization of the people. Get their hearts right and they will vote right.

Have you any idea that the professional politicians of this day will lift our country to its high destiny? They never did anything but get office and make trouble. The masses of the people rose up again and again, and commanded national reformation. Professional politicians got us into the four years' war. Did they get us out of it? No. The people came and fought out the fight, and then commanded peace. Professional politicians again and again have ruined our American commerce. Did they ever restore it? No. The people rose, and with hard-handed and besweated industry overcame the financial calamities. To the people, then, we look, praying God for their evangelization. Let a practical Christianity take possession of the ballot-box, and that will settle illegal voting. Let practical Christians take possession of the primaries and the caucuses, and that will give us righteous nominees.

Let Christian apology like that which William E. Gladstone once sent to the Austrian government be the key-note for the settlement of all difficulties between men, between States, between nations. I know some denounce that apologetical letter of Mr. Gladstone as weak-minded and as imbecile. I pronounce it sublimely Christian. If men can settle their difficulties by apology, why not nations? Instead of bullets and gun-carriages and cities on fire and national massacre, let us have explanation and treaty and forgiveness and apology. I believe God has grand things for this nation. Never was the prospect so bright as it is now. The churches of God, instead of being a select car for a few passengers with tender feet on

soft ottomans to ride to heaven in, will be thronged by the great masses. The Mississippi, the Ohio, the Hudson, rolling on from source to outlet, will not find, after a while, an overtasked workman, or a single waste place. The morning, laughing on the eastern coast, will give glad salutation to evening waving its red banner on the western coast. And agriculture shall bring all its sheaves, and mining all its precious metals, and manufacturing all its adroit fabrics, and art all its pencils and chisels, and literature all its printing-presses, and commerce all its masts, and religion all its altars and towers, and put them down at the feet of him on whose "vesture and on whose thigh" is written "King of kings, and Lord of lords."

Most High God of Plymouth Rock and Bunker Hill and Valley Forge and Appomattox Court House, protect this nation! I care not who is President if God is King. When to him from all parts of this land the doxology shall rise, we will give grateful, prolonged, universal, and triumphant "Amen!"

# THE PRESIDENCY

**Gal., 5: 13:** "Brethren, ye have been called unto liberty: only use not liberty for an occasion to the flesh."

# THE PRESIDENCY.

Gal., 5: 13: "Brethren, ye have been called unto liberty: only use not liberty for an occasion to the flesh."

We are in the midst of the quadrennial Presidential excitement, and this Sabbath morning and next Sabbath morning as a Christian patriot I have some earnest words to address you. I have no partisan fetter on either hand or either foot. I get my instructions neither from Chicago nor Cincinnati, but from the throne of God.

It is a fortunate thing that in this country we are not tempted as ministers of religion by governmental patronage. In some lands, the Church is supported by the State. St. Peter's at Rome has cost the government two hundred millions of dollars. Xerxes took from the Temple of Belus a hundred millions of dollars. The English Government pays annually to the Archbishop of Canterbury seventy-five thousand dollars salary, seven hundred and seventy thousand to all the bishops, and eighteen thousand of her clergy are supported by government. In this country we have less temptation to surrender private judgment to State dictation. Still there is a mighty pressure brought to bear upon ministers of religion here to make them think this way or that, vote this way or that, preach this way or that; but they must rise out of all such prejudices, and higher than any instructions from their congregations, or from the printing-press, and take their commission from the Lord.

* Preached during the Presidential campaign. See also "The Ballot Box," page 253.

There is in my text one word that stirs the blood of every genuine man. That is, liberty. "Brethren, ye have been called unto liberty." That word was written during the reign of Nero, the tyrant, detested of all ages; going *incognito* through the streets at night for the mere pleasure of robbing passengers; bedaubing Christians with tar and pitch and setting them on fire to light up the parks; kicking his own wife until she died; ordering his own mother to be assassinated, and then committing suicide. Of course under such a tyrant the word liberty cost Paul his head; but while the emperor slew the man, the word was indestructible, and it has remained the most arousing and revolutionary word of the ages. It got into the Magna Charta and England was free; into the Declaration of American Independence, and started our nation on its high career; into the speech of Garibaldi and the pronunciamento of Victor Emanuel, and Italy shook off the dust of the grave; into France, and overthrew the Napoleonic dynasty; under a hundred despotic thrones, and will keep them rocking until they fall flat. It took hold of the printing-press and broke off its shackle, and made it the mightiest agency for intelligence and evangelization the world has ever known. And that word will keep on its rounds until in all the earth there will not be a tyrant's scepter or a slave's chain or an oppressed workman or a benighted intellect. Liberty for the State. Liberty for the Church. Liberty for the printing-press. Liberty for the pulpit. Liberty for the platform. Liberty for all continents, all islands, all zones, all ages. "Brethren, ye have been called unto liberty."

But there is not only in my text a driving-wheel, there is a brake; not only an inspiration, but a limitation. "Brethren, ye have been called unto liberty: only use not liberty for an occasion to the flesh."

Liberty, but not wild license. Liberty, but not moral recklessness.

First, I charge you, so far as I have any influence as your pastor and teacher, that while you exercise full liberty in political discussion, you do not surrender to the spirit of license which shows itself in slanderous implications of public men. Take down the newspaper files of the last eighty years, and you will find that, in presidential elections especially, the public seemed to have felt that they were called upon for wide abuse of dignitaries. All those men who have gone up into the gallery of national and political saint-hood, while they lived went chin deep through the slush of lampoonery and pasquinade, and there was no exception. Thomas Paine wrote and published a letter to George Washington, in which he said: "Treacherous in all private friendship, and a hypocrite in public morals, the world will be puzzled to know whether we had better call you an apostate or an impostor, and whether you abandoned good morals or never had any." All that about Washington! John Quincy Adams consoled himself with the fact that he had not more misrepresentation and scandal to endure than his father, John Adams, and declared that in that Presidential election it seemed as if there were men who did nothing but manufacture lies about him. On the 4th of March, 1801, the day on which Thomas Jefferson was inaugurated as President of the United States, the *Sentinel*, of Boston, wrote this derisive epitaph: "Yesterday expired, deeply regretted by millions of grateful Americans, and by all good men, the Federal administration of the government of the United States; animated by Washington, Adams, Hamilton, Knox, Pickering, McHenry, Marshall, Stoddard, and Dexter, aged twelve years. Its death was occasioned by the secret arts and open violence

of foreign and domestic demagogues. As one tribute of gratitude in these times, this monument to the talents and service of the deceased is raised by the *Sentinel.*"

During the candidacy of Andrew Jackson for the Presidency of the United States, the whole country was flooded with coffin handbills representing six dead men, referring to the fact that General Jackson had during the war ordered six militiamen shot for desertion, and in other places he was pictorialized as he entered the Presidential chair as receiving his scepter from the devil. President Martin Van Buren was always caricatured in his time as a rat. Thomas H. Benton and Amos Kendall were pictorialized as robbers hurling a battering-ram against the door of the United States bank.

Last summer, in a museum at Put-in-Bay, Ohio, I saw a prominent newspaper, published in 1844, which represented Henry Clay as a libertine, a murderer, and a gambler; and how much that man endured from the public may be inferred from his eulogy of Kentucky: "When I seemed to be assailed by all the rest of the world, she interposed her broad and impenetrable shield, repelled the poisoned shafts that were aimed for my destruction, and vindicated my good name from every malignant and unfounded aspersion." On the same ticket with Henry Clay ran Theodore Frelinghuysen, called in those times "the vinegar-faced Presbyterian," although a more genial man never lived.

From political assault and neglect Daniel Webster died of a broken heart at Marshfield. At the time of his nomination, the derisive cry was, "Who is James K. Polk?" although he had been a long while in the councils of the nation and Speaker of the House of Representatives. I will tell you, at this late age

of the world, who James K. Polk was. He was the man who annexed Texas, one of the richest States of the Union, and, more than any other man of this century, made it possible for us to own everything between the Atlantic and the Pacific coast. And yet, during his administration, there were millions of men who never spoke of him but with a sneer of contempt.

Those of you who are in mid-life remember the obloquy thrown upon Abraham Lincoln. "The Filthy Joker," "The Wholesale Butcher," "The Buffoon," "The Gorilla of the White House," the more refined epithets and more gentle of those used in regard to him. The others I cannot quote. All these great men of the past have been apotheosized, and they have gone into history honored and radiant.

But we are now busy with the old business of base travesty. We have our dictionaries down, hunting up some new term of political denunciation. Two men are nominated for President of the United States in our time, both of them eminent, the one in the field, and the other in the councils of the nation, and so far as I know, both of them good.

Now, I would like to gather up all the anathemas about the first man I mentioned and put them in a grave, and lift a monument with this epitaph: "Here rest the large family of Republican falsehoods. *Requiescat in Pace.*" Then I would like to gather up all the anathemas about the other man, and put them in a grave, and lift a monument with this epitaph: "Here rest the great family of Democratic falsehoods. *Requiescat in Pace.*" Do you think that by maligning the men of the opposite party you can forward your own? I tell you no. There is in human nature something that puts it in sympathy with the traduced. Falsehood does more harm to the one who utters it than to the one against whom it is uttered. If I had a scale

delicate enough to weigh defamation, I would tell you in one minute who will positively be the next President of the United States. I would take all the scurrility about the one candidate and put it on one side the scales, and I would take all the scurrility about the other candidate and put it on the other side the scales — scurrility against scurrility — and having found out which was the heavier, I would make a very good prophecy.

The fact is, that when a man is up for any office in Brooklyn, New York, or the United States, he becomes a target. The fact that he is up seems to be proof that he ought to be brought down! We put all his public affairs and all his private affairs under scrutiny, and we turn on the electric lights, and if there be anything that we can twist into seeming wrongdoing, there are multitudes of people as much delighted as though they had discovered a new star or found a new invention. And the air now, in this country — the air is full of carrion crows scenting carcasses. Caw! Caw! Caw!

And in this connection let me say that there are newspapers in the United States which seem to mistake wild license for liberty. There are some newspapers whose whole business is calumny. Their columns are stuffed with it, their editorials reek with it, they seem to demand that their reportorial corps shall bring home chiefly putrefaction. They would give more for one quillful of filth than a hogsheadful of healthy product. They tip the end of the city sewer into their editorial inkstands. They breakfast and dine and sup on indecency. They roll in it, swine in the mire. Those unclean political and literary wretches write with a quill not plucked from the stupid goose, or the sublime eagle, but from the turkey-buzzard. Ghouls! Ghouls! The only alleviating fact is

that it sometimes produces a recoil of righteousness, or a reaction. The best commendation some men can have is to have certain papers assail them. Their assault is a positive eulogy. I want no better commendation of certain men than that certain papers are antagonistic to them. Such papers are bad enough at other times, but in Presidential elections they quadruple their wickedness. The time will come when respectable men will not patronize such papers, will not be seen having them in their hand; and when literary and political sins cease to pay, then the publications will cease. Have nothing to do, pen, tongue, or type, with slanderous malediction of public men. Can it be possible that any of you are so dim of sight that you cannot see in this great national contest there are tremendous principles involved? I call you away from the work of the political scavenger to the work of the Christian patriot.

There is in this autumnal election a question high above all others as Mont Blanc is higher than an ant-hill. The question oft he common schools nothing compared with it, the question of the tariff nothing compared with it, the Chinese question nothing compared with it; and that great question is, how we shall turn the solid South and the solid North into one great solid nationality. The Republican party says, "Elect our man and sectional strife will cease." The Democratic party says, "Elect our man and the sectional strife will cease." I shall not go into that question now; but I call your attention away from mean and personal altercation and slanderous implication of public men to that one great central question. Discuss it. Pray over it. Vote in regard to it. Massachusetts and Alabama after long divorce need to be remarried, and the Penobscot and the Appalachicola need to find out they are sisters. For the sake of civ-

ilization and religion, for the sake of the financial and moral welfare of the people, break up that aggravating line between the two sections. Let the people go down and come up to the national cemeteries at Richmond and Murfreesboro, and by the graves of the Blue and the Gray forgive and forget and pray and embrace each other. Fifty years of altercation are enough. Bad blood enough. National debt enough. Graves enough. Widowhood enough. Orphanage enough. Agony and woe enough.

I hope in God that we have the last political platform in which there is any mention made of either North or South. If this quarrel is to go on from age to age, and forever, we might better have allowed the South to go in 1860. Your fathers and brothers imperiled their lives and lost them for the retention of the South, not that we might be in more convenient antagonism, but in the hope that in the future there might be amity and good understanding. Be careful how you defeat the object of that holocaust for which it was enacted, for which it was endured. Let the sections visit each other; and as last month you had brigadier-generals of the South at Cooper Institute, New York, before you get through with this national contest have brigadier-generals of the North in the great halls of Charleston and New Orleans. And when Northern men want to fly from the wintry blasts, let them go to the orange-groves of Florida; and if Georgians want to fly from the torrid blasts, let them come to Saratoga Springs or to Manhattan Beach. You met each other face to face to destroy; why not meet each other face to face to bless? You crossed swords, now cross palms. Let not the sun of this generation go down on our national wrath. Before those of us who are in mid-life lay our heads in the dust, let the nation be pacified. Let these angry sectional voices be hushed, or we cannot well sleep our

last sleep; they will disturb our pillow of dust. Be still the North, be still the South, be still the East, be still the West, while one great united nation does homage to the God of the Maine forest and the Florida lagoons, the Michigan wheat-fields, and the South Carolina rice-swamps, the New Jersey peach orchards and the cotton plantations of Mississippi. Let the ballot-box of election day be the altar on which shall be sacrificed our sectional hates, and the throne on which national unity shall begin her sway.

You see in this first sermon of the two sermons I am to preach on the Presidential contest, I have two designs: the one to bring you away from slanderous implications of public men, and the other to concentrate your attention upon the best way of obliterating sectional antipathies. You and I ought to do our best for this country. There are three reasons why: our fathers' graves, our own cradle, our children's birthright. When I say your fathers' graves, your pulses run quicker. Whether they sleep in city cemetery or in village graveyard, their ashes are precious to you. They lived well and they died right. You will not submit to have their tombs dishonored by the reign of any government other than that under which they lived and died. Then, this land has been our cradle. It may have rocked us roughly, but it was a good cradle to be rocked in. Oh, how much we owe it. Dear land of our boyhood and girlhood days! and it is to be our children's birthright. We will soon be through with it. We will see only a few more of the blossoms of the spring, we will gather only a few more of the harvests of the summer, we will pluck only a little more of the fruits of the autumn; but our children, they must get it from us as we got it from our fathers — a free land, a happy land, a Christian land. We cannot have them trodden of despotisms or lashed of cruelties or affrighted of anarchy.

We must hand this country to them over the ballot-box, over the school desk, over the church altar, and charge them to put their life between it and any keen stroke that would destroy it.

And thou, Lord God Almighty, we lay hold of thee in a thousand-armed prayer. Remember our fathers' bleeding feet at Valley Forge. Remember Marion and Kosciusko. Remember the hunger and the cold and the thirst, the long march and the fever hospital. Remember the fearful charge up Bunker Hill. Remember Lexington and Yorktown and King's Mountain and Gettysburg. Remember the lake where Perry fought, and the Hampton Roads where the *Cumberland* went down. Remember Washington's prayer by the camp-fire. Remember Plymouth Rock and the landing among the savages. Remember Independence Hall, and how much it cost our fathers to sign their names. Remember all the tears and the blood of three wars—1776, 1812, 1861. Remember a groan that was mightier than all other groans, a thirst that stung worse than any other thirst, a death that was ghastlier than all other deaths — the mount on which Jesus died to make all men happy and free. And for the sake of all this sacrifice, human and divine, deliver this nation, O God! And whosoever would blot it out, and whosoever would cut it down, and whosoever would turn it back, let him be accursed.

Go home to-day in high hopes. The car of our national progress will never roll backward. The eternal God is on the side of this nation.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that will never call retreat,
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer him, be jubilant my feet,
Our God is marching on.

# THE BALLOT-BOX

**Exod., 37: 1:** "Two cubits and a-half was the length of it, and a cubit and a-half was the breadth of it, and a cubit and a-half was the height of it."

# THE BALLOT-BOX

Exod., 37: 1: "Two cubits and a-half was the length of it, and a cubit and a-half was the breadth of it, and a cubit and a-half was the height of it."

Look at it! — the sacred chest of the ancients, about five feet long, three feet wide, and three feet high. Within and without of gold, on the top of it representations of two angels facing each other with outspread wings. The book of the law and many precious things were in that box. The fate of the nation was in it. Carried at the head of the host, in the presence of that box, the waters of the Jordan parted. Costly, precious, divinely charged, momentous box! Unholy hands must be kept off it. It was generally called the ark of the covenant, but you will understand it was a box, the most precious box of the ages. Where is it? Gone forever. No crypt of ancient church, no museum of the world has a fragment of it. But is not this nation God's chosen people? Have we not been brought through the Red Sea? Have we not been led with the pillar of fire by night? Have we no ark of the covenant? Yes. The ballot-box is the sacred chest, the ark of the American covenant. The law is in it. The will of God and the will of man are in it. The fate of the nation is in it. Carried before our host, the waters of national trouble part. Its fate is the fate of the American Government. On the first Tuesday of November ten million men may uncover their heads in its presence. Mighty ark of the American covenant, thou ballot-box of a free people!

It is a very old box. In Athens, and long before the art of printing, the people dropped pebbles into it, expressive of their will. After that beans were dropped into it — white beans for the affirmative, black beans for the negative; but as through that process it was easy to see which way a man voted, the election sometimes took place by night. If a man was to be voted out of citizenship, or as you would say, ostracized, his name was put upon a shell and the shell was dropped into the box. In the British Parliament, Gladstone fought for the full introduction of the ballot-box, and in 1872 it became one of the fastnesses of the English nation. It is now one of the cornerstones of our American institutions. It is older than the Constitution. Tell me what will become of the ballot-box and I will tell you what will become of the American government. What a change of feeling in regard to it since Sydney Smith shot his keenest shafts of ridicule at it, and William Cobbett felt called upon to answer thirty-eight objections to its existence! Without the ballot-box there can be no free institutions, and there can be no permanent peace. Give the people every year, or every four years, an opportunity of expressing their political preferences, and for the most part you avoid insurrection and revolution. If they cannot have the vote they will have the sword.

When John Milton was visiting in Italy, he noticed that the gardeners and farmers were cultivating the side of Mount Vesuvius while the volcano was in eruption, and he asked them if they found it safe so to do. "Oh, yes," they said, "the danger and the alarm are before the eruption takes place; then there is earthquake and terror all through the country, but after the lava begins to pour forth all the people feel

relieved." It is the suppression of the popular will that makes moral earthquake, political earthquake. Give the people full expression through the ballot-box and there is national relief, national satisfaction. And yet there are mighty foes to the ballot-box, and I have thought it would be appropriate if, as a Christian patriot, I enumerated some of those terrible enemies.

In the first place, ignorance. Other things being equal, in proportion as a man is intelligent, he is qualified for the right of suffrage. You have ten, twenty, thirty years been studying American institutions through all the channels of information. You have become acquainted with the needs of our country. You know all that has been said on both sides the tariff question, the Chinese question, the educational question, the sectional question, and you have made up your mind, and day after to-morrow I see you coming down off your front steps. I say, "Good morning, neighbor; hope you are all well to-day. Which way are you bound?" You say, "I am going to vote." You take your position in the line of electors, you wait your turn, you come up, the judge of election announces your name, your ballot is deposited, you pass out. Well done. But right behind you comes a man who cannot spell "president," or "controller," or "attorney." He cannot write his own name, or if he can write at all, he makes a small "i" for the pronoun of the first person, which, while very descriptive of his limited capacity, is very hard on good orthography. He cannot tell you on which side the Alleghany Mountains Ohio is. There are educated canary birds and educated horses who have more intelligence than he. He puts in his vote for the opposite candidate, and he cancels your vote. His ignorance weighs as much as your intelligence. That

is not right; everybody says that is not right. How to correct the evil? By laws of compulsory education well executed. Until a man can read the Declaration of American Independence and the Constitution of the United States and the first chapter of Genesis, and write a petition for citizenship with his own hand, and calculate how much is the interest of the United States debt, and tell the difference between a republic, a limited monarchy, and a despotism, he is not fit to vote at any polls between Key West and Alaska. Time was when there may have been an excuse for ignorance; but not now and in this day, when the common school makes knowledge as free as the fresh air of heaven.

In 1872, in England, there were two million seven hundred thousand children who ought to have been in school, but there were in school only one million three hundred and thirty-three thousand six hundred. About fifty per cent. And of all those who were in school, not more than five per cent. got anything worthy of the name of education. Much of this foreign ignorance is added to our American ignorance, and at our next election there will be tens of thousands who will vote though they may have no more qualification to do so than they would have qualification to lecture on astronomy.

Now, I advocate a law which, after it has given a sufficient number of years of warning, shall make ignorance a crime. I advocate a law which would place a board of examination side by side with the officers of registration, to decide whether a man has enough intelligence to become one of the monarchs who shall decide the destiny of this republic. Educate the people; give them an opportunity to know and understand what they do. If they will not take the education, deny them the vote. From that quarter

there comes the greatest danger to the sacred chest, the ballot-box, the ark of the American covenant.

Another powerful enemy of the ballot-box is spurious voting. If in one of our largest cities one thousand scoundrels have already been discovered as having registered for a vote next Tuesday, when they have no residence there, what may you judge in regard to other parts of the country. What a grand thing is this law of registration. Without it, election day is a farce; but how sad is the condition of things when in a sovereign State both parties charge upon the other party, each party upon the other, the outrage of the ballot-box. The law needs a keener twist for the neck of the repeaters. They need something more than slight fine and short imprisonment. They are attempting the assassination of this republic. In olden times when men with unholy hands touched the ark of the covenant, they dropped dead. Witness Uzza. And when men through spurious voting lay unholy hands on the sacred chest, the ark of the American covenant, they deserve extermination.

Another powerful foe of the ballot-box is intimidation. There are corporations which compel their employees to vote as they, the head, wish them. In a delicate and skilful way they simply intimate to their employees that if they do not vote as the employers vote, they will be frozen out of the establishment. There are thousands of such places. You can go to villages where there are factories, and finding out the political sentiment of the men who own the factories you can tell how the election will go. Now, that is criminal. When an employee does his work well, and gives you full equivalent in toil for what you pay him in wages, you have no right to expect any more of him. He sells you his work. He does not sell you his political or his religious principles. Yet you are

too wise to say, "You did not vote as I wanted you to vote; now I discharge you." You call him in some day and find fault with his work, and you tell him that you have an uncle or an aunt, a cousin or a niece or a nephew who will have to have his situation! But he knows why you discharge him, and God knows. You are not fit for American citizenship.

There must be on the ark of the covenant, the sacred chest, no shadow of corporate or capitalistic intimidation. I am not surprised at the vehemence of Lord Chief Justice Holt, of England, when he says; "Let the people vote fairly. Interference with a man's vote is in behalf of this or the other party. If such cases come before me to be tried, I shall charge the jury to make the offender pay well for it." Let there be no monocratic or military or mobocratic intimidation. Just as soon as in any precinct of the United States a man cannot vote as he pleases, there is something wrong.

Another powerful foe of the ballot-box is bribery. No one will ever know how many thousands or millions of dollars have been raised to carry certain elections. I do not know which party raises the most money. I know that the chief affront with one party is that one of their candidates will give only so many thousand dollars, and I know that the other party has taxed official salaries as heavily as they could bear. I simply know it is a sad state of things. I simply know that there will be neighborhoods and cities where the announcement will be made in private, "So many thousands of dollars for so many votes."

I tell you that bribery is the disgrace of American institutions. It is often the case that men are nominated for office with reference to the amount of money of their own they can put into the contest,

or the amount of money they can command from their friends. Senators and Representatives and Governors buying their way into office. I tell you no news in this respect, for your own patriotic hearts have been pained with it. It is often the case that the bribe comes in the form of official position. "Wheel your eloquence into my side, and when I get to be President I will make you Secretary of State, or you shall be Postmaster-General or Minister to England. Wheel your eloquence into my side, and when I get to be Governor you will be Surveyor-General. Wheel your eloquence into my side, and when I get to be Mayor you will be on the Water Board." The simple fact is, that by the time many of those who are running for office get to the chair they are from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot mortgaged with pledges, and the people who will go to the State capital or to Washington to get offices are applying for positions that were gone three months before the election. There are two long lines of worm fence, one line of worm fence reaching to our State capitals, the other line of our worm fence reaching to Washington; and at the time of the nominations there are great multitudes of citizens astride these fences, equally poised, ready to get down on that side where they can get the most emolument. Bribery for those who receive it and bribery on the part of those who give it kicks both ways; and it is a disgrace to the ballot-box; and it is a scourge to the sacred chest, the ballot-box, the ark of the American covenant. In the name of God I denounce it.

Another great enemy of that sacred chest is defamation of character. Can you find out from the newspapers, when two men are running for office, which is the better? How often in the autumnal

elections the good man is denounced and the bad man applauded, so that you can come sometimes to no just opinion as to who is the best man, and there are hundreds and thousands of electors who go up to vote so utterly befogged they know not what they do. Is not that a fearful influence to be brought upon the ballot-box of this country? It has been so ever since the foundation of this government.

Another powerful foe of the ballot-box is the rowdy and drunken caucus. The ballot-box is robbed of its power of choice when in a back room of some groggery the nominees are made, and men come up to the ballot-box on election day, and they only have a choice between two evils. Now, you respectable men of both parties, I charge you that, having saturated your handkerchief with cologne or some other disinfectant, you go down and take possession of the caucus. You begin your work on election day, and you begin it two weeks or two months too late. In some of the cities of the United States, when the elector comes to the polls on election day he finds that the nominees are such a scaly, greasy, stenchful crew there is no choice. What if he vote for some outsider? He merely throws his vote away. Honorable men of all cities, go and take possession of the caucus, though when you return home you have to hang your hat and your coat on the line in the back yard. It is high time these things were changed. American politics have got very low, and in some States they are controlled by men who are not more in need of good morals than of a bathtub! Snatch the ballot-box from such desperadoes. Where is the David with the courage to bring back the ark of the covenant from Kirjath-jearim? The ballot-box needs to be washed and set on a higher pedestal.

Some propose, by way of improvement, that we have in this country a property qualification. They say that if men have a certain amount of real estate they are more likely to have a financial interest in good government; and they say that as soon as a man gets property he becomes cautious and conservative. I have to reply that a property qualification would shut out from the ballot-box much of the best brain of this country. Literary men are almost always poor. The pen is a good kind of implement for mending the world, but a poor implement for gaining a livelihood. I could call the roll of hundreds of literary men who never owned a foot of ground, and never will own a foot of ground until they get under it — professors of colleges, editors of newspapers, ministers of religion, bookmakers depending on a scant and uncertain royalty paid by the publishers. A property qualification will shut out these men, and a great multitude who, though they never owned a house on earth, will have a mansion in heaven. On the other hand, you will notice that there are those who by accident of fortune got vast estate, while they are in profound stupidity; as an English millionaire told me on the steamer going over to Europe, that he was going to see the dikes of Scotland, and as a lady of much pretension, who had just returned from Europe, upon being asked last summer on the cars by a member of my family if she had seen Mont Blanc, said, "Well, really, I don't know; is that in Europe?" There is no more complete ignorance than you will sometimes find dismounting from a four-thousand-dollar equipage at the door of a Madison Avenue mansion. The property qualification would be a gigantic injustice.

There are only two ways in which you will ever mend these matters: one by more thorough legal

protection of the ballot-box, and the other by more thorough education and moralization of the people. I have sometimes thought that perhaps we may be obliged to call upon woman to help us in the reformation of the ballot-box. Wherever she goes there is adornment and purification. I suppose you have noticed the difference between the cleanliness of the gentlemen's cabin on the ferry-boat and the ladies' cabin. I suppose you have noticed the difference between the cleanliness of the gentlemen's smoking-car on the rail-train, and the other cars in which women are passengers. Give woman the right of suffrage, and our polls on election day, instead of being cheerless and repulsive, will be saloons of beauty. In October in eleven thousand of the school districts of the State of New York women voted, or had a right to vote. Order everywhere. By what justice have the majority of the grown people in this country been disfranchised? Simply because they are women. Give women the ballot, and that will decide the Mormon and the temperance questions. A woman owning property must pay taxes. Ought she not then to have a right to say something in regard to the expenditure of those moneys? Many of us have been opposed to female suffrage, on the ground that we do not want woman's delicate nature to confront the insults and the blasphemies and the disorder of election day; but when she has the ballot, there will be no insults, no disorder, no blasphemies on election day. It is not so much what the ballot would do for woman, as what woman would do for the ballot.

I cannot understand how there should be such an aversion to woman's political preferment among Americans and among Englishmen in this day, when we have a great-souled Mrs. Hayes reigning in the

White House and a Queen Victoria in Windsor Castle.

The ancient ark of the covenant was carried into captivity, away off to Kirjath-jearim; but one day that sacred chest was put upon a cart, and oxen were fastened to the cart, and the chest was brought back to Jerusalem with shouting and thanksgiving. So the ballot-box has been carried into captivity of demagogism and mobocracy; but I should not wonder if by prayer to God with thanksgiving that sacred ark of the covenant would be brought back and put into the temple of Christian patriotism. Take the first step in this direction next election day. It may be the last vote you will ever deposit for the highest office in this country. I know that we sometimes find centenarians pleasantly boasting that they have voted for nearly all the Presidents; but the majority of men never vote for more than three or four. Do you think your vote of no importance?

A poor soldier went into the store of a hairdresser in London, and asked for money to get back to the army. He had already stayed beyond his furlough, and he must have quick transit. The hairdresser felt sorry for him and gave him the money. "Now," said the poor soldier, "I have got nothing to give you in return for your kindness except this little slip of paper, which has on it a recipe for making blacking." The soldier gave it, not supposing it to be of great value. The man received it, not supposing it to be of any great value. But it has yielded the man who took it two million five hundred thousand dollars, and was the foundation of one of the greatest manufacturing establishments of England. Now, I have to tell you that that little slip of printed paper that you will drop into the ballot-box next election day will seem to be more insignificant, and yet it may have

a moral and a national value beyond all estimation. So I solemnly charge you to duty next Tuesday. About seven o'clock in the morning will begin the great snowstorm of the nation's suffrages. The white flakes will fall in all the villages between the Highlands of Navesink and the Golden Gate of the Pacific — so silently falling that the keenest ear will not detect one out of the millions. Snowing on until noon, snowing on until night. The octogenarian will come up to the polls with trembling hand, and scanning the ballot with spectacled eyes, will give the ballot to the judge of election. The young man who has been patiently waiting the time when he would have a right to vote will come up, and proudly and blushingly hand in his suffrage and pass on. The capitalist with diamonded finger and the workman with hard fist will come up, and the vote of the one will be as good as the vote of the other. Snowing, snowing, snowing, until at sundown all these flakes will be united and compacted into an avalanche ready to slide down in expression of the nation's will. Stand out of the way! In the awful sweep of the white avalanche, may there go down sectionalism and political fraud ten thousand feet under, forever under! Remember that you not only have a vote, but a prayer which may be more powerful than a vote. God only can control the suffrages of a city or a nation.

I told you at the opening, that on the top of the sacred chest of olden times there were two angels facing each other with outspread wings. Why not on the top of the great chest, the ark of the American covenant, let there be two angels — the angel of the North and the angel of the South, long looking different ways, now face to face with outspread wing of blessing. We cannot live under any other form of government than that under which we are living. The stars of our flags are not the stars of thickening night,

but stars sparkling amid the red bars of morning cloud. Let the despotisms of Asia keep their feet off the Pacific coast. Let the tyrannies of Europe keep their feet off the Atlantic coast. We shall have in this country only one government. At the south, Mexico will follow Texas into the Union, and Christianity and civilization will stand in the halls of the Montezumas, and if not in our day, then in the day of our children, Yucatan and Central America will wheel into line of dominion. On the north, Canada will be ours, not by conquest, for English and American swords may never clash blades, but we will simply woo the fair neighbor of the north, and she will be ours, and England will say to Canada, "You are old enough now for the marriage day. Giant of the West, go take your bride." Then from Baffin's Bay to the Caribbean there shall be one republic, under one banner and with one destiny — a free, undisputed, Christianized American continent. God grant it. Amen!

# THE BALANCE-SHEET

I Cor., 3: 22: "All are yours."

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The impression is abroad that religion puts a man on short allowance; that when the ship sailing heavenward comes to the shining wharf it will be found out that all the passengers had the hardest kind of seafare; that the soldiers in Christ's army march most of the time with an empty haversack; in a word, that only those people have a good time in this world who take upon themselves no religious obligation.

I want this morning to find out whether this is so, and I am going to "take account of stock" as the merchants say; I am going to show what are the Christian's liabilities, and what is his income, and what are his warranty deeds, and what are his bonds and mortgages, and I shall find out just how much he is worth, and I shall spread before you the balance-sheet in time to warn you all against the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ, if indeed it be a failure; and in time for you all to accept it, if indeed it be a success.

I turn first to the assets, and I find there what seems to be a roll of government securities — the Empire of Heaven promising all things to the possessor. The three small words of my text are a warranty-deed to the whole universe when it says, "All are yours."

In making an inventory of the Christian's possessions, I remark, in the first place, that he owns this world. My text implies it, and the preceding verse asserts it — "whether Paul or Apollos or Cephas or the world." Now, it would be an absurd thing to suppose that God would give to strangers privileges

and advantages which he would deny his own children. If you have a large park, a grand mansion, beautiful fountains, stalking deer, and statuary, to whom will you give the first right to all these possessions? To outsiders? No; to your own children. You will say: "It will be very well for outsiders to come in and walk these paths and enjoy this landscape; but the first right to my house, and the first right to my statuary, the first right to my gardens, shall be in the possession of my own children." Now, this world is God's park, and while he allows those who are not his children and who refuse his authority the privilege of walking through the gardens, the possession of all this grandeur of park and mansion is in the right of the Christian — the flowers, the diamonds, the silver, the gold, the morning brightness, and the evening shadow. The Christian may not have the title-deed to one acre of land as recorded in the clerk's office, he may never have paid one dollar of taxes; but he can go up on a mountain and look off upon fifty miles of grain field and say, "All this is mine; my Father gave it to me." "All are yours."

A lawyer is sometimes required to search titles, and the client who thinks he has a good right to an estate puts the papers in his hands, and the attorney goes into the public records, and finds everything right for three or four or five years back; but after a while he comes to a break in the title, to a deficit, to a diversion of the property; so he finds out that the man who supposed he owned it owns not an acre of the ground, while somebody else has the full right to the entire estate. Now, I examine the title to all earthly possessions. I go back a little way, and I find that men of the world — bad men, selfish men, wicked men — think they have a right to all these possessions; but I go further back, and I trace the title from year

to year, and from century to century, until I find the whole right vested in God. Now, to whom did he give it? To his own children! "All are yours."

The simple fact is, that in the last days of the world all the architecture, all the cities, all the mountains, all the villages will be in the possession of the church of Christ. "The meek shall inherit the earth." "Ships of Tarshish shall bring presents." "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof." "All are yours." "But," you say, "what satisfaction is there in that when I have not possession of them?" These things will come before the Supreme Judge of the Universe, and he will regulate the title, and he will eject these squatters upon the property that does not belong to them, and it shall be found that "All are yours."

So, again, the refinements of life are the Christian's right. He has a right to as good apparel, to as beautiful adornments, to as commodious a residence as the worldling. Show me any passage in the Bible that tells the people of the world they have privileges, they have glittering spheres, they have befitting apparel that are denied the Christian. There is no one who has so much a right to laugh, none so much a right to everything that is beautiful and grand and sublime in life as the Christian. "All are yours." Can it be possible that one who is reckless and sinful, and has no treasures laid up in heaven, is to be allowed pleasures which the sons and daughters of God, the owners of the whole universe, are denied?

So I remark that all the sweet sounds of the world are in the Christian's right. There are people who have an idea that instruments of music are inappropriate for the Christian's parlor, or for the Christian church. When did the house of sin or the bacchanal get the right to music? They have no right to it.

God, in my text, makes over to Christian people all the pianos, all the harps, all the drums, all the cornets, all the flutes, all the organs. People of the world may borrow them, but they only borrow them; they have no right or title to them. God gave them to Christian people in my text, when he said, "All are yours."

David no more certainly owned the harp with which he sounded the praises of God than the Church of Christ owns now all chants, all anthems, all ivory key-boards, all organ diapasons; and God will gather up these sweet sounds after a while, and he will mingle them in one great harmony, and the Mendelssohns and the Beethovens and the Mozarts of the earth will join their voices and their musical instruments, and soft south wind and loud-lunged Euroclydon will sweep the great organ pipes, and you shall see God's hand striking the keys, and God's foot trampling the pedals in the great oratorio of the ages!

So all artistic and literary advantages are in the Christian's right. I do not care on whose wall the picture hangs, or on whose pedestal the sculpture stands, it belongs to Christians. The Bierstadts and the Churches are all working for us. "All are yours." The Luxembourgs, the Louvres, all the galleries of Naples and Rome and Venice — they are all to come into the possession of the Church of Jesus Christ. We may not now have them on our walls, but the time will come when the writ of ejectment will be served and the church will possess everything. All parks, all fish-ponds, all colors, all harvests — all, "all are yours."

Secondly, I remark that the right to full temporal support is in the Christian's name. It is a great affair to feed the world. Just think of the fact that, this morning, twelve hundred millions of our people breakfasted

at God's table! The commissary department of a hundred thousand men in an army will engage scores of people; but just think of a commissary department of a world! Think of the gathering up from the rice-swamps and the tea-fields and the orchards and the fisheries! No one but God could tell how many bushels it would take to feed five continents.

Then, to clothe all these people — how many furs must be captured and how much flax broken and how much cotton picked. Just think of the infinite wardrobe where twelve hundred million of people get their clothes! God spreads this table first of all for his children. Of course, that would be a very selfish man who would not allow other people to come and sit at his table sometimes; but, first of all, the right is given to Christian people, and therefore it is extreme folly for them ever to fret about food or raiment. Who fed the whales sporting off Cape Hatteras this morning? Out of whose hand did the cormorant pick its food? Whose loom wove the butterfly's wing? Who hears the hawk's cry? If God takes care of a walrus and a Siberian dog and a wasp will he not take care of you? Will a father have more regard for reptiles than for his sons and daughters? If God clothes the grizzly bear and the panther and the hyena, will he not clothe his own children? Come, then, this morning, and get the key of the infinite storehouse. Come and get the key to the infinite wardrobe. Here they are — all the keys. "All are yours."

So all the vicissitudes of this life, so far as they have any religious profit, are in the right of the Christian. You stand among the Alleghany mountains, especially near what is called the "Horseshoe," and you will find a train of cars almost doubling on itself, and sitting in the back car you see a locomotive coming

as you look out of the window, and you think it is another train, when it is only the front of the train in which you are riding; and sometimes you can hardly tell whether the train is going toward Pittsburg or toward Philadelphia; but it is on the track, and it will reach the depot for which it started, and all the passengers will be discharged at the right place. Now, there are a great many sharp curves in life. Sometimes we seem to be going this way, and sometimes we seem to be going that way; but if we are Christians we are on the right track and we are going to come out at the right place. Do not get worried, then, about the sharp curve. A sailing vessel starts from New York for Glasgow. Does it go in a straight line? Oh, no! It changes its tack every little while. Now, you say, "This vessel, instead of going to Glasgow, must be going to Havre, or it is going to Hamburg, or it is going to Marseilles." No, no! It is going to Glasgow. And in this voyage of life we often have to change our tack. One storm blows us this way, and another storm blows us that way; but he who holds the winds in his fist will bring us into a haven of everlasting rest just at the right time. Do not worry, then, if you have to change tack. One of the best things that ever happened to Paul was being thrown off his horse. One of the best things that ever happened to Joseph was being thrown into the pit. The losing of his physical eyesight helped John Milton to see the battle of the angels. One of the best things that ever happened to Ignatius was being thrown to the wild beasts in the Colosseum, and while eighty thousand people were jeering at his religion he walked up to the fiercest of all the lions and looked him in the eye, as much as to say, "Here I am, ready to be devoured for Christ's sake."

All things work together for your good. If you

walk the desert, the manna will fall and the sea will part. If the feverish torch of sickness is kindled over your pillow, by its light you can read the promises. If the waves of trouble dash clear high above your girdle, across the blast and across the surge you can hear the promise, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee." You never owned a glove or a shoe or a hat or a coat more certainly than you own all the frets and annoyances and exasperations of this life, and they are bound to work out your present and your eternal good. They are the saws, the hammers, the files by which you are to be hewn and cut and smoothed for your eternal well-being.

Here is a vessel that goes along the coast; it hugs the coast. The captain of that vessel seems chiefly anxious to keep the paint on his ship from being marred, or the sails from being torn. When that vessel comes to the "Narrows," nobody looks on it with any interest. But here is a vessel that went across the sea with vast wealth of cargo, and comes in with vast importation — sails patched, masts spliced, pumps all working to keep out the water; it has come through the hurricane which has sunk twenty steamers. The bronzed men are cheering among the rigging. Now the men-of-war anchored in the harbor boom forth their welcome through the port-holes.

So there are some Christians who are having an easy time. It seems to them smooth sailing all the way. When they get into heaven there will be no excitement, there will be very few people who will ever find out they are there; but those Christians who have gone through a thousand midnight hurricanes — storm to the right of them, storm to the left of them, storm all the way — when they come up the harbor of heaven, all the redeemed will turn out to greet them, and bid them hail and welcome.

I go further, and tell you that the Christian owns not only this world, but he owns the next world. No chasm to be leaped, no desert to be crossed. There is the gate of heaven. I have shown you that he owns all on this side. Now, I am going to show you that he owns all on the other side. Death is not a ruffian who comes down to burn us out of house and home, so that we shall be homeless forever. Oh, no! He is only a black messenger who comes to tell us it is time to move; to tell us to get out of this hut, and go up into the palace. The Christian owns all heaven. "All are yours." Its palaces of beauty, its towers of strength, its castles of love. He will not walk in the eternal city as a foreigner in a strange city, but as a farmer walks over his own premises. 'All are yours." All the mansions yours. Angels your companions. Trees of life your shade. Hills of glory your lookout. Thrones of heaven the place where you will shout the triumph. Jesus is yours. God is yours. You look up into the face of God, and say, "My Father." You look up into the face of Jesus, and say, "My brother." Walk out on the battlements of heaven and look off upon the city of the sun. No tears. No sorrow. No death. No smoke of toiling warehouse curling on the air. No voice of blasphemy thrilling through that bright, clear Sabbath morning. No din of strife jarring the air. Then take out your dead, and remember that from throne to throne, and from wall to wall, and from horizon to horizon, "all are yours."

Then get up into the temple of the sun, worshipers in white, each with a palm branch, and from high gallery of that temple look down upon the thousands of thousands, and the ten thousand times ten thousand, and the one hundred and forty and four thousand, and the great "multitude that no man can number," and louder than the rush of the wheels, louder than the

tramp of the redeemed, hear a voice saying, "All are yours!" See the great procession marching around the throne of God. Martyrs who went up on wings of flame. Invalids who went up from couches of distress. Toilers who went up from the workhouse and the factory and the mine. All the suffering and the bruised children of God. See the chariots of salvation; in them those who were more than conquerors. See them marching around about the throne of God forever and forever, and know that "all are yours!"

O ye who have pains of body that exhaust your strength and wear out your patience, I hold before you this morning the land of eternal health and of imperishable beauty, and "all is yours!" O ye who have hard work to get your daily bread, hard work to shelter your children from the storm, I lift before you the vision of that land where they never hunger and they never thirst, and God feeds them and robes cover them and the warmth of eternal love fills them, and all that is yours. O ye whose hearts are buried in the grave of your dead at Greenwood, Laurel Hill, or Mount Auburn—O ye whose happiness went by long ago — O ye who mourn for countenances that never will light up, and for eyes closed forever — sit no longer among the tombs, but look here. A home that shall never be broken up. Green fields never cleft of the grave. Ransomed ones parted from you long ago, now radiant with a joy that shall never cease, and a love that shall never grow cold, and wearing garlands that shall never wither, and know all that is yours. Yours the love. Yours the acclaim. Yours the transport. Yours the cry of the four-and-twenty elders. Yours the choiring of cherubim. Yours the Lamb who was slain.

In the vision of that glorious consummation I almost lose my foothold, and have to hold fast lest I be

overborne by the glory. The vision rose before St. John on Patmos, and he saw Christ in a blood-red garment, riding on a white horse, and all heaven following him on white horses. What a procession! Let Jesus ride. He walked the way footsore, weary and faint. Now let him ride. White horse of victory, bear on our Chief. Hosanna to the son of David! Ride on, Jesus! Let all heaven follow him. These cavalry of God fought well and they fought triumphantly. Now let them be mounted. The pavements of gold ring under the flying hoofs. Swords sheathed and victories won, like conquerors they sit on their chargers. Ye mounted troops of God, ride on! ride on! ten thousand abreast, cavalcade after cavalcade. No blood dashed to the lips. No blood dripping from the fetlocks. No smoke of battle breathed from the nostril. The battle is ended — the victory won!

Oh, if there be any who are yet enemies of the cross of Christ, I beseech them at once to be reconciled to God! Remember that if you are not found among that white-robed army who follow the Saviour in his victorious march, your part must be with those concerning whom it is said, " The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven in flaming fire, taking vengeance on those that know not God, and obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord and from the glory of his power, when he shall come to be glorified in his saints, and to be admired in all them that believe."

# THE NUMBER SEVEN

Gen., 2: 3: "God blessed the seventh day."

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The mathematics of the Bible is noticeable: the geometry and the arithmetic; the square in Ezekiel the circle spoken of in Isaiah; the curve alluded to in Job; the rule of fractions mentioned in Daniel; the rule of loss and gain in Mark, where Christ asks the people to cipher out by that rule what it would "profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul." But there is one mathematical figure that is crowned above all others in the Bible: it is the numeral seven, which the Arabians got from India, and all following ages have taken from the Arabians. It stands between the figure six and the figure eight. In the Bible all the other numerals bow to it. Over three hundred times is it mentioned in the Scriptures, either alone or compounded with other words. In Genesis the week is rounded into seven days, and I use my text because there this numeral is for the first time introduced in a journey which wends its way through the law, through the symbolism of the tabernacle and the ritual and the prophecies, and halts not until in the close of the book of Revelations its monument is built into the wall of heaven in chrysolite, which, in the strata of precious stones, is the seventh.

In the Bible we find that Jacob had to serve seven years to get Rachel, but she was well worth it; and, foretelling the years of prosperity and famine in Pharaoh's time, the seven fat oxen were eaten up of the seven lean oxen; and wisdom is said to be built

on seven pillars; and the ark was left with the Philistines seven years; and Naaman, for the cure of his leprosy, plunged in the Jordan seven times; the dead child, when Elisha breathed into its mouth, signaled its arrival back into consciousness by sneezing seven times; to the house that Ezekiel saw in vision, there were seven steps; the walls of Jericho, before they fell down, were compassed seven days; Zechariah describes a stone with seven eyes; to cleanse a leprous house, the door must be sprinkled with pigeons' blood seven times; in Canaan were overthrown seven nations; on one occasion Christ cast out seven devils; on a mountain he fed a multitude of people with seven loaves, the fragments left filling seven baskets; and the closing passages of the Bible are magnificent and overwhelming with the imagery made up of seven churches, seven stars, seven candlesticks, seven seals, seven angels and seven heads and seven crowns and seven horns and seven spirits and seven vials and seven plagues and seven thunders.

Yea, the numeral seven seems a favorite with the Divine mind, outside as well as inside the Bible, for are there not seven prismatic colors? And when God with the rainbow wrote the comforting thought that the world would never have another deluge, he wrote it on the scroll of the sky in ink of seven colors. He grouped into the Pleiades seven stars. Rome, the capital of the world, sat on seven hills. When God would make the most intelligent thing on earth, the human countenance, he fashioned it with seven features — the two ears, the two eyes, the two nostrils and the mouth. Yea, our body lasts only seven years, and we gradually shed it for another body after another seven years, and so on; for we are, as to our bodies, septennial animals. So the numeral seven ranges through nature and through Reve-

lation. It is the number of perfection, and so I use it while I speak of the seven candlesticks, the seven stars, the seven seals, and the seven thunders.

The seven golden candlesticks were and are the churches. Mark you, the churches never were, and never can be, candles. They are only candlesticks. They are not the light, but they are to hold the light. A room in the night might have in it five hundred candlesticks, and yet you could not see your hand before your face. The only use of a candlestick and the only use of a church is to hold up the light. You see it is a dark world, the night of sin, the night of trouble, the night of superstition, the night of persecution, the night of poverty, the night of sickness, the night of death; ay, about fifty nights have interlocked their shadows. The whole race goes stumbling over prostrated hopes and fallen fortunes and empty flour barrels and desolated cradles and deathbeds. How much we have use for all the seven candlesticks, with lights blazing from the top of each one of them! Light of pardon for all sin! Light of comfort for all trouble! Light of encouragement for all despondency! Light of eternal riches for all poverty! Light of rescue for all persecution! Light of reunion for all the bereft! Light of heaven for all the dying! And that light is Christ, who is the Light that shall yet irradiate the hemispheres. But, mark you, when I say churches are not candles, but candlesticks, I cast no slur on candlesticks. I believe in beautiful candlesticks. The candlesticks that God ordered for the ancient tabernacle were something exquisite. They were a dream of beauty carved out of loveliness. They were made of hammered gold, stood in a foot of gold, and had six branches of gold blooming all along in six lilies of gold each, and lips of gold, from which the candles

lifted their holy fire. And the best houses in any city ought to be the churches — the best built, the best ventilated, the best swept, the best windowed and the best chandeliered. Log cabins may do in neighborhoods where most of the people live in log cabins; but let there be palatial churches for regions where many of the people live in palaces. Do not have a better place for yourself than for your Lord and King. Do not live in a parlor and put your Christ in a kitchen. These seven candlesticks of which I speak were not made out of pewter or iron; they were golden candlesticks, and gold is not only a valuable but a bright metal. Have everything about your church bright — your ushers with smiling faces, your music jubilant, your handshaking cordial, your entire service attractive. Many people feel that in church they must look dull, in order to be reverential, and many whose faces in other kinds of assemblages show all the different phases of emotion, have in church no more expression than the back wheel of a hearse. Brighten up and be responsive. If you feel like weeping, weep. If you feel like smiling, smile. If you feel indignant at some wrong assailed from the pulpit, frown. Do not leave your naturalness and resiliency home because it is Sunday morning. If as officers of a church you meet people at the church door with a black look, and have the music black, and the minister in black preach a black sermon, and from invocation to benediction have the impression black, few will come; and those who do come will wish they had not come at all.

Golden candlesticks! Scour up the six lilies on each branch, and know that the more lovely and bright they are, the more fit they are to hold the light. But a Christless light is a damage to the world rather than a good. Cromwell stabled his cavalry

horses in St. Paul's Cathedral, and many now use the church as a place in which to stable vanities and worldliness. A worldly church is a candlestick without the candle, and it had its prototype in St. Sophia, in Constantinople, built to the glory of God by Constantine, but transformed to base uses by Mohammed II. Built out of colored marble; a cupola with twenty-four windows soaring to the height of one hundred and eighty feet; the ceiling one great bewilderment of mosaic; galleries supported by eight columns of porphyry and sixty-seven columns of green jasper; nine bronze doors with *alto-relievo* work, fascinating to the eye of any artist; vases and vestments encrusted with all manner of precious stones. Four walls on fire with indescribable splendor. Though labor was cheap, the building cost one million five hundred thousand dollars. Ecclesiastical structure, almost supernatural in pomp and majesty. But Mohammedanism tore down from the walls of that building all the saintly and Christly images, and high up in the dome the figure of the cross was rubbed out that the crescent of the barbarous Turk might be substituted. A great church, but no Christ! A gorgeous candlestick, but no candle! Ten thousand such churches would not give the world as much light as one home-made tallow candle by which last night some grandmother in the eighties put on her spectacles and read the Psalms of David in large type. Up with the churches, by all means! Hundreds of them, thousands of them, and the more the better. But let each one be a blaze of heavenly light, making the world brighter and brighter, till the last shadow has disappeared, and the last of the suffering children of God shall have reached the land where they have no need of candlestick or " of candle, neither light of the

sun, for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign forever and ever." Seven candlesticks the complete number of lights! Let your light shine before men that they, seeing your good works, may glorify your Father which is in heaven.

Turn now in your Bible to the seven stars. We are distinctly told that they are the ministers of religion. Some are large stars, some of them small stars, some of them sweep a wide circuit and some of them a small circuit, but so far as they are genuine, they get their light from the great central Sun around whom they make revolution. Let each one keep in his own sphere. The solar system would be soon wrecked if the stars, instead of keeping their own orbits, should go to hunting down other stars. Ministers of religion should never clash. But in all the centuries of the Christian church, some of these stars have been hunting an Edward Irving or a Horace Bushnell or an Albert Barnes; and the stars that were in pursuit of the other stars lost their own orbit, and some of them could never again find it. Alas for the heresy hunters! The best way to destroy error is to preach the truth. The best way to scatter darkness is to strike a light. There is in immensity room enough for all the stars, and in the church room enough for all the ministers. The ministers who give up righteousness and the truth will get punishment enough anyhow, for they are "the wandering stars for whom is reserved the blackness of darkness forever."

I should like, as a minister, when I am dying, to be able truthfully to say what a captain of the English army, fallen at the head of his column and dying on the Egyptian battle-field, said to General Wolseley, who came to condole with him: "I led them straight; didn't I lead them straight, general?" God has put

us ministers as captains in this battle-field of truth against error. Great at last will be our chagrin if we fall leading the people the wrong way; but great will be our gladness if, when the battle is over, we can hand our sword back to our great Commander, saying: "Lord Jesus! we led the people straight; didn't we lead them straight?" Those ministers who go off at a tangent and preach some other gospel are not stars, but comets, and they flash across the heavens a little while and make people stare, and throw down a few meteoric stones, and then go out of sight if not out of existence. Brethren in the ministry, let us remember that God calls us stars, and our business is to shine, and to keep our own sphere, and then when we get done trying to light up the darkness of this world, we will wheel into higher spheres, and in us shall be fulfilled the promise "they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever."

The ministers are not all Pecksniffs and canting hypocrites, as some would have you think! Forgive me, if having at other times glorified the medical profession and the legal profession and the literary profession — I glorify my own. I have seen them in their homes and heard them in their pulpits, and a grander array of men never breathed, and the Bible figure is not stained when it calls them stars; and whole constellations of glorious ministers have already taken their places on high, where they shine even brighter than they shone on earth; Edward N. Kirk, of the Congregational Church; Stephen H. Tyng, of the Episcopal Church; Matthew Simpson, of the Methodist Church; John Dowling, of the Baptist Church; Samuel K. Talmage, of the Presbyterian Church; Thomas DeWitt, of the Reformed Church; John Chambers, of the Independent Church, and there

I stop, for it so happens that I have mentioned the seven stars of the seven churches.

I pass on to another mighty Bible seven, and they are the seven seals. St. John, in vision, saw a scroll with seven seals, and he heard an angel cry: "Who is worthy to loose the seals thereof?" Take eight or ten sheets of foolscap paper, paste them together and roll them into a scroll, and have the scroll at seven different places sealed with sealing-wax. You unroll the scroll till you come to one of these seals, and then you can go no farther until you break that seal; then unroll again until you come to another seal, and you can go no farther until you break that seal; then you go on until all the seven seals are broken, and the contents of the entire scroll are revealed. Now, that scroll with seven seals held by the angel was the prophecy of what was to come on the earth; it meant that the knowledge of the future was with God, and no man and no angel was worthy to open it; but the Bible says Christ opened it and broke all the seven seals. He broke the first seal and unrolled the scroll, and there was a picture of a white horse, and that meant prosperity and triumph for the Roman Empire, and so it really came to pass that for ninety years virtuous emperors succeeded each other — Nerva, Trajan, and Antoninus. Christ, in the vision, broke the second seal and unrolled again, and their was a picture of a red horse and that meant bloodshed, and so it really came to pass, and the next ninety years were red with assassinations and wars. Then Christ broke the third seal and unrolled it, and there was a picture of a black horse, which in all literature means famine, oppression, and taxation; and so it really came to pass. Christ went on until he broke all the seven seals and opened all the scroll. Well, the future of all of us is a sealed scroll, and I am glad that no one but Christ

can open it. Do not let us join that class of Christians in our day who are trying to break the seven seals of the future. They are trying to peep into things they have no business with. Do not go to some necromancer or spiritualist or soothsayer or fortune-teller to find out what is going to happen to yourself, or your family, or your friends. Wait till Christ breaks the seal to find out whether in your own personal life or the life of the nation or the life of the world it is going to be the white horse of prosperity or the red horse of war or the black horse of famine. You will soon enough see him paw and hear him neigh. Take care of the present, and the future will take care of itself. If a man live seventy years, his biography is in a scroll having at least seven seals; and let him not during the first ten years of his life try to look into the twenties, nor the twenties into the thirties, nor the thirties into the forties, nor the forties into the fifties, nor the fifties into the sixties, nor the sixties into the seventies. From the way the years have got the habit of racing along, I guess you will not have to wait a great while before all the seals of the future are broken.

I would not give two cents to know how long I am going to live, or in what day of what year the world is going to be demolished. I would rather give a thousand dollars not to know. Suppose some one could break the next seal in the scroll of your personal history, and should tell you that on the Fourth of July, 1901, you were to die — the summer after next; how much would you be good for between this and that? It would from now until then be a prolonged funeral. You would be counting the months and the days, and your family and friends would be counting them; and next Fourth of July you would rub your hands together and whine, "One year from to-day I am to go. Dear

me! I wish no one had told me so long before. I wish that necromancer had not broken the seal of the future." And meeting some undertaker, you would say: "I hope you will keep yourself free for an engagement the Fourth of July, 1901. That day you will be needed at my house. To save time, you might as well take my measure now, five feet eleven inches." I am glad that Christ dropped a thick veil over the hour of our demise, and of the hour of the world's destruction, when he said, "Of that day and hour knoweth no man; no, not the angels, but my Father only." Keep your hands off the seven seals.

There is another mighty seven of the Bible, viz., the seven thunders. What those thunders meant we are not told, and there has been much guessing about them; but they are to come, we are told, before the end of all things, and the world cannot get along without them. Thunder is the speech of lightning. There are evils in our world which must be thundered down, and which will require at least seven volleys to prostrate them. We are all doing nice, delicate, soft-handed work, in churches and reformatory institutions, against the evils of the world, and much of it amounts to a teaspoon dipping out the Atlantic ocean, or a clam shell digging away at a mountain, or a tackhammer smiting Gibraltar. What is needed is thunderbolts, and at least seven of them. There is the long line of fraudulent commercial establishments; every stone in the foundation and every brick in the wall and every nail in the rafter made out of dishonesty; skeletons of poorly-paid sewing-girls' arms in every beam of that establishment; human nerves worked into every figure of that embroidery; blood in the deep dye of that refulgent upholstery; billions of dollars of accumulated fraud entrenched in massive storehouses, and stock companies

manipulated by unscrupulous men, until the monopoly is defiant of all earth and heaven. How shall the evil be overcome? By treatises on the maxim: Honesty is the best policy? Or by soft repetition of the golden rule that we must do to others as we would have them do to us?" No, it will not be done that way. What is needed, and will come, is the seven thunders.

There is drunkenness backed up by a capital mightier than in any other business. Intoxicating liquors enough in this country to float a navy. Good grain to the amount of sixty-seven million nine hundred and fifty thousand bushels annually destroyed to make the deadly liquid. Breweries, distilleries, gin shops, rum palaces, liquor associations; our nation spending annually seven hundred and forty millions of dollars for rum, resulting in bankruptcy, disease, pauperism, filth, assassination, death, illimitable woe. What will stop them? High license? No. Prohibition laws? No. Churches? No. Moral suasion? No. Thunderbolts will do it; nothing else will. Seven thunders!

Yonder are intrenched infidelity and atheism, with their magazines of literature scoffing at our Christianity; their Hoe printing-presses busy day and night. There are their blaspheming apostles, their drunken Tom Paines and libertine Voltaires of the present as well as the past, re-enforced by all the powers of darkness from highest demon to lowest imp. What will extirpate those monsters of infidelity and atheism? John Brown's Shorter Catechism about "Who made you?" or Westminster Catechism about "What is the chief end of man?" No. Thunderbolts! The seven thunders! For the impurities of the world, empalaced as well as cellared, epauletted as well as ragged, enthroned as well as ditched; for corrupt legislation

which at times makes our State and national capitals a hemispheric stench; for superstitions that keep whole nations in squalor century after century, their Juggernauts crushing, their knives lacerating, their waters drowning, their funeral pyres burning, the seven thunders!

O men and women, disheartened at the bad way things often go, hear you not a rumbling down the sky of heavy artillery, coming in on our side, the seven thunders of the Almighty? Do not let us try to wield them ourselves; they are too heavy and too fiery for us to handle; but God can and God will; and when all mercy has failed and all milder means are exhausted, then judgment will begin. Thunderbolts? Depend upon it, that what is not done under the flash of the seven candlesticks will be done by the trampling of the seven thunders.

But I leave this imperial and multipotent numeral seven where the Bible leaves it, imbedded in the finest wall that was ever built, or will be constructed, the wall of heaven. It is the seven strata of precious stones that make up that wall. After naming six of the precious stones in that wall, the Bible cries out: "The seventh chrysolite!" The chrysolite is an exquisite green, and in that seventh layer of the heavenly wall shall be preserved forever the dominant color of the earth we once inhabited. I have sometimes been saddened at the thought that this world, according to science and Revelation, is to be blotted out of existence, for it is such a beautiful world. But here in this layer of the heavenly wall, where the numeral seven is to be embedded, this strata of green is to be photographed and embalmed and perpetuated, the color of the grass that covers the earth, the color of the foliage that fills the forest, the color of the deep sea. One glance at that green chrysolite a million years

after this planet has been extinguished, will bring to mind just how it looked in summer and spring, and we will say to those who were born blind on earth, and never saw at all in this world, after they have obtained full eyesight in heaven: "If you would know how the earth appeared in June and August, look at that seventh layer of the heavenly wall, the green of the chrysolite."

And while we stand there and talk, spirit with spirit, that old color of the earth which had more sway than all the other colors put together, will bring back to us our earthly experiences, and noticing that this green chrysolite is the seventh layer of crystallized magnificence we may bethink ourselves of the domination of that numeral seven over all other numerals, and thank God that in the dark earth we left behind us we so long enjoyed the light of the seven golden candlesticks, and were all of us permitted to shine among the seven stars of more or less magnitude, and that all the seven seals of the mysterious future have been broken wide open for us by a loving Christ, and that the seven thunders having done their work have ceased reverberation, and that the numeral seven, which did such tremendous work in the history of nations on earth, has been given such a high place in that Niagara of colors, the wall of heaven, "the first foundation of which is jasper; the second, sapphire; the third, a chalcedony; the fourth, emerald; the fifth, sardonyx; the sixth, sardius; the seventh, chrysolite."

When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold;
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold.

# DISABLED HUNTERS

Isa., 33: 23: "The lame take the prey."

# DISABLED HUNTERS

Isa., 33: 23: "The lame take the prey."

The utter demolition of the Assyrian host was here predicted. Not only robust men should go forth and gather the spoils of conquest, but even men crippled of arm and crippled of foot should go out and capture much that was valuable. Their physical disadvantage should not hinder their great enrichment. So it has been in the past, so it is now, so it will be in the future. So it is in all departments. Men labor under seemingly great disadvantages, and amid the most unfavorable circumstances, yet making grand achievements, getting great blessing for themselves, great blessing for the world, great blessing for the church, and so "the lame take the prey."

Do you know that the three great poets of the world were totally blind? Homer, Ossian, John Milton. Do you know that Mr. Prescott, who wrote that enchanting book, *The Conquest of Mexico*, never saw Mexico, could not even see the paper on which he was writing? A framework across the sheet, between which, up and down, went the pen immortal. Do you know that Gambassio, the sculptor, could not see the marble before him, or the chisel with which he cut it into shapes bewitching? Do you know that Alexander Pope, whose poems will last as long as the English language, was so much of an invalid that he had to be sewed up every morning in rough canvas in order to stand on his feet at all? Do you know that Stuart, the celebrated

painter, did much of his wonderful work under the shadow of the dungeon, where he had been unjustly imprisoned for debt? Do you know that Demosthenes, by almost superhuman exertion, first had to conquer the lisp and stammer of his own speech before he conquered assemblages with his eloquence? Do you know that Bacon struggled all through innumerable sicknesses, and that Lord Byron and Sir Walter Scott went limping on clubfoot through all their life, and Fawcett, the great philosopher and statesman, was blind; and that many of the great poets and painters and orators and historians and heroes of the world had something to keep them back and pull them down, and impede their way and cripple their physical or their intellectual movement, and yet that they pushed on and pushed up until they reached the spoils of worldly success, and amid the huzza of nations and centuries, "the lame took the prey"?

You know that a vast multitude of these men started under the disadvantage of obscure parentage. Columbus, the son of the weaver. Ferguson, the astronomer, the son of the shepherd. America the prey of the one; worlds on worlds the prey of the other. But what is true in secular directions is more true in spiritual and religious directions, and I proceed to prove it.

There are in all communities many invalids. They never know a well day. They adhere to their occupations, but they go panting along the streets with exhaustion, and, at eventime, they lie down on the lounge with achings beyond all medicament. They have tried all prescriptions, they have gone through all the cures which were proclaimed infallible, and they have come now to surrender to perpetual ailments. They consider they are laboring under many disadvantages; and when they see those who are

buoyant in health, pass by, they almost envy their robust frames and easy respiration.

But I have noticed among that invalid class those who have the greatest knowledge of the Bible, who are in nearest intimacy with Jesus Christ, who have the most glowing experiences of the truth, who have had the most remarkable answers to prayer, and who have the most exhilarant anticipations of heaven. The temptations which weary us who are in robust health they have conquered. They have divided among them the spoils of the conquest. Many who are alert and athletic and swarthy loiter in the way. These are the lame that take the prey: Robert Hall, an invalid; Edward Payson, an invalid; Richard Baxter, an invalid; Samuel Rutherford, an invalid. This morning, when you want to call to mind those who are most Christlike, you think of some darkened room in your father's house from which there went forth an influence potent for eternity.

A step further: Through raised letters the art of printing has been brought to the attention of the blind. You take up the Bible for the blind, and you close your eyes, and you run your fingers over the raised letters, and you say: "Why I never could get any information in this way. What a slow, cumbrous way of reading! God help the blind." And yet I find among that class of persons, among the blind, the deaf, and the dumb, the most thorough acquaintance with God's word. Shut out from all other sources of information, no sooner does their hand touch the raised letter than they gather a prayer. Without eyes, they look off upon the kingdom of God's love. Without hearing they catch the minstrelsy of the skies. Dumb, yet with pencil, or with irradiated countenance, they declare the glory of God.

A large audience assembled in New York at the

anniversary of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, and one of the visitors with chalk on the blackboard wrote this question to the pupils: "Do you not find it very hard to be deaf and dumb?" And one of the pupils took the chalk and wrote on the blackboard this sublime sentence in answer: "When the song of the angels shall burst upon our enraptured ear, we will scarce regret that our ears were never marred with earthly sounds." Oh! the brightest eyes in heaven will be those that never saw on earth. The ears most alert in heaven will be those that in this world heard neither voice of friend, nor thrum of harp, nor carol of bird, nor doxology of congregations.

A lad who had been blind from infancy was cured. The oculist operated upon the lad, and then put a very heavy bandage over the eyes, and after a few weeks had gone by, the bandage was removed, and the mother said to the child: "Willie, can you see?" He said: "Oh! mamma, is this heaven?" The contrast between the darkness before and the brightness afterward was overwhelming. And I tell you the glories of heaven will be a thousandfold brighter for those who never saw anything on earth. While many with good vision closed their eyes in night, and many who had a good, artistic, and cultured ear went down into discord, these afflicted ones cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and he made their sorrows their advantage, and so "the lame took the prey."

A step further: There are those in all communities who toil mightily for a livelihood. They have scant wages. Perhaps they are diseased, or have physical infirmities, so they are hindered from doing a continuous day's work. A city missionary finds them up the dark alley, with no fire, with thin clothing, with coarse bread. They never ride in the street-

car; they cannot afford the five cents. They never see any pictures save those in the show-window on the street, from which they are often jostled, and looked at by some one who seems to say in the look: "Move on! what are you doing here looking at pictures?" Yet many of them live on mountains of transfiguration. At their rough table he who fed the five thousand breaks the bread. They talk often of the good times that are coming. This world has no charm for them, but heaven entrances their spirit. They often divide their scant crust with some forlorn wretch who knocks at their door at night, and on the blast of the night-wind, as the door opens to let them in, is heard the voice of him who said: "I was hungry and ye fed me." No cohort of heaven will be too bright to transport them. By God's help they have vanquished the Assyrian host. They have divided among them the spoils. Lame, yet they took the prey.

I was riding along the road one day, and I saw a man on crutches. I overtook him. He was very old. He was going very slowly. At that rate, it would have taken him two hours to go a mile. I said: "Wouldn't you like to ride?" He said: "Thank you, I would. God bless you." When he sat beside me, he said: "You see, I am very lame and very old, but the Lord has been a good Lord to me. I have buried all my children. The Lord gave them, and the Lord had a right to take them away. Blessed be his name! I was very sick, and I had no money, and my neighbors came in and took care of me, and I wanted nothing. I suffer a great deal with pain, but then I have so many mercies left. The Lord has been a good Lord to me." And before we had got far, he said: "Now, if you please, I'll get out here. Just help me down on my crutches, if you

please. God bless you. Thank you, sir. Good morning. Good morning. You have been feet to the lame, sir, you have. Good morning." I did not know whether I had given him a ride or he had given me a ride. Swarthy men had gone the road that day. I do not know where they came out, but every hobble of that old man was toward the shining gate. With his old crutch he had struck down many a Sennacherib of temptation which has mastered you and me. Lame, so fearfully lame, so awfully lame; but he took the prey.

A step further: There are in all communities many orphans. During our last war, and in the years immediately following, how many children we heard say: "Oh! my father was killed in the war." Have you ever noticed — I fear you have not — how well those children have turned out? Starting under the greatest disadvantage, no orphan asylum could do for them what their father would have done had he lived. The skirmisher sat one night, by the light of fagots, in the swamp, writing a letter home, when a sharpshooter's bullet ended the letter which was never folded, never posted, and never read. Those children came up under great disadvantage. No father to fight their way for them. Perhaps there was in the old family Bible an old yellow letter pasted fast, which told the story of that father's long march, and how he suffered in the hospital; but they looked still further on in the Bible, and they came to the story of how God is the father of the fatherless, and the widow's portion, and they soon took their father's place in that household. They battled the way for their mother. They came on up, and many of them have in the years since the war taken positions in Church and State. While many of those who suffered nothing during those times have had sons go out

into lives of indolence and vagabondage, those who started under so many disadvantages, because they were so early bereft, these are the lame who took the prey.

A step further: There are those who would like to do good. They say: "Oh! if I only had wealth, or if I had eloquence, or if I had high social position, how much I would accomplish for God and the Church!" I stand here to-day to tell you that you have great opportunities for usefulness. Who built the Pyramids? The king who ordered them built? No; the plain workmen who added stone after stone and stone after stone. Who built the dikes of Holland? The government that ordered the enterprise? No; the plain workmen who carried the earth and rung their trowel on the wall. Who are those who have built these vast cities? The capitalists? No; the carpenters, the masons, the plumbers, the plasterers, the tinners, the roofers, dependent on a day's wages for a livelihood. And so in the great work of assuaging human suffering and enlightening human ignorance and halting human iniquity. In that great work, the chief part is to be done by ordinary men, with ordinary speech, in an ordinary manner, and by ordinary means. The trouble is that in the army of Christ we all want to be captains and colonels and brigadier-generals. We are not willing to march with the rank and file and to do duty with the private soldier. We want to belong to the reserve corps, and read about the battle while warming ourselves at the campfires, or on furlough at home, our feet upon an ottoman, we sagging back into an armchair. As you go down the street, you see an excavation and four or five men are working, and perhaps twenty or thirty leaning on the rail looking over at them. That is the way it is in the Church of God

to-day; where you find one Christian hard at work, there are fifty men watching the job.

Why do you not go to work and preach this Gospel? You say: "I have no pulpit." You have. It may be the carpenter's bench, it may be the mason's wall. The robe in which you are to proclaim this Gospel may be a shoemaker's apron. But woe unto you if you preach not this Gospel somewhere, somehow! If this world is ever brought to Christ, it will be through the unanimous and long-continued efforts of men who, waiting for no special endowment, consecrate to God what they have. Among the most useless people in the world are men with ten talents, while many a one with only two talents, or no talent at all, is doing a great work, and so "the lame take the prey." There are thousands of ministers of whom you have never heard — in log cabins in the West, in mission chapels in the East — who are warring against the legions of darkness, successfully warring. Tract-distributors, month by month undermining the citadels of sin. You do not know their going or their coming; but the footfalls of their ministry are heard in the palaces of heaven. Who are the workers in our Sabbath-schools throughout this land to-day? Men celebrated, men brilliant, men of vast estate? For the most part, not that at all. I have noticed that the chief characteristic of the most of those who are successful in the work is that they know their Bibles, are earnest in prayer, are anxious for the salvation of the young, and Sabbath by Sabbath are willing to sit down unobserved and tell of Christ and the Resurrection. These are the humble workers who are recruiting the great army of Christian youth — not by might, not by power, not by profound argument, not by brilliant antithesis, but by the blessing of God on plain

talk and humble story and silent tear and anxious look. "The lame take the prey."

Oh! this work of saving the youth of our country, how few appreciate what it is! This generation tramping on to the grave. We will soon all be gone. What next?

An engineer on a locomotive going across the western prairies day after day, saw a little child come out in front of a cabin and wave to him, so he got in the habit of waving back to the little child, and it was the day's joy to him to see this little one come out in front of the cabin door and wave to him, while he answered back. One day the train was belated, and it came on to the dusk of the evening. As the engineer stood at his post he saw by the headlight that little girl on the track, wondering why the train did not come, looking for the train, knowing nothing of its peril. A great horror seized upon the engineer. He reversed the engine. He gave it in charge of the other man on board, and then he climbed over the engine, and he came down on the cowcatcher. He said, though he had reversed the engine, it seemed as though it were going at lightning speed, faster and faster, though it was really slowing up, and with almost superhuman clutch he caught that child by the hair and lifted it up, and when the train stopped, and the passengers gathered around to see what was the matter, there the old engineer lay, fainted dead away, the little child alive and all unhurt in his swarthy arms. "Oh!" you say, "that was well done." But I want you to exercise some kindness and some appreciation toward those in every community who are snatching the little ones from under the wheels of temptation and sin—snatching them from under thundering rail-trains of eternal disaster,

bringing them up into respectability in this world and into glory for the world to come. You appreciate what the engineer did; why can you not appreciate the grander work done by every Sabbath-school teacher this afternoon? I want to impress upon myself and upon yourselves that it is not the number of talents we possess, but the use we make of them. God has a royal family in the world. The royal families of history lived in palaces and had great equipage. But who are the Lord's royal family? Some of them may serve you in the household, some of them are in unlighted garrets, some of them will walk this afternoon down the street, on their arm a basket of broken food; some of them are in the almshouse, despised and rejected of men; yet in the last great day, while it will be found that some of us who fared sumptuously every day, are hurled back into discomfiture, they are the lame that will take the prey.

One step further: There are a great many people discouraged about getting to heaven. You are brought up in good families, you had Christian parentage; but you frankly tell me that you are a thousand miles away from the right track. My brother, you are the one I want to preach to. I have been looking for you. I will tell you how you got astray. It was not maliciousness on your part. It was perhaps through the geniality and sociality of your nature that you fell into sin. You wandered away from your duty, you unconsciously left the house of God; you admit the Gospel to be true, and yet you have so grievously and so prolongedly wandered, you say rescue is impossible. It would take a week to count up the names of those in heaven who were on earth worse than you tell me you are. They went the whole round of iniquity, they disgraced themselves, they disgraced their household, they de-

spaired of return because their reputation was gone, their property was gone, everything was gone; but in some hour like this they heard the voice of God, and threw themselves on the divine compassion, and they rose up more than conquerors. And I tell you there is the same chance for you. That is one reason why I like to preach this Gospel, so free a Gospel, so tremendous a Gospel. It takes a man all wrong, and makes him all right.

In one settlement where I preached, a member of my congregation quitted the house of God, quitted respectable circles, went into all paths of sin and was slain of his iniquity. The day for his burial came, and his body was brought to the house of God. Some of his comrades who had destroyed him were overheard along the street on the way to the burial saying: "Come, let us go and hear Talmage curse this old sinner!" Oh, I had nothing but tears for the dead, and I had nothing but invitations for the living. You see I could not do any otherwise. "Christ Jesus came to seek and to save that which was lost." Christ in his dying prayer, said: "Father, forgive them," and that was a prayer for you and for me. Oh! start on the road to heaven to-day. You are not happy. The thirst of your soul will never be slaked by the fountains of sin. You turn everywhere but to God for help. Right where you are, call on him. He knows you, he knows all about you, he knows all the odds against which you have been contending in life. Do not go to him with a long rigmarole of a prayer, but just look up and say: "Help! Help!"

But you say: "My hand trembles so from my dissipations, I can't even take hold of a hymn-book to sing." Do not worry about that; I will give out a hymn so familiar you can sing it without a book.

But you say: "I have such terrible habits on me, I can't get rid of them." My answer is, Almighty grace can break up that habit, and will break it up. But you say: "The wrong I did was to one dead and in heaven now, and I can't correct that wrong. By the grace of God, go into the presence of that one, and the apologies you ought to have made on earth, make in heaven.

"Oh!" says some man, "If I should try to do right, if I should turn away from my evil doing unto the Lord, I would be jostled, I would be driven back; nobody would have any sympathy for me." You are mistaken. Here, in the presence of the church on earth and in heaven, I give you the right hand of Christian fellowship. God sent me here to preach this, and he sent you here to hear this: "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thought, and let him return unto the Lord, who will have mercy, and unto our God, who will abundantly pardon." Though you may have been the worst sinner, you may become the best saint, and in the great Day of Judgment it will be found that "where sin abounded, grace does much more abound," and while the spoils of an everlasting kingdom are being awarded for your pursuit, it will be found that the lame took the prey.

Years ago, on a boat on the North River, New York, the pilot gave a very sharp ring to the bell for the boat to slow up. The engineer attended to the machinery, and then he came up with some alarm on deck to see what was the matter. He saw it was a moonlight night and there were no obstacles in the way. He went to the pilot and said: "Why did you ring the bell in that way? Why do you want to stop? there's nothing the matter." And the pilot said to him: "There is a mist gathering on the river;

don't you see that? and there is night gathering darker and darker, and I can't see the way." Then the engineer, looking around and seeing it was bright moonlight, looked into the face of the pilot, and saw that he was dying, and then a little later, that he was dead. God grant that when our last moment comes we may be found at our post doing our whole duty; and when the mists of the river of death gather on our eyelids, may the good Pilot take the wheel from our hands and guide us into the calm harbor of eternal rest!

Drop the anchor, furl the sail,
I am safe within the vale.

# PETER COOPER, THE PHILANTHROPIST

II Sam., 19: 32: "Now Barzillai was a very aged man, even fourscore years old: and he had provided the king of sustenance while he lay at Mahanaim; for he was a very great man."

# PETER COOPER, THE PHILANTHROPIST*

II Sam., 19: 32: "Now Barzillai was a very aged man, even fourscore years old: and he had provided the king of sustenance while he lay at Mahanaim; for he was a very great man."

Barzillai of the text was a very old man, a very kind man, a very affectionate man, a very patriotic man, a very wealthy man of the tenth century before Christ, suggestive of our modern philanthropist, Peter Cooper, of the nineteenth century after Christ. And so there has been many a man in the centuries B. C. typical of some men in the centuries A. D. When I see this Barzillai of the text going out to meet David's retreating troops and providing them with flour and corn and mattresses, it makes me think of our modern philanthropist, who was always ready to make response in time of necessity, whether it were individual, municipal, or national. The snow of his white locks has melted from our sight, and the benediction of his genial face has come to its long amen; but his influence, halting not a second for the obsequies to be finished, moved right on with no change save that of augmentation; for in the arithmetical sum of a useful life, death is multiplication instead of subtraction, and the marble of the tomb, instead of being the goal at the end of the race, is only the starting-point for a grander career.

Why so many good people with hat off in reverence before a man who never wielded a sword or made a

*A memorial sermon preached in Brooklyn Tabernacle in 1883.

masterly oration or stood in senatorial place? He was neither general nor lord nor governor nor President. The learned title of LL. D. bestowed by a university did not stick to him one minute. The prefix of "Mr." and the suffix of "Esq." seemed always an incongruity when connected with his name. For all Christendom he has been, and for all ages to come he will be, plain Peter Cooper. But why all the flags at half-mast? And why the complimentary resolutions of Legislatures and common councils? And why a deep-fetched sigh from millions of hearts which cannot make adequate expression of their grief.

First, I remark, in answering these questions: Peter Cooper was the father of many American philanthropies. There have been larger donations for the public good since his great munificence of 1857, but the memorable gift of Cooper Institute has brought forth scores and hundreds of philanthropies and charities all over the land. As a father may have six children all of whom shall grow up to be larger than himself; so that munificence of 1857 has brought forth hundreds and thousands of charities, some of them larger in bulk than the original.

You must remember that in those days when that six-storied temple of instruction on Third and Fourth Avenues, New York, was built at an expense of six hundred and thirty thousand dollars, and then endowed with one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, one hundred thousand dollars was more than five hundred thousand dollars now, and while in our days millionaires are so common we hardly stop to look at them, in those times a millionaire was a rare spectacle. Why, Stephen Girard and John Jacob Astor of olden times would almost have excited the sympathy of our modern railroad magnates. The well on to eight hundred thousand dollars expended in building and in

endowing Cooper Institute were more than the equivalent of five million dollars now. There have been larger gifts in our time, which have not produced more than a fraction of the good produced by that munificence of 1857. That gift brooded other charities, that beneficence mothered hundreds of educational institutions, that generosity gave glorious suggestion to many a man whose fortune was held with iron grip of selfishness. If you should trace back the ancestral line of many of the hospitals and infirmaries and colleges and universities and benevolent institutions of this country, you would find that Peter Cooper was their glorious progenitor. That institution there, standing twenty-six years on the great thoroughfare, saying to the populations surging to and fro: "Here I stand, without money and without price to bless and educate all the struggling who will come under my wings." That institution standing for twenty-six years, from all its windows crying out against miserliness and cupidity. That free reading-room, the birthplace of hundreds of free reading-rooms all over America. Great reservoir of Christian beneficence — Cooper Institute.

Peter Cooper has also impressed us all with the fact that it is a very wise thing for a man to become his own executor. How much more beautiful is *ante-mortem* charity than *post-mortem* benevolence. There is many a man who has kept his money as long as he could keep it, and then when he had to die, he has made some charitable institution a legatee. Many a man has kept his money just as long as he could keep it, and then when death met him, said: "Well, if I must, I must; and now, Bible Society, you take so many thousands, and, Reformatory Institution, you take so many thousands." The fact is if that man had had four or five stout pockets in his shroud, he

would have taken all his wealth with him. Better late than never to be charitable, but greater will be the reward of that man who gives to charitable institutions while he has the power to retain what he is giving away. It seems to me that often a donation in a last will and testament is merely an attempt to bribe the ferryman of the river Styx to land the man in celestial instead of infernal regions. Mean as sin while he lives, he expects to cross over and be ushered up the shining banks of heaven. A skinflint when he leaves this world, he expects to be hailed on the other shore as a George Peabody.

How often it is that charitable contribution in last will and testament fails to reach its right destination. If you have pride in being a sane man, and if you are at the same time desirous of making charitable contribution, make the contribution before your death, for the probability is your heirs will prove you are crazy. How often it is that an estate is taken into the Surrogate's Court and there is a great quarrel over the matter, and as every positive man has some idiosyncrasies, your idiosyncracies will be taken out, and they will be ventilated and they will be enlarged and they will be caricatured until the courts of Brooklyn and New York will pronounce you a fool. If a man have a second wife the children of the first wife will prove in the courts that the man was subjected to undue influence; and many a man who, when he made his will had more brain than all his children ever will have, has been pronounced after death to have been fit for the lunatic asylum. Be your own executor like Peter Cooper. Do not let charitable institutions be chiefly indebted to your last sickness and death. Better, like Peter Cooper, to walk through the halls you have built by your beneficence, and see young men whom you have educated by your charity, and get the sublime

satisfaction of your generosity. I am not surprised to read that the Barzillai of my text lived to be eighty years of age. He stood in the perpetual sunshine of his own generosity. I am not surprised that our modern Barzillai lived to be ninety-two years of age. He felt the reaction of his helpfulness for others. Doing good was one of the strongest reasons of his longevity.

There is great excitement in a chase, and many an old hunter's heart has throbbed at the baying of the hounds; but there is one kind of chase that is very exhausting and that is deathful. Many a man with a large fortune behind him has called up all his past dollars as a pack of hounds to go out with him and hunt up one more dollar before he dies. Away, away, the old hunter and all the hounds. Hotter and hotter the chase. Closer on the track and closer on the track, the old man a little ahead and his dollars following on like a pack of hounds. Now they are coming in at the death, the dollar only a little way ahead, and the old man, with pale cheek and panting breath and shriveled arm, clutches for the dollar just as it turns on its track, and missing it, he still pursues and still pursues until the exhausted dollar plunges into a hole and burrows deeper and deeper down until the old hunter with both hands, takes hold and claws out the dirt from the embankment, burrowing deeper down and deeper down until just clutching that last dollar, the burrowed embankment breaks and he rolls over into his own grave, while a clap of thunder from a clear sky sounds: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul?"

We talk a great deal about old misers. There are no old misers, or but very few of them. The most of the misers are comparatively young. Avarice kills more than war. In contrast with all that, look at the philanthropist at ninety-two years of age dying of a

sold caught in going out to look after the prosperity of a charitable institution which himself had founded —two thousand students in its evening schools.

Peter Cooper also impresses us with the best way of settling this old quarrel between capital and labor, this altercation between the rich and the poor. There are two ways in which this quarrel between capital and labor will never be settled. One is, by the violent suppression of the laboring classes, and the other is, by maltreatment of rich people. This is fast getting to be the age of dynamite. Dynamite under the Kremlin. Dynamite near the Parliament Houses and railroad bridges. Dynamite in Ireland. Dynamite in England. Dynamite in Germany. Dynamite in Russia. Dynamite in America. The rich are becoming more arrogant and the poor more unreasonable. I prescribe for the cure of this great evil the largest kind of allopathic dose of Peter Cooperism. Whoever heard of dynamite under Cooper Institute? Whoever looked for a keg of dynamite in the cellar of Peter Cooper's house? In the times of great public excitement, when public men have had to have their houses guarded by soldiers, no sentinel has ever stood at that man's door, and there has not been a time in the last forty years that the plainest man in New York and Brooklyn could not ring his door-bell and go in and shake hands with Peter Cooper. The poorest man with a hod of bricks on his shoulder climbing the ladder on a wall never begrudged this philanthropist his ride in an easy carriage.

On great occasions, when there came vast audiences in Cooper Institute, and the founder of that institute walked on the platform, the hard hands of American laborers in the applause clapped the loudest. When the opulent men of America and England and Russia and all the other lands shall stretch out to the

laboring classes and the suffering classes as kind and as genial a hand as that of Peter Cooper, that will terminate the age of dynamite. What the police cannot do, what shot and shell cannot do, what severe laws severely executed cannot do, what armies with bayonets cannot do, will yet be accomplished by what I now baptize as Peter-Cooperism.

I hail the early twilight of that day when the men of fortune in all lands will come forth and say: "There are seventy thousand destitute children in New York city, and out of my fortune I will build this line of asylums to take care of them. There are vast multitudes of people in all the cities living in filthy and unventilated tenement-houses, and out of my fortune I will build a line of residences with cheap rents. There are nations that know nothing of Jesus Christ; I will turn my fortune inside out to send them flaming evangels. There shall be no more hunger, there shall be no more ignorance, there shall be no more crime, so far as I can help it." When that day comes, this quarrel between capital and labor, and between the poor and the rich, will cease, and the last torch of incendiarism will be extinguished, and the last knife of assassination will go to slicing bread for poor children, and the last pound of dynamite that now threatens death will go to work in the quarries to blast foundation stones for churches and universities and asylums. May the spirit of Peter Cooper come down upon all the bank-stock and the government securities and the railroad companies and the great business houses of America.

Peter Cooper also has impressed us with the new style of monumental and epitaphal commemoration. You all want to be remembered. It would not be a pleasant thought to you to think that the moment you are gone out of the world you will be forgotten. But

if the executors of Peter Cooper should expend twenty million dollars for a mausoleum in Greenwood it would not make him so well remembered as that building on Third and Fourth Avenues, New York. How few the people who would walk around the silent mausoleum as compared with the vast multitudes that will move up and down by that structure in the ages that are to come! Among the thousands who will be educated in that building will there ever be one so stupid as not to know who founded it? And how great a heart he had! And how he struggled to achieve a fortune, and always mastered that fortune and never allowed the fortune to master him. What is a monument of Aberdeen granite compared with a monument built out of the intellects and souls of immortal men and women? What an epitaph cut by a sculptor's chisel compared with the epitaph that will be written by generations and centuries that are to come writing his praise? Adorned and beautiful be all the crypts and catacombs and shrines of the dead; but if the superfluous and inexcusable expense of catafalque and necropolis and mausoleum had been put into practical use, there would have been bread for all the hungry, and knowledge for all the ignorant, and a home for all the lost.

The pyramids of Egypt are the tombs of the dead kings, their names even obliterated, and even the pyramids of Egypt are crumbling away. But monuments of good men last forever. Long after Walter Scott's "Old Mortality" shall have worn out his chisel in reviving the names faded from the old tombstones, the names of those who have helped others will be held in everlasting remembrance. The Sabbath-school teacher builds her monument in the heavenly thrones and palaces of her converted class. George Müller, of England, builds his monument in the orphan-houses of Bristol. George Peabody builds his monument in

the library of his native village and the schoolhouses for educating the blacks in different parts of the South. Handel built his monument in the "Hallelujah Chorus." Cyrus W. Field built his monument in the cables underlying the sea, lashing the continents together and hastening on the day of universal brotherhood. He who prays or gives for a church of Jesus Christ builds his monument in all that sacred edifice shall accomplish for good. Wilberforce built his monument in the piled-up shackles of a demolished slave trade. Livingstone built his monument in what shall be regenerated Africa. Paul built his monument in the magnificent story of the Resurrection. William E. Dodge built his monument in the reformatory institutions he either established or helped to support. Peter Cooper built his monument in the philanthropies he encouraged by the establishment of that one institution for the education of the masses.

Ah! that is a fame worth having; that is an immortality you can strive after without the degradation of worldly ambition. Let such monuments be built all the lands over, until every crippled limb is straightened and every inebriate learns the luxury of cold water, and every outcast is brought home to his God, and the last crime is extirpated, and Paradise Lost becomes Paradise Regained.

But once more I am impressed with the fact that the longest life-path has a terminus. What a gauntlet to run — ninety-two years of epidemics and ailments and accidents! Why, it seemed as if he would always stay with us. Living on from the administration of George Washington to that of President Arthur. But the liberal hand is closed, the beaming eye is shut, the world-encompassing heart is still. When he was at my house I felt I was entertaining a king. But the king is dead. The largest volume of human life we

see has its last chapter and its last page and its last line and its last word. And what are the ninety-two years of earthly existence compared with the five hundred thousand million years which just open the chapter of the great future? For that let us all get ready. Christ came to reconstruct us into purity and holiness and happiness and heaven.

What were the minutiæ of Peter Cooper's religious experiences I do not know. Some men are worse than their creed. Some men are better than their creed. In my estimation the grandest profession of the religion of Jesus Christ a man can ever make is a holy life devoted to making the world good and happy. I make no depreciation of the important duty of professing faith in Jesus Christ in the usual modes in the Christian church; but grander than that is a life all devoted to making the world better and to making the world good. A man may be a member of the most orthodox church in Christendom, and he may sit at all the communions for half a century, if he be mean and selfish and careless of the world's condition, he is no Christian; while on the other hand, a man may have peculiarities of religious belief, and yet if he spend his whole life for others, he is so much like Christ I shall call him a Christian. The grandest philanthropist the world ever saw was Christ, and the greatest charity of all the ages, that which gave his life life for the redemption of a world.

Standing in the shadow of Peter Cooper's grave to-day, I implore God for the sanctification of all the wealth of this country, and pray that it may be consecrated to that which is good and helpful. We are, as a nation, about to enter upon an age of prosperity such as has never been imagined. There may be recoil; there may be here and there as the years go by a setback in our national prosperity; but God only can tell

the wealth that is to roll into the lap of this nation. In the intervals of my various journeys to the South there has been a change for the better amounting to a resurrection. The Chattahoochee will soon rival the Merrimac, and already all over the South you hear the dash of the water-wheel and the clatter of the spindle. In the one city of Atlanta six million dollars invested in manufactories. The South has gone out of politics and into business; there is going to roll up from that part of this land a wealth unimaginable. Then from the West all the mines and the quarries will disgorge, and there will be silver and gold and precious stones rolled over all this land. But the need will be just as appalling as the opulence will be tremendous. Five million people in the United States to-day over ten years of age who cannot read. Six million people in the United States to-day over ten years of age who cannot write, and two million of them voters — a fact enough not only to appall but to stun every philanthropist.

We want five hundred Cooper Institutes. We want churches innumerable. We want just one great revival, one reaching from St. Lawrence to Key West and from Barnegat lighthouse to the Golden Gate of the Pacific. You and I have a responsibility in the matter. God help you to do your work and help me to do mine. I like the sentiment and I like the rhythm of that verse written by some anonymous poet:

When I am dead and gone,
  And the mold upon my breast,
Say not that he did ill or well,
  Only "he did his best."

# FOES OF SOCIETY

Micah, 6: 9: "The Lord's voice crieth unto the city."

# FOES OF SOCIETY

Micah, 6: 9: "The Lord's voice crieth unto the city."

Whether God or Satan shall have complete possession of our American cities, is the question of the hour. Never so many churches, never so many reformatory institutions, never so many good men and women, never such bright prospects as now; but do not think that righteousness will triumph without any rebuff, or without terrific and long-continued struggle. Take, for instance, the one fact that in the busy season many of the streets of our great cities are depraved picture-galleries by reason of the unclad figures represented in the show windows and on the board fences, a kind of immorality which is becoming the curse of our great towns. Many of our theaters and opera houses and places of amusement are by their mode of street advertisement in the busy season committing an outrage against which city authorities ought long ago to have lifted an interdict. Twenty-five years ago such things would have been impossible. The managers who ordered them, and the bill-posters who carried them, and the merchants who displayed them in their show windows, would have been hauled up before the police court to answer. You would not allow such lack of apparel in your parlor, or in the presence of your household. No. Why, then, allow it in the presence of all our great cities?

I denounce the immorality in the modes of street advertisements in the busy seasons in our great cities as an appalling education in the wrong direction. I

ask that all respectable merchants refuse such advertisements from their show windows, and that the mayors of our cities in the busy season go down and look at the degrading spectacle, north, south, east and west, and in all the cities on this continent. It is an appalling outrage against which no voice seems to be lifted. If the pictures of actors and actresses in the show windows and on the board fences in the busy season of the year are genuine specimens of what is going on in the "reformed" American theater, that institution is rapidly "reforming" toward Sodom.

In southern Europe the immoral pictures of Herculaneum and Pompeii are put in private galleries under lock and key as specimens of a depraved age and to be seen only by the severe antiquarian; but Brooklyn and New York and Philadelphia and Boston and New Orleans and all our great cities at certain times of the year put their immoral advertisements in the show windows and on the board fences, so that men, women, and children, on their way to church, on their way to school, on their way to social reunion, and on their way to business, can look at them. In the name of God and of decent citizens, I demand a reform in this respect. Away with this evil. It is the business of all city authorities throughout this land to stop it. While never since the world stood have the forces of righteousness been more triumphant than they are now, never since the world stood have the forces of evil been so unblushing and blatant.

We are on the way toward complete and universal victory. The desert is to be a garden, and all wrongs are to be righted, and you and I will see the day, if not on earth, then looking down from the battlements of heaven. But as intelligent workers—and I am glad to know that a vast multitude of these people

are Christian workers, going forth in asylums and in penitentiaries and in almshouses and on the street, and everywhere preaching Jesus Christ, and my ambition is that this whole congregation be one great band of Christian workers — I say, it is most important that we all be intelligent in regard to the obstacles in the way and the evils to be extirpated.

In the first place, I remark, among the antagonists of society are all public criminals. It is not strange that in large cities there should be a large class of criminals — American criminals and foreign criminals Never so many good and industrious and honorable men and women coming from foreign lands to live in this land, as now. Stand at the immigrant depots and see them come with their Bibles, a vast multitude of them an addition to the moral resources as well as the financial resources of this country. Not an immigration of pauperism and sin, but of righteousness and industry. I have seen them at the Castle Garden and at Ellis Island waiting for transportation on the rail-trains reading their Bibles to their families. In former years the majority of the criminals who took ship from Europe came into the port of New York. Wise legislation, with the object of excluding the criminal and the pauper, has fortunately averted this evil, which was formerly a formidable one. In 1869, of the forty-nine thousand people in the prisons of this country thirty-two thousand were of foreign birth. Many were the desperadoes of society. They oozed into the slums of the city awaiting their time to riot and steal and debauch, joining the great gang of American thieves and cut-throats. There are four thousand people in this neighborhood of cities whose entire business it is to commit crime. It is as much their business to do that as it is your business to manage merchandise

or jurisprudence or medicine. They take the few weeks or months they are in jail as wasted time, just as you look upon that as wasted time when you are crippled with influenza or rheumatism. It is their business to pick pockets and shop-lift and blow up safes and ply the panel game, and they are as proud of the achievement among their fellows as you are proud when by skilful argument you upset the plea of an opposing counsel, or when you cure a gunshot fracture which another surgeon gave up; just as much as you merchants are proud of the fact among your comrades when you have foresight enough to purchase just before goods go up twenty per cent. It is their business to commit crime. They rally to it all their energies of body, mind, and soul, and I do not suppose that once a year the thought of the immorality comes across them. In addition to these professional criminals there are others more or less industrious in crime. Ten thousand arrests in this neighborhood of cities in one year for theft. Ten thousand arrests in one year in this neighborhood of cities for assault and battery. Fifty thousand arrests in one year for intoxication. Rum, the cause of a great many of these evils. Rum, the cause of most of the thefts, giving men indistinct ideas of property, so they get their hands on things that do not belong to them. Rum, the author of most of the assaults and batteries, inspiring men with a sudden bravery which they must demonstrate, though it be on the face of the next gentleman. Seven million dollars of property stolen in this neighborhood of cities in one year.

Can you, as good and honest citizens, let all these things pass, saying: "They do not interest me?" They must interest you. They touch your pocket. You are to-day paying the board of the criminals,

from the boy that steals a spool of cotton from a counter up to the man who helps enact a Black Friday. Yea, it ought to touch your heart. You might as well think of standing in a room of confined air, fifty people breathing, and you not be influenced by the vitiated atmosphere, as to think of standing in cities where there are thousands of criminals without being contaminated. What is the burning of your store compared with the destruction of your morals or the morals of your friends? What is the theft of silver and gold compared with the theft of the good morals of your little children?

Society comes out glad to arrest criminals, and we shout: "Stop thief; stop thief!" and we rush down and we surround the panting ruffian, and we hasten him off to the police station; with a gusto we put on the handcuffs and hopples; but what are we doing for the time when the handcuffs and hopples will come off? The vast majority are turned out of prison worse than they went in; society practically saying to these criminals: "You go in there and rot," instead of practically saying: "You have offended against the law of the land, and you must suffer; but we are not against you. We want to reform you; we want to redeem you; here are Bibles and tracts and Christian influences. Jesus Christ died for you. Look and live." No such influence as that. The introduction of industries into our penitentiaries was a great improvement as well as an evil against which honest manufacturers suffering by the competition were driver to protest; but something more than hammer and shoe-last are necessary to reform the criminal classes, something more than sermons necessary to reform them. The vast majority of them have an idea that society has a grudge against them, and so they have a grudge against so-

ciety, and they are plotting worse crimes this very moment. They burned one house. They will burn three. They will drive deeper the knife of assassination. They will say: "You are against me and I am against you." I think the prisons of this country are the best places I know of to manufacture vagabonds and footpads and cut-throats. The first Raymond Street Jail in Brooklyn was the disgrace of Christendom. I looked through the wicket one day, and I saw a group of men there, and as I stood with my handkerchief to my lip and nostril, I said to them; "How do you stand it here?" "Oh," said one, "God knows, we have to stand it." The second Raymond Street Jail is far from being a model prison. Vast sums of money expended, but no care for cleanliness or ablution. Officers of the law do as well as they can. But what a prison that is for an age like this when all the improvements in ventilation and cleanliness are abroad. So much money for an insult to the city. I tell you that stifled air and darkness and maltreatment never yet changed a villain into an honest man. "Oh," says some one, "they are incorrigible, and you cannot do them any good." I believe there are hundreds in the prison bunks to-day, throughout the United States, who would leap at the idea of reform if there were any chance for them.

I speak with more emphasis because these cases are constantly coming before me — men in the thraldom of bad habits trying to get out; men who have been incarcerated and who would like to be restored to their lost places in society. The secretary of one of our benevolent societies said to a lad, fifteen years of age, who had been three years of those fifteen in prison: "What did they do to make you better?" "Well," said the lad, "when I came up the first time before the judge, he said, 'You ought to be ashamed

of yourself.' Then I committed another crime and was brought up, and the judge said, 'You rascal.' Then I committed another crime, and was brought up the third time, and the judge said, 'You ought to be hanged.'" A great many of them in the prisons once, twice, thrice, four times. Of one thousand five hundred prisoners in Sing Sing, four hundred had been there before. In the House of Correction, in which there had been five thousand inmates, three thousand had been there before. The prisons and the houses of correction do not reform and they do not correct. While I have no sympathy with that executive clemency which would let crime go free, and I have no sympathy with those people who sit in court-house galleries weeping because some hard-hearted wretch has been brought to justice, I tell you plainly we need more potential influence in behalf of the reformation of criminals. We want a John Howard or a Sir William Blackstone or an Elizabeth Fry to do for the prisons of America what those people I have mentioned did for the prisons of Europe. I thank God for an Isaac T. Hopper, a Dr. Wines, and a Mr. Harris, and for other people who have given their time for the purification of our prisons and the reformation of the criminal classes; but I fear it will be a long while yet before our cities will come under the benediction of him who said, "I was in prison and ye visited me."

Among the antagonists of society I also place untrustworthy officials. The Bible says: "Woe to thee, O land, when thy king is a child, and thy princes eat in the morning." In all our cities there are bad men who get into positions of authority and influence. That always depresses the moral sentiment. Why was it that crime so triumphed in New York between 1866 and 1871? It was because many of the judges

of the police courts were as villainous as the criminals brought before them for trial. Those were the days of high carnival for election frauds and assassination and forgery. We had the Whisky Ring and the Tammany Ring and the Erie Ring and other rings. One man received one hundred and twenty-eight thousand dollars a year for serving the dear public. It was estimated that within a few years fifty-eight million dollars had been swamped by fraud in that city. A criminal in those times had only to wink to the judge, or have his lawyer wink for him, and the decision was for the defendant. They had a way of "fixing things up," which fixed the interests of society down. It is no compliment to our great cities that there are men and women unwhipped of justice, notorious criminals in all our great cities. There are the "fences," those who stand between the thief and the honest man, letting the thief go, and at high price restoring the property to the owner. There are funeral thieves who go in and sit down and weep with the bereft and pick their pockets. There are thieves who are in Wall Street called "skinners," because they are adroit and they have sleight-of-hand with stocks and bonds. They are the confidence men who tell you they have a dead child in their house they want to bury, and they have no house and they never had any family. Or they get you to let them have money to go to Europe where they have fallen heir to a large property, and they will send the money right back by the first mail. The harbor thieves, the pickpockets, the shoplifters. Notorious men and women pointed out to you on the streets of our great cities. For fifteen years doing nothing but despoiling society. Ought these things to be allowed. When one criminal escapes it opens the door for a dozen criminalities. Society practically says in regard to such per-

sons in its leniency and in its lack of justice, "Crime is safe, crime pays."

Let the law swoop, let the criminals understand the detectives are on their track, that the police-club is brandished, that the door of the prison is opening, that the judge is ready to call on the case. When years ago, one of our former Presidents pardoned a dealer in impure literature, he hindered mightily the crusade against bad books; while when ten or twelve years ago Governor Dix refused to pardon Foster, the assassin, although the pressure for pardon was very great, he vindicated the cause of God and the integrity of the State of New York.

Among these antagonists of society are the idle. Of course, I do not speak of those who are getting old and of those who are sick and of those who cannot get work, but I mean those who can work and will not work. A French nobleman was asked why he toiled after he was so wealthy, and he replied: "I keep working that I may not hang myself." The healthiest man on earth, the most prosperous man on earth, cannot afford to be continuously idle. Character like water becomes putrid if it stands too long. There are a great many people abroad who will not work, notwithstanding there is so much work to do. Work to do for God and for the betterment of the world's condition. They will not work. Some of them say they cannot get work. Any healthy man can get work. It may not be just the work he wants, but there is work for all, some kind of work. At times when there was a dearth in these things I have sometimes tried to set men to work and offered to pay them largely. They would not work. I have set them to sawing wood in my cellar. I told them I would pay them well, I would pay them right away; and I went back to my work, and I heard the saw

going for about three minutes, and then I went down, and lo! the wood, but no saw. They did not want to work. Society owes them a living, they say. Now, I would for such men reinstate the old-fashioned whipping-post. They are not afraid of penitentiaries and Sing Sings. They have no objections to almshouses. They like thin soup when they cannot get mock-turtle. I would put honest work on one side and a raw-hide on the other, and let them take their choice. I like Paul's scanty bill of fare for Thessalonian loafers: "He that will not work, neither shall he eat." By what law of God or man is it right or fair that you and I shall toil until the brain gets numb and the hands are blistered, to help support in the United States what I take to be about two million loafers? Out of the lazy classes come the criminals.

Among the antagonists of society are the oppressed poor. Poverty is chastening to a certain extent, but after that it makes a man desperate. There are thousands of criminals in this country made such by maltreatment. They have been pursued and beaten and abused and wronged until they are like a wild beast that has run until it can run no longer, and turns around and stands foaming and bleeding to fight the hounds. Alas for this underground suffering in these great cities! You say, "I don't see it." You ought to see it. It is wallowing, it is steaming, it is foaming, it is putrefying under all these cities. You go down the stairs decayed with filth until you see at the foot of it the poor, suffering ones three-fourths dead, or they slink into a darker corner under the glaring lantern of the police. Some of them lying down in scenes beyond description. The sewers of the city empty themselves upon them. They lie down to sleep amid the swimming filth. Ah! these are the sores that breed perpetual corruption. These are the vol-

canoes that threaten us with Caraccas earthquake. These volcanoes of suffering underneath that roar and heave and rock and blaspheme and die. There they are all huddled together, men, women, children, black, white. Mary Magdalen without her repentance, and Lazarus without his God. "Oh," you say, "I never saw it." You never will see it until those struggling wretches come up in the light of the judgment throne, and while all hearts are being revealed, God will ask you what you did to help them.

Then there is another class almost as helpless, the honest poor. Their eyes sunken, cheek-bones standing out, hands damp with slow consumptions, flesh puffed up with dropsies, breath like that of the charnel house. They hear overhead the rolling of the wheels of fashion and the gay laughter of men and maidens, and wonder why God did so much for others and did so little for them. Feeling something of the infidelity and the atheism of the German girl who, when told in her wretchedness that God was good, answered "No, no good God; look at me, no good God." Two hundred and ninety thousand honest poor in a single neighborhood of cities — in one year dependent upon private charity, city charity, State charity, Christian charity. Awful story of suffering. If their voice could come up it would make a groan that would shake the earth and move the world and heaven to the rescue. But for the most part they suffer in silence. It is unexpressed suffering.

There is the large host of sewing women in these cities. You say, "The sewing-machine has alleviated all their miseries." Ah, no! Some of them toiling on night after night, and night after night until the blood spurts from nostril and lip. Their woe well voiced by a woman in these cities who sat one day, her invalid husband on one side, and her invalid child on the

other — and said to a city missionary: "I am clear discouraged; we have it so hard, and then there are other things." "Well," said the missionary, "What do you mean by other things?" "Oh," she said, "my sins; you see there is no good comes here, and we work from Monday morning till Saturday night, and Sunday comes and we can't go out, and I walk this floor, and I dread to meet God at last; and then to see this poor little wee thing getting weaker and weaker, and to feel we are getting no nearer God but floating away from him. Oh, sir, I do wish I was ready to die."

I should not wonder if they had a great deal better time in the next world than you and I will have, because they have had it so hard here. It will be just like Christ to say: "Come here and take one of these high seats in heaven. Ye suffered with me on earth; now be glorified with me in heaven." O thou weeping One of Bethany, O thou dying One of the Cross, have mercy upon the suffering!

I preach this sermon because I want you to know who are the antagonists of society, because I want you to be more discriminating in your contributions, because I want to make you the warm friends of all city evangelization and all Howard Missions, and all Christian influences, and because I thought perhaps some of you to-day might go home and open the wardrobe and see some garment there you could spare for the poor. And who knows but that those garments you give away may be all changed, and that hat may become to you a jeweled coronet, and that apparel you gave away may by some supernatural influence be whitened and woven into Christ's robe, so that at last he shall pass his hand over it and say, "I was naked and ye clothed me." Yea, I preach this sermon because I want you in the contrast to

realize how gently God has dealt with you, and because I want you, when you sit at your table to-day and look into the round faces of your children, and there is plenty of food on the table, to see how good God has been to you; how good he is now. And then this afternoon, after the dining hour has passed, you might go to your private room and lock the door and then kneel down and say: "O God, there are so many sick and crippled children, I thank thee that mine are well — some of them on earth, some of them in heaven. Lord, I surrender to thee. Sprinkled as I once was with waters of baptism as my mother held me at the altar, to-day I consecrate my soul to thee in the holier baptism of repenting tears."

For sinners, Lord, thou cam'st to bleed,
And I'm a sinner vile indeed;
Lord, I believe thy grace is free,
Oh, magnify that grace in me.

# A BRIGHT EVENING

**Zech., 14: 7:** "At evening time it shall be light."

# A BRIGHT EVENING

Zech., 14: 7: "At evening time it shall be light."

While "night" in all languages, is the symbol for gloom and suffering, it is often really cheerful, bright, and impressive. I speak not of such nights as come down with no star pouring light from above or silvered wave tossing up light from beneath—murky, hurtling, portentous; but such as you often see when the pomp and significance of heaven turn out on night-parade; and it seems as though the song which the morning stars began so long ago were chiming yet among the constellations, and the sons of God were shouting for joy. Such nights the sailor blesses in the forecastle, and the trapper on the vast prairie, and the belated traveler by the roadside, and the soldier from the tent, earthly hosts gazing upon heavenly, and shepherds guarding their flock afield, while angel hands above them set the silver bells a-ringing: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace; good will toward men."

What a solemn and glorious thing is night in the wilderness! Night among the mountains! Night on the ocean! Fragrant night among tropical groves! Flashing night amid arctic severities! Calm night on Roman Campagna! Awful night among the Cordilleras! Glorious night 'mid sea after a tempest! Thank God for the night! The moon and the stars which rule it are lighthouses on the coast toward which I hope we all are sailing; and blind mariners we are if, with so many beaming, burning, flaming glories to guide us, we cannot find our way into the harbor.

My text may well suggest that, as the natural

evening is often luminous, so it shall be light in the evening of our sorrows—of old age—of the world's history—of the Christian life. "At evening time it shall be light."

This prophecy will be fulfilled in the evening of Christian sorrow. For a long time it is broad daylight. The sun rises high. Innumerable activities go ahead with a thousand feet and work with a thousand arms, and the pickax struck a mine, and the battery made a discovery, and the investment yielded its twenty per cent., and the book came to its twentieth edition, and the farm quadrupled in value, and sudden fortune hoisted to high position, and children were praised, and friends without number swarmed into the family hive, and prosperity sang in the music and stepped in the dance and glowed in the wine and ate at the banquet, and all the gods of music and ease and gratification gathered around this Jupiter holding in his hands so many thunderbolts of power. But every sun must set, and the brightest day must have its twilight. Suddenly the sky was overcast. The fountain dried up. The song hushed. The wolf broke into the family fold and carried off the best lamb. A deep howl of woe came crashing down through the joyous symphonies. At one rough twang of the hand of disaster the harp-strings all broke. Down went the strong business firm! Away went long-established credit! Up flew a flock of calumnies! The new book would not sell. A patent could not be secured for the invention. Stocks sank like lead. The insurance company exploded. "How much," says the sheriff, "will you bid for this piano?" "How much for this library?" "How much for this family picture?" "How much? Will you let it go at less than half price? Going — going — gone!"

Will the grace of God hold one up in such circum-

stances? What has become of the great multitude of God's children who have been pounded of the flail, and crushed under the wheel, and trampled under the hoof? Did they lie down in the dust, weeping, wailing, and gnashing their teeth? Did they, like Job, curse the day of their birth, and want to die because they had boils? When the rod of fatherly chastisement struck them, did they strike back? Because they found one bitter cup on the table of God's supply, did they upset the whole table? Did they kneel down at their empty money-vault and say, "All my treasures are gone?" Did they stand by the grave of their dead, saying, "There never will be a resurrection?" Did they bemoan their thwarted plans and say, "The stocks are down — would God I were dead?" Did the night of their disaster come upon them moonless, starless, dark, and howling; smothering and choking their life out? No, no! At eventime it was light. The swift promises overtook them. The eternal constellations, from their circuit about God's throne, poured down an infinite luster. Under their shining the billows of trouble took on crests and plumes of gold and jasper and amethyst and flame. All the trees of life rustled in the midsummer air of God's love. The night-blooming assurances of Christ's sympathy filled all the atmosphere with heaven. The soul at every step seemed to start up from its feet bright-winged joys, warbling heavenward. "It is good that I have been afflicted," cries David. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away," exclaims Job. "Sorrowful, yet always rejoicing," says St. Paul. "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes," exclaims John in apocalyptic vision. At eventime it was light. Light from the Cross! Light from the promises! Light from the throne! Streaming, joyous, outgushing, everlasting light!

The text shall find fulfilment in the time of old age. It is a grand thing to be young—to have the sight clear, and the hearing acute, and the step elastic, and all our pulses marching on to the drumming of a stout heart. Mid-life and old age will be denied many of us, but youth—we all know what that is. Those wrinkles were not always on your brow. That snow was not always on your head. That brawny muscle did not always bunch your arm. You have not always worn spectacles. Grave and dignified as you now are, you once went coasting down the hillside, or threw off your hat for the race, or sent the ball flying sky-high. But youth will not always last. It stays only long enough to give us exuberant spirits, and broad shoulders for burden-carrying, and an arm with which to battle our way through difficulties. Life's path, if you follow it long enough, will come under frowning crag and across trembling causeway. Blessed old age, if you let it come naturally. You cannot hide it. You may try to cover the wrinkles, but you cannot cover the wrinkles. If the time has come for you to be old, be not ashamed to be old. The grandest things in all the universe are old. Old mountains; old rivers; old seas; old stars, and an old eternity. Then do not be ashamed to be old, unless you are older than the mountains, and older than the stars.

Glorious old age, if found in the way of righteousness! How beautiful the old age of Jacob, leaning on the top of his staff; of John Quincy Adams, falling with the harness on; of Washington Irving, sitting, pen in hand, amid the scenes himself had made classical; of John Angell James, to the last proclaiming the Gospel to the masses of Birmingham; of Theodore Frelinghuysen, down to feebleness and emaciation devoting his illustrious faculties to the kingdom of God! At eventime it was light!

See that you do honor to the aged. A philosopher stood at the corner of the street day after day, saying to the passers-by, "You will be an old man; you will be an old man." "You will be an old woman; you will be an old woman." People thought that he was crazy. I do not think that he was. Smooth the way for that mother's feet; they have not many more steps to take. Steady those tottering limbs; they will soon be at rest. Plow not up that face with any more wrinkles; trouble and care have marked it full enough. Thrust no thorn into that old heart; it will soon cease to beat. "The eye that mocketh its father, and refuseth to obey its mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it." The bright morning and hot noonday of life have passed with many. It is four o'clock! five o'clock! six o'clock! The shadows fall longer and thicker and faster. Seven o'clock! eight o'clock! The sun has dipped below the horizon; the warmth has gone out of the air. Nine o'clock! ten o'clock! The heavy dews are falling; the activities of life's day are all hushed; it is time to go to bed. Eleven o'clock! twelve o'clock! The patriarch sleeps the blessed sleep, the cool sleep, the long sleep. Heaven's messengers of light have kindled bonfires of victory all over the heavens. At eventime it is light! light!

My text shall find fulfilment in the latter day of the Church. Only a few missionaries, a few churches, a few good men, compared with the institutions leprous and putrefied. It is early yet in the history of everything good. Civilization and Christianity are just getting out of the cradle. The light of martyr-stakes, flashed up and down the sky, is but the flaming of the morning; but when the evening of the world shall come, glory to God's conquering truth, it shall be light. War's sword clanging back in the scabbard;

intemperance buried under ten thousand broken decanters; the world's impurity turning its brow heavenward for the benediction, "Blessed are the pure in heart"; the last vestige of selfishness submerged in heaven-descending charities; all China worshiping Dr. Abeel's Saviour; all India believing in Henry Martyn's Bible; aboriginal superstition acknowledging David Brainerd's piety; human bondage delivered through Thomas Clarkson's Christianity; vagrancy coming back from its pollution at the call of Elizabeth Fry's Redeemer; the mountains coming down; the valleys going up; "holiness" inscribed on horse's bell and silkworm's thread and brown-thrasher's wing and shell's tinge and manufacturer's shuttle and chemist's laboratory and king's scepter and nation's Magna Charta. Not a hospital, for there are no wounds; not an asylum, for there are no orphans; not a prison, for there are no criminals; not an almshouse, for there are no paupers; not a tear, for there are no sorrows. The long dirge of earth's lamentation has ended in the triumphal march of redeemed empires, the forests harping it on vine-strung branches, the waters chanting it among the gorges, the thunders drumming it among the hills, the ocean giving it forth with its organs, trade-winds touching the keys, and Euroclydon's foot on the pedal. I want to see John Howard when the last prisoner is reformed; I want to see Florence Nightingale when the last saber wound has stopped hurting; I want to see William Penn when the last Indian has been civilized; I want to see John Huss when the last flame of persecution has been extinguished; I want to see John Bunyan after the last pilgrim has come to the gate of the celestial city; above all, I want to see Jesus after the last saint has his throne, and has begun to sing Hallelujah!

You have watched the calmness and the glory of

the evening hour. The laborers have come from the field. The heavens are glowing with an indescribable effulgence, as though the sun in departing had forgotten to shut the gate after it. All the beauty of cloud and leaf swim in the lake. For a star in the sky, a star in the water; heaven above, and heaven beneath. Not a leaf rustling or a bee humming or a grasshopper chirping. Silence in the meadows; silence in the orchard; silence among the hills. Thus bright and beautiful shall be the evening of the world. The heats of earthly conflict are cooled. The glory of heaven fills all the scene with love and joy and peace. At eventime it is light! light!

Finally, my text shall find fulfilment at the end of the Christian's life. You know how short a winter's day is, and how little work you can do. Now, life is a short winter's day. The sun rises at eight and sets at four. The birth-angel and the death-angel fly only a little way apart. Baptism and burial are near together. With one hand the mother rocks the cradle, and with the other she touches a grave. I went into the house of one of my parishioners on a Thanksgiving Day. The little child of the household was bright and glad, and with it I bounded up and down the hall. Christmas Day came, and the light of that household had perished. We stood, with black book, reading over the grave, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust." But I hurl away this darkness. I cannot have you weep. Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory, at eventime it shall be light!

I have seen many Christians die. I never saw any of them die in darkness. What if the billows of death do rise above our girdle, who does not love to bathe? What though other lights do go out in the blast, what do we want of them when all the gates of glory swing

open before us, and from a myriad voices, a myriad harps, a myriad thrones, a myriad palaces, there dash upon us "Hosanna! Hosanna!" You can see Paul putting on robes and wings of ascension as he exclaims, "I have fought the good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith." Hugh McKail went to one side of the scaffold of martyrdom and cried, "Farewell sun, moon, and stars! farewell all earthly delights!" Then went to the other side of the scaffold and cried, "Welcome, God and Father! Welcome, sweet Jesus Christ, the Mediator of the covenant! Welcome, death! Welcome, glory!" A minister of Christ in Philadelphia, dying, said, in his last moments, "I move into the light." They did not go down doubting and fearing and shivering, but their battle-cry rang through all the caverns of the sepulcher, and was echoed back from all the thrones of heaven, "O death! where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" Sing, my soul, of joys to come!

I saw a beautiful being wandering up and down the earth. She touched the aged, and they became young. She touched the poor, and they became rich. I said, "Who is this beautiful being, wandering up and down the earth?" They told me that her name was Death. What a strange thrill of joy when the palsied Christian begins to use his arm again! When the blind Christian begins to see again! When the deaf Christian begins to hear again! When the poor pilgrim puts his feet on such pavement, and joins in such company, and has a free seat in such a great temple! Hungry men no more to hunger; thirsty men no more to thirst; weeping men no more to weep; dying men no more to die. Gather up all the sweet words, all jubilant expressions, all rapturous exclamations; bring them to me, and I will pour them upon this

stupendous theme of the soul's disenthralment! Oh! the joy of the spirit as it shall mount up toward the throne of God, shouting Free! Free! Your eye has gazed upon the garniture of earth and heaven; but eye hath not seen it. Your ear has caught harmonies uncounted and indescribable—caught them from harp's thrill and bird's carol and waterfall's dash and ocean's doxology; but the ear hath not heard it. How did those blessed ones get up into the light? What hammer knocked off their chains? What loom wove their robes of light? Who gave them wings? Ah, eternity is not long enough to tell it; seraphim have not capacity enough to realize it—the marvels of redeeming love! Let the palms wave; let the crowns glitter; let the anthems ascend; let the trees of Lebanon clap their hands—they cannot tell the half of it. Archangel before the throne, thou failest! Sing on, praise on, ye hosts of the glorified; and if with your scepters you cannot reach it, and with your songs you cannot express it, then let all the myriads of the saved unite in the exclamation, "Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!"

There will be a password at the gate of heaven. A great multitude come up and knock at the gate. The gatekeeper says, "The password." They say, "We have no password. We were great on earth, and now we come up to be great in heaven." A voice from within answers, "I never knew you." Another group come up to the gate of heaven and knock. The gatekeeper says, "The password." They say, "We have no password. We did a great many noble things on earth. We endowed colleges, and took care of the poor." The voice from within says, "I never knew you." Another group come up to the gate of heaven and knock. The gatekeeper says, "The password." They answer, "We were wanderers from God, and deserved to die; but we heard the voice of Jesus —"

"Ay! ay!" says the gatekeeper, "that is the password! Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let these people come in." They go in and surround the throne, jubilant forever!

Do you wonder that the last hours of the Christian on earth are illuminated by thoughts of the coming glory? Light in the evening. The medicines may be bitter. The pain may be sharp. The parting may be heartrending. Yet, light in the evening. As all the stars of this night sink their anchors of pearl in lake and river and sea, so the waves of Jordan shall be illuminated with the down-flashing of the glory to come. The dying soul looks up at the constellations. "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear?" "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Close the eyes of the departed one: earth would seem tame to its enchanted vision. Fold the hands; life's work is ended. Veil the face; it has been transfigured. Thank God for light in the evening!

# CRADLE OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

I Chron., 12: 32: "The children of Issachar, which were men that had understanding of the times, to know what Israel ought to do."

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I Chron., 12: 32: "The children of Issachar, which were men that had understanding of the times, to know what Israel ought to do."

Great tribe, that tribe of Issachar. When Joab took the census, there were one hundred and forty-five thousand six hundred of them. Before the almanac was born, through astrological study, they knew from stellar conjunctions all about the seasons of the year. Before agriculture became an art, they were skilled in the raising of crops. Before politics became a science, they knew the temper of nations; and whenever they marched, either for pleasure or war, they marched under a threecolored flag—topaz, sardine, and carbuncle. But the chief characteristic of that tribe of Issachar was that they understood the times. They were not like the political and moral incompetents of our day, who are trying to guide 1899 by the theories of 1829. They looked at the divine indications in their own particular century. So we ought to understand the times; not the times when America was thirteen colonies, huddled together along the Atlantic coast, but the times when the nation dips one hand in the ocean on one side the continent, and the other hand in the ocean on the other side the continent; times which put New York Narrows and the Golden Gate of the Pacific within one flash of electric telegraphy; times when God is as directly, as positively, as solemnly, as tremendously addressing us through the daily newspaper and the quick revolution of events, as he ever addressed the

ancients, or addresses us through the Holy Scriptures. The voice of God in Providence is as important as the voice of God in typology; for in our own day we have had our Sinais with thunders of the Almighty, and Calvaries of sacrifice, and Gethsemanes that sweat great drops of blood, and Olivets of ascension, and Mount Pisgahs of far-reaching vision. The Lord who rounded this world six thousand years ago, and sent his Son to redeem it near nineteen hundred years ago, has yet much to do with this radiant but agonized planet. May God make us like the children of Issachar, "which were men that had understanding of the times, to know what Israel ought to do."

The grave of this century will soon be dug. The cradle of another century will soon be rocked. There is something moving this way out of the eternities, something that thrills me, blanches me, appalls me, exhilarates me, enraptures me. It will wreathe the orange blossoms for millions of weddings. It will beat the dirge for millions of obsequies. It will carry the gilded banners of brightest mornings, and the black flags of darkest midnights. The world will play the Grand March of its heroes, and sound the Rogue's March of its cowards. Other processions may halt or break down or fall back, but the procession led by that leader moves steadily on, and will soon be here. It will preside over coronations and dethronements. I hail it! I bless it! I welcome it! the twentieth century of the Christian era.

What may we expect of it? and how shall we prepare for it? are the momentous questions I propose to discuss. As in families, human nativity is anticipated by all sanctity and kindliness and solemnity and care and hopefulness, so ought we prayerfully, hopefully, industriously, confidently to prepare for the

advent of a new century. The nineteenth century must not treat the twentieth on its arrival as the eighteenth century treated the nineteenth. Our century inherited the wreck of revolutions and the superstitions of ages. Around its cradle stood the armed assassins of old-world tyrannies; the "Reign of Terror," bequeathing its horrors; Robespierre, plotting his diabolism; the Jacobin Club, with its wholesale massacre; the guillotine, chopping its beheadments. The ground quaking with the great guns of Marengo, Wagram, and Badajos. All Europe in convulsion. Asia in comparative quiet, but the quietness of death. Africa in the clutches of the slave trade. American savages in full cry, their scalping knives lifted. The exhausted and poverty-struck people of America sweating under the debt of three hundred million dollars, which the Revolutionary war had left them. Washington just gone into the long sleep at Mount Vernon, and the nation in bereavement, Aaron Burr, the champion libertine, becoming soon after the Vice-President. The government of the United States only an experiment, most of the philosophers and statesmen and governments of the earth prophesying it would be a disgraceful failure. No poor foundling laid at night on the cold steps of a mansion, to be picked up in the morning, was poorer off than this century at its nativity. The United States Government had taken only twelve steps on its journey, its Constitution having been formed in 1789, and most of the nations of the earth laughed at our Government in its first attempts to walk alone.

The birthday of our nineteenth century occurred in the time of war. Our small United States navy, under Captain Truxton, commanding the frigate *Constitution,* was in collision with the French frigates *La Vengeance* and *L'Insurgente,* and the first infant

cries of this century were drowned in the roar of naval battle. And political strife on this continent was the hottest, the parties rending each other with pantherine rage. The birthday present of this nineteenth century was vituperation, public unrest, threat of national demolition, and horrors national and international. I adjure you, let not the twentieth century be met in that awful way, but with all brightness of temporal and religious prospects.

First, let us put upon the cradle of the new century a new map of the world. The old map was black with too many barbarisms, and red with too many slaughters, and pale with too many sufferings. Let us see to it that on that map, so far as possible, our country from ocean to ocean is a Christianized continent—schools, colleges, churches, and good homes in long line from ocean beach to ocean beach. On that map Cuba must be free. Porto Rico must be free. The archipelago of the Philippines must be free. With those islands thoroughly under our protectorate, for the first time our missionaries in China will be safe. The atrocities imposed on those good men and women in the so-called Flowery Kingdom will never be resumed, for our guns will be too near Hongkong to allow the massacre of missionary settlements.

On that map must be put the Isthmian Canal, begun if not completed. No long voyages around Cape Horn for the world's merchandise, but short and cheap communication by water instead of expensive communication by rail-train, and more millions will be added to our national wealth and the world's betterment than I have capacity to calculate.

On that map it must be made evident that America is to be the world's civilizer and evangelizer. Free from the national religions of Europe on the one

side, and from the superstitions of Asia on the other side, it will have facilities for the work that no other continent can possibly possess. As near as I can tell, by the laying on of the hands of the Lord Almighty, this continent has been ordained for that work. This is the only country in the world where all religions are on the same platform, and the people have free selection for themselves without any detriment. When we present to the other continents this assortment of religions and give them unhindered choice, we have no doubt of their selecting this religion of mercy and kindness and good will and temporal and eternal rescue. Hear it! America is to take this world for God!

On the map which we will put on the cradle of the new century, we must have, very soon, a railroad bridge across Bering Strait, those thirty-six miles of water, not deep, and they are spotted with islands capable of holding the piers of a great bridge. And what with America and Asia thus connected, and Siberian railway, and a railroad now projected for the length of Africa and Palestine and Persia and India and China and Burmah intersected with railroad tracks, all of which will be done before the new century is grown up, the way will be open to the quick civilization and evangelization of the whole world. The old map we used to study in our boyhood days is dusty, and on the top shelf, or amid the rubbish of the garret; and so will the present map of the world, however gilded and beautifully bound, be treated, and an entirely new map will be put into the infantile hand of the coming century.

The work of this century has been to get ready. All the earth is now free to the Gospel except two little spots, one in Asia and one in Africa, while at the beginning of the century there stood the Chinese

wall and there flamed the fires and there glittered the swords that forbade entrance to many islands and large reaches of continent. Bornesian cruelties and Fiji Island cannibalism have given way, and all the gates of all the continents are swung open with a clang that has been a positive and glorious invitation for Christianity to enter. Telegraph, telephone, and phonograph are to be consecrated to Gospel dissemination, and instead of the voice that gains the attention of a few hundred or a few thousand people within the church walls, the telegraph will thrill the glad tidings and the telephone will utter them to many millions. Oh, the infinite advantage that the twentieth century has over what the nineteenth century had at the starting!

In preparation for this coming century, we have time to give some decisive strokes at the seven or eight great evils that curse the world. It would be an assault and battery upon the coming century by this century if we allowed the full blow of present evils to fall upon the future. We ought somehow to cripple or minify some of these abominations. Alcoholism is to-day triumphant, and are we to let the all-devouring monster that has throttled this century seize upon the next without first having filled his accursed hide with stinging arrows enough to weaken and stagger him? We have wasted about twenty-five years. How so? While we have been waiting for the law of the land to prohibit intoxicants we have done little to quench the thirst of appetite in the palate and tongue of a whole generation. Where are the public and enthusiastic meetings that used to be held thirty years ago for the one purpose of persuading the young and middle-aged and old that strong drink is poisonous and damning? When will we learn that we must educate public opinion up to a

prohibitory law, or such a law will not be passed, or if passed, will not be executed? God grant that all State and National Legislatures may build up against this evil a wall which will be an impassable wall, shutting out the alcoholic abomination. But while we wait for that, let us, in our homes, in our schools and our churches, and on our platforms and in our newspapers, persuade the people to stop taking alcoholic stimulant unless prescribed by physicians, and then persuade physicians not to prescribe it if in all the dominions of therapeutics there may be found some other remedy. Seven or eight years ago, on the anniversary platform of the National Temperance Society, in New York, I deplored the fact that we had left politics to do that which moral suasion only could do, and said on that occasion: "If some poor drunkard, wandering along this street to-night, should see the lights kindled by this brilliant assemblage, and should come in, and, finding the character of the meeting, should ask for a temperance pledge, that he might sign it and begin a new career, I do not believe there is in all this house a temperance pledge, and you would have to take out a torn letter-envelope or a loose scrap of paper for the inebriate's signature." I found out afterward that there was one such temperance pledge in the audience, but only one that I could hear of. Do not leave to politics that which can be done now in ten thousand reformatory meetings all over the country. The two great political parties, Republican and Democratic, will put a prohibitory plank in the platform the same day that Satan joins the church and turns perdition into a camp-meeting. Both parties want the votes of the traffickers in liquid death, and if you wait for the ballot-box to do the work, first you will have local option, and then you will have high license, and then a first-

rate law passed, to be revoked by the next Legislature.

Oh, save the young man of to-day, and greet the coming century with a tidal-wave of national redemption! Do not put upon the cradle of the twentieth century a mountain of demijohns and beer barrels and rum jugs, and put to its infant lips wretchedness, disease, murder, and abandonment in solution. Ay, reform that army of inebriates. "Ah," you say, "it cannot be done." That shows that you will be of no use in the work. "O ye of little faith." Away back in early times, President Davies, of Princeton College, one day found a man in utter despair because of the thrall of strong drink. The president said to him: "Sir, be of good cheer; you can be saved. Sign the pledge." "Ah," said the despairing victim, "I have often signed the pledge, but I have always broken my pledge." "But," said the president, "I will be your strength to keep the pledge. I will be your friend, and, with a loving arm around you, will hold you up. When your appetite burns, and you feel that you must gratify it, come to my house; sit down with me in the study, or with the family in the parlor, and I will be a shield to you. All that I can do for you with my books, my sympathy, my experience, my society, my love, my money, I will do. You shall forget your appetite and master it." A look of hope glowed on the poor man's face, and he replied: "Sir, will you do all that?" "Surely I will." "Then I will overcome." He signed the pledge and kept it. That plan of President Davies which saved one man, tried on a large scale, will save a million men.

Alexander the Great made an imperial banquet at Babylon, and though he had been drinking the health of guests all one night and all next day, the second night he had twenty guests, and he drank

the health of each separately. Then calling for the cup of Hercules, the giant—a monster cup—he filled and drained it twice, to show his endurance; but, as he finished the last draught from the cup of Hercules, the giant, he dropped in a fit, from which he never recovered. Alexander, who had conquered Sardis, and conquered Halicarnassus, and conquered Asia, and conquered the world, could not conquer himself; and there is a threatening peril that this good land of ours, having conquered all with whom it has ever gone into battle, may yet be overthrown by the cup of the giant evil of the land—that Hercules of infamy, strong drink. Do not let the staggering and bloated and embruted host of drunkards go into the next century looking for insane asylums and almshouses and delirium tremens and dishonored graves.

Another thing we must get fixed is a national law concerning divorce. William E. Gladstone asked me, while walking in his grounds at Hawarden: "Do you not think that your country is in peril from wrong notions of divorce?" And before I had time to answer he said: "The only good law of divorce that you have in America is the law in South Carolina." The fact is that instead of State laws on this subject, we need a national law passed by the Senate of the United States and the House of Representatives, and plainly interpreted by the Supreme Court of the country. There are thousands of married people who are unhappy, and they ought never to have been wedded. They were deceived or they were reckless or they were fools or they were caught by a dimple or hung by a curl or married in joke or expected a fortune and it did not come or good habits turned to brutality, and hence the domestic wreck. But make divorce less easy and you make the human race more cautious

about entering upon lifetime alliance. Let people understand that marriage is not an accommodation train that will let you leave almost anywhere, but a through train, and then they will not step on the train unless they expect to go clear through to the last depot. One brave man rising amid the white marble of Capitol Hill, could offer a resolution upon the subject of divorce that would keep out of the next century much of the free-loveism and dissoluteness which have cursed this century.

Another thing that we need to get fixed up before the clock shall strike twelve on that night of centennial transition is the expulsion of war by the power of arbitration. We ought to have, and I hope soon will have, what might be called "a jury of nations," which shall render verdict on all controverted international questions. The Peace Conference has discussed it and all civilized nations are ready for it. Great Britain with a standing army of two hundred and ten thousand men, France with a standing army of five hundred and eighty thousand men, Germany with a standing army of six hundred thousand men, Russia with a standing army of nine hundred thousand men. Europe with standing armies of about three and a half million men, the United States proposing a standing army of one hundred thousand men. What a glorious idea, that of disarmament! What an emancipation of nations and centuries! The Czar of Russia proposed it in world-resounding manifesto. Disarmament! What an inspiring and heaven-descended thought! In some quarters the Czar's manifesto was treated with derision, and we were told that he was not in earnest when he made it. I know personally that he did mean it. Six years ago he expressed to me the same theory in his palace at Peterhof, he then being on the way to the throne, not

yet having reached it. His father, Alexander III, then on the throne, expressed to me in his palace the same sentiments of peace, and his wife, the then Empress, with tears in her eyes, said, in reply to my remark, "Your Majesty, there will never be another great war between Christian nations," "Ah! I hope there never will be. If there should ever be another great war I am sure it will not start from this palace."

What a boon to the world if Russia and Germany and England and France and the United States could safely disband all their standing armies and dismantle their fortresses and spike their guns! What uncounted millions of dollars would be saved, and, more than that, what a complete cessation of human slaughter! What an improvement of the morals of nations! What an adoption of that higher and better manifesto which was set to music and let down from the midnight heavens of Bethlehem ages ago! The world must yet come to this. Why not make it the peroration of the nineteenth century? Are we going to make a present to the twentieth century of reeking hospitals and dying armies and hemispheric graveyards? Do you want the hoofs of other cavalry horses on the breasts of fallen men? Do you want other harvest fields gullied with wheels of gun-carriages? Do you want the sky glaring with conflagration of other homesteads? Ah! this nineteenth century has seen enough of war. Make the determination that no other century shall be blasted with it.

During the first half of this century we expended eight million dollars to educate the Indians, and four hundred millions to kill them. According to a reliable statistician, during this century we have had the Crimean war, which slew seven hundred and eighty-five thousand, and cost one billion seven hundred million dollars; and our American Civil War, which slew

million men, North and South, and cost nine billions of dollars, digging a grave trench from Barnegat light-house, New Jersey, to "Lone Mountain" cemetery at San Francisco. And you must add to these the Zulu war and the Austro-Prussian war and the Danish war and the Italian war, the Franco-Prussian war, China-Japan, 1812-15 Napoleonic war, and the Americo-Spanish war. What a record for this boasted nineteenth century! It makes all Pandemonium chuckle. It has called out all the realms of Diabolus in grand parade, Satan reviewing them from platform of fire, as the demons, in companies and regiments and brigades, have passed with banners of fire and riding on horses of fire, keeping step to the roll of the grand march of hell. In the name of the God of nations, let the scroll of blood be rolled up and put upon the shelf, never to be taken down. And by the middle of next century let the sword and the carbine and the bomb-shell become curiosities in a museum, about which your grandchildren shall ask questions, wondering what those instruments were ever used for; but let no one dare tell them, but keep it from them an everlasting secret, lest they too much despise our nineteenth century and curse the memory of their ancestors.

Will it not be grand if, on the first day of the twentieth century, the Last Will and Testament of the Nineteenth Century shall be opened and it shall be found to read: "In the name of God, amen. I, the dying century do make this my last will and testament. I give and bequeath to my heir, the twentieth century, peace of nations; swords, which I direct to be beaten into plowshares, and spears, which must be turned into pruning hooks; armories, to be changed into schoolhouses, and fortresses, to be rebuilt into churches; and I order that greater honors be put on those who save life than upon those who destroy it.

And, if amid the universal peace now attained, the nations which, like Turkey, do not stop their cruelties, let the other nations, banded together, extemporize a police force to wipe those countries off the map of nations as a wet sponge wipes from a boy's slate at school a hard sum in arithmetic. This last will I sign and seal and deliver on the thirty-first day of December, in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred, all the civilized nations of earth and all the glorified nations of heaven witnessing."

But what we do as individuals, as churches, as nations, as continents, we must do very soon, if we want the transition from century to century to be a worthy transition; for I hear the trumpets of the approaching century and the clattering hoofs of the host it leads on.

For historical reminiscence there is no street in all the world like Pennsylvania Avenue. Champs Elysees of Paris is more brilliant; Princess Street, Edinburgh, more picturesque; Unter den Linden, Berlin, more richly foliaged; Piccadilly Street, London, more populous; Nevsky Prospekt, of St. Petersburg, stands for more years; the Corso of Rome is lined with more antiquities—but for an intelligent and patriotic American, yonder avenue has no equal for suggestiveness. The other night, while thinking of this subject, as to the way in which we ought to meet the new century, so near at hand, I fell into a sort of dreamy state, in which the chronology of events seemed obliterated, and I saw on Pennsylvania Avenue two processions, which seemed to meet each other as this century goes out and another comes in. As near as I could tell in that dreamy state, it was the last night of the century, and I saw the spirits of the mighties in American history passing down the marble steps of the Capitol on yonder hill and moving through

that memorable Pennsylvania Avenue. There they come, the departed members of the Supreme Court of our nation, led on by Chief Justice Marshall. There come the distinguished men of our National Legislature, in which are Webster and Clay and Benton and Calhoun and Preston and Corwin and Edward Everett, and John Quincy Adams and Samuel L. Southard and Rufus Choate and others—some great for statesmanship, others great for wit, others great for eloquence, others great for courage. They pass on through the avenue immortal for those who in past times trod it. Yonder I see the funeral pageants of senators and three Presidents! Banners draped in gloom, tossing black plumes following tossing black plumes. Catafalques, each drawn by eight white horses, while minute-guns boom. Yonder a nation in tears follows the victims of the exploded *Princeton,* the slain Secretaries of State and Navy.

Presidential inaugural processions, accompanied by vanished music that has returned, the lips again on flutes and cornets long ago rusted, but now repolished, and I hear the beating drums, which silent for many years are again sounded, greeted by the huzza of hundreds of thousands of voices. Many decades hushed, but again resonant. Regiments of the army of the American Revolution followed by regiments of the army of 1812 and regiments of the army of 1861. They have come up from the encampments in the tomb to take part in this great parade in honor of the century on this night passing away. From the windows on both sides—windows upholstered again, as in those olden days—the pomp and fashion of the National Capital looking out upon the passing spectacle. There Marquis de Lafayette passes, escorted by the chief men of the land, who have been authorized to welcome him in behalf of a nation which he helped to set free. On

through that avenue pass the throngs toward the Presidential residence, where, to greet them, come out on the platform built to review the passing century Washington and the Adamses and Jefferson and Madison and Monroe and Lincoln.

As that long and brilliant procession, vanished, but now a resurrected and remarshaled host, passes before that reviewing stand, I see another procession coming from the opposite direction to meet this. They are the President, the senators, the legislators, the judges, the philanthropists, the deliverers of the twentieth century. They come up from the schools, the churches, the farms, the cities, the homesteads of the continent. Their cradles were rocked on the banks of the Alabama and the St. Lawrence and the Oregon and the Androscoggin and the Potomac and the Hudson. They have just as firm a tread, just as well-built a brow, just as great a brain, just as noble a heart, just as high a purpose, just as sublime a courage, passing in procession one way through that avenue as the other procession passing the other way. Yea, the men coming out of the twentieth century in some respects surpass those coming out of the nineteenth century, for they have had better advantage, and will have grander opportunity, and will take part in higher achievements of civilization and Christianity.

What a meeting on this midnight twelve o'clock, the two processions of the mighties of two centuries! Uncover all heads and bow reverently in prayer. Thank God for the good done by the procession coming out of the past, and pray to God for good to be done by the procession coming out of the future. But halt, both processions! Halt! Halt! Break ranks! Back to your thrones, ye mighties of the nineteenth century, and enjoy the reward of your fidelity! Back to your homes, your Congressional chairs, your ju-

dicial benches, your Presidential mansions, your editorial rooms, your stupendous responsibilities, and do the work for the twentieth century! Farewell and tears for the one procession! Hail and welcome to the other procession!

It has been a custom in all Christian lands for people to keep watch-night as an old year goes out and a new year comes in. People assemble in churches about ten o'clock of that last night of the old year, and they have prayers and songs and sermons and congratulations until the hands of the church clock almost reach the figure twelve, and then all bow in silent prayer; and the scene is mightily impressive, until the clock in the tower of the church, or the clock in the tower of the city hall, strikes twelve, and then all rise and sing with smiling face and jubilant voice the grand doxology, and there is a shaking of hands all around. But what a wonderful watch-night the world is soon to celebrate! This century will depart at twelve o'clock of the thirty-first of December, of the year 1900. What a night that will be, whether starlit or moonlit or dark with tempest. It will be such a night as you and I never saw. Those who watched the coming in of the nineteenth century, long ago went to their pillows of dust. Here and there one will see the new century arrive who saw this century enter, yet they were too infantile to appreciate the arrival. But on the watch-night of which I speak, in all neighborhoods and towns and cities and continents audiences will assemble and bow in prayer, waiting for the last breath of the dying century, and when the clock shall strike twelve, there will be a solemnity and an overwhelming awe such as has not been felt for a hundred years; and then all the people will arise and chant the welcome of a new century of joy and sorrow, of triumph and defeat, of happiness

and woe, and neighborhood will shake hands with neighborhood, and church with church, and city with city, and continent with continent, and hemisphere with hemisphere, and earth with heaven, at the stupendous departure and the majestic arrival. May we all see the solemnities and join in the songs and shake hands in the congratulations of that watch-night; or, if between this and that any of us should be off and away, may we be inhabitants of that land where "a thousand years are as one day," and in the presence of that angel spoken of in the Apocalypse, who at the end of the world will, standing with one foot on the sea and the other foot on the land, "swear by him that liveth forever and ever, that time shall be no longer."

# WONDERS OF THE HAND

I Corinthians, 12: 21: "The eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee."

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These words suggest that some time two very important parts of the human body got into controversy, and the eye became insolent and full of braggadocio, and said: "I am an independent part of the human system. How far I can see, taking in spring morning and midnight aurora! Compared with myself, what an insignificant thing is the human hand! I look down upon it. There it hangs, swinging at the side, a clump of muscles and nerves, and it cannot see an inch either way. It has no luster compared with that which I beam forth." "What senseless talk," responds the hand. "You, the eye, would have been put out long ago but for me. Without the food I have earned you would have been sightless and starved to death years ago. You cannot do without me any better than I can do without you." At this part of the disputation Paul of my text breaks in, and ends the controversy by declaring: "The eye cannot say unto the hand I have no need of thee."

Fourteen hundred and thirty-three times, as nearly as I can count by aid of concordance, does the Bible speak of the human hand. We are all familiar with the hand, but the man has yet to be born who can fully understand this wondrous instrument.

So we are all going on opening and shutting this divinely-constructed instrument—the hand—ignorant of much of the revelation it was intended to make of the wisdom and goodness of God. You can see by

their structure that shoulder and elbow and forearm are getting ready for the culmination in the hand. There is your wrist, with its eight bones and their ligaments in two rows. That wrist, with its bands of fibres and its hinged joint, and turning on two axes—on the larger axis moving backward and forward, and on the smaller axis turning nearly 'round. And there is the palm of your hand, with its five bones, each having a shaft and two terminations. There are the fingers of that hand with fourteen bones, each finger with its curiously-wrought tendons, five of the bones with ending roughened for the lodgment of the nails. There is the thumb, coming from opposite direction to meet the fingers, so that in conjunction they may clasp and hold fast that which you desire to take. There are the long nerves running from the armpit to the forty-six muscles, so that all are under mastery. It at first seems a misfit, a mistake, a miscalculation that the fingers should differ in length; would it not be more symmetrical to have them terminate alike, instead of having them steps ascending from the little finger to the longest, and then descending to the index finger? And the child asked his father, the scientist, why the fingers were of such different lengths. The father told his child to close his fingers on his palm, when they were seen to be even; or to hold an orange, when the thumb also ended evenly. You see the Creator makes no mistakes. The whole anatomy of your hand as complex, as intricate, as symmetrical, as useful as God could make it. What can it not do? It can climb, it can lift, it can push, it can repel, it can menace, it can clutch, it can deny, it can affirm, it can extend, it can weave, it can bathe, it can smite, it can humble, it can exalt, it can soothe, it can throw, it can defy, it can wave, it can imprecate, it can pray.

## Wonders of the Hand

A skeleton of the hand traced on blackboard, or unrolled in diagram, or hung in medical museum, is mightly illustrative of the divine wisdom and goodness, but how much more pleasing when in living action all its nerves and muscles and bones and tendons and tissues and phalanges display what God invented when he invented the human hand. Two specimens of it we carry at our side from the time when in infancy we open them to take a toy, till, in the last hour of a long life we extend them in bitter farewell.

With the Divine help I shall speak of the hand as the chief executive officer of the soul, whether lifted for defense or extended for help or busied in the arts or offered in salutation or wrung in despair or spread abroad in benediction. God evidently intended all the lower orders of living beings should have weapons of defense, and hence the elephant's tusk and the horse's hoof and the cow's horn and the lion's tooth and the insect's sting. Having given weapons of defense to the lower orders of living beings, of course he would not leave man, the highest order of living beings on earth, defenseless and at the mercy of brutal or ruffian attack. The right, yea! the duty, of self-defense is so evident it needs no argumentation. The hand is the divinely-fashioned weapon of defense. We may seldom have to use it for such purposes, but the fact that we are so equipped insures safety. The hand is a weapon sooner loaded than any gun, sooner drawn than any sword. Its fingers bent into the palm, it becomes a bolt of demolition. Solomon speaks of the hands as the "keepers of the house," or the defenders. Surely, such a castle as the human body needs such protection as the hand alone can offer.

What a defense it is against accident! There have been times in all our experiences when we have with

the hand warded off something that would have extinguished our eyesight or broken the skull or crippled us for a lifetime. While the eye has discovered the approaching peril, the hand has beaten it back or struck it down or disarmed it. Every day thank God for your right hand, and if you want to hear its eulogy ask him who in swift revolution of machinery has had it crushed or at Chapultepec or South Mountain or San Juan Hill or Sedan lost it.

And in passing let me say that he who has the weapon of the hand uninjured and in full use needs no other. You cowards who walk with sword-cane or carry a pistol in your hip-pocket had better lay aside your deadly weapon. At the frontier or in barbarous lands or as an officer of the law about to make arrest, such arming may be necessary, but no citizen moving in these civilized regions needs such re-enforcements. If you are afraid to go down these streets or along these country roads without dagger or firearms, better ask your grandmother to go with you armed with scissors and knitting-needle. What cowards, if not what intended murderers, uselessly to carry weapons of death! In our two hands God gave us all the weapons we need to carry.

Again, the hand is the chief executive officer of the soul for affording help. Just see how that hand is constructed. How easily you can lower it to raise the fallen. How easily it is extended to feel the invalid's pulse or gently wipe away the tears of orphange or contribute alms or smooth the excited brow or beckon into safety. Oh, the helping hands! There are hundreds of thousands of them, and the world wants at least sixteen hundred millions of them. Hands to bless others; hands to rescue others; hands to save others. What are all these schools and churches and asylums of mercy? Outstretched hands.

What are all those hands distributing tracts and carrying medicines and trying to cure blind eyes and deaf ears and broken bones and disordered intellects and wayward sons? Helping hands. Let each one of us add two to that number, if we have two, or if through casualty only one, add that one. If these hands which we have so long kept thrust into pockets through indolence or folded in indifference or employed in writing wrong things or doing mean things or heaving up obstacles in the way of righteous progress, might from this hour be consecrated to helping others out and up an on, they would be hands worth being raised on the Resurrection morn, and worth clapping in eternal gladness over a world redeemed.

The great artists of the ages—Raphael and Leonardo da Vinci and Quentin Matsys and Rembrandt and Albert Durer and Titian—have done their best in picturing the face of Christ, but none except Ary Scheffer seems to have put much stress upon the hand of Christ. Indeed, the mercy of that hand, the gentleness of that hand, is beyond all artistic portrayal. Some of his miracles he performed by word of mouth, and without touching the subject before him, but most of them he performed through the hand. Was the dead damsel to be raised to life? "He took her by the hand." Was the blind man to have optic nerve restored? "He took him by the hand." Was the demon to be exorcised from a suffering man? "He took him by the hand." The people saw this, and besought him to put his hand on their afflicted ones.

His own hands free, see how the Lord sympathized with the man who had lost the use of his hand. It was a case of atrophy, a wasting away until the arm and hand had been reduced in size beyond any medical or surgical restoration. Moreover, it was his right hand, the most important of the two, for the left side

in all its parts is weaker than the right side, and we involuntarily, in any exigency, put out the right hand because we know it is the best hand. So that poor man had lost more than half of his physical armament It would not have been so bad if it had been the left hand. But Christ looked at that shriveled-up right hand, dangling uselessly at the man's side, and then cried out with a voice that had omnipotence in it: "Stretch forth thy hand," and the record is, "he stretched it forth whole as the other." The blood rushed through the shrunken veins, and the shortened muscles lengthened, and the dead nerves thrilled and the lifeless fingers tingled with resumed circulation and the restored man held up in the presence of the skeptical Pharisees one of Jehovah's masterpieces—a perfect hand. No wonder that story is put three times in the Bible, so that if a sailor were cast away on a barren island, or a soldier's New Testament got mutilated in battle and whole pages are destroyed, the shipwrecked, or wounded man in hospital, would probably have at least one of those three radiant stories of what Christ thought of the human hand.

How often has the hand decided a destiny! Mary Queen of Scots was escaping from imprisonment at Loch Leven in the dress of a laundress, and had her face thickly veiled. When a boatman attempted to remove the veil she put up her hand to defend it, and so revealed the white and fair hand of a queen, and so the boatman took her back to captivity. Again and again it has been demonstrated that the hand hath a language as certainly as the mouth. Palmistry, or the science by which character and destiny are read in the lines of the hand, is yet crude and uncertain and unsatisfactory; but as astrology was the mother of astronomy, and alchemy was the mother of chemistry,

it may be that palmistry will result in a science yet to be born.

Again, as the chief executive officer of the soul behold the hand busy in the arts! What a comparatively dull place this world would be without pictures, without statuary, without music, without architecture. Have your ever realized what fifty seeming miracles are in the five minutes' fingering of piano or harp or flute? Who but the eternal God could make a hand capable of that swift sweep of the keys or that quick feeling of the pulses of a flute or the twirl of the fingers amid the strings of the harp? All the composers of music who dreamed out the oratories and the cantatas of the ages would have had their work dropped flat and useless but for the translations of the hand. Under the deft fingers of the performer, what cavalries gallop and what batteries boom and what birds carol and what tempests march and what oceans billow! The great architects of the earth might have though out the Alhambras and the Parthenons and the St. Sophias and the Taj Mahals, but all those visions would have vanished had it not been for the hand on hammer, on plummet, on trowel, on wall, on arch, on pillar, on stairs, on dome.

In two discourses, one concerning the ear and the other concerning the eye, I spoke from the potent text in the Psalm, " He that planted the ear, shall he not hear," and " He that formed the eye, shall he not see," but what use in the eye and what use in the ear if the hand had not been strung with all its nerves and moved with all its muscles and reticulated with all its joints and strengthened with all its bones and contrived with all its ingenuities. The hand hath forwarded all the arts, and tunneled the mountains through which the rail-train thunders and launched

all the shipping and fought all the battles and built all the temples and swung all the cables under the sea, as well as lifted to mid-air the wire tracks on which whole trains of thought rush across the continents, and built all the cities and hoisted the pyramids.

Do not eulogize the eye and ear at the expense of the hand, for the eye may be blotted out, as in the case of Milton, and yet his hand writes a *Paradise Lost* or a *Samson Agonistes;* as in the case of William H. Prescott, and yet his hand may write the enchanting *Conquest of Peru.* Or the ear may be silenced forever, as in the case of Beethoven, and yet his hand may put into immortal cadences the Ninth Symphony. Oh, the hand! The God-fashioned hand! The triumphant hand! It is an open Bible of divine revelation, and the five fingers are the Isaiah and the Ezekiel and the David and the Micah and the Paul of that almighty inspiration.

A pastor in his sermon told how a little child appreciated the value of his hand when he was told that on the morrow it must be amputated in order to save his life. Hearing that, he went to a quiet place and prayed that God would spare his hand. The surgeon, coming the next day to do his work, found the hand so much better that amputation was postponed, and the hand got well. The pastor, telling of this in a sermon, concluded by holding up his hand and saying: "That is the very hand that was spared in answer to prayer, and I hold it up, a monument of divine mercy."

Again, the hand is the chief executive officer of the soul when wrung in agony. Tears of relief are sometimes denied to trouble. The eyelids at such time are as hot and parched and burning as the brow. At such time even the voice is suppressed, and there is no sob or outcry. Then the wringing of the hand

tells the story. At the close of a life wasted in sin sometimes comes that expression of the twisted fingers; the memory of years that will never return, of opportunities the like of which will never again occur, and conscience in its wrath pouncing upon the soul, and all the past a horror, only to be surpassed by the approaching horror. So a man wrings his hands over the casket of a dead wife whom he has cruelly treated. So a man wrings his hands at the fate of sons and daughters whose prospects have been ruined by his inebriety and neglect and depravity. So the sinner wrings his hands when, after a life full of offers of pardon and peace and heaven, he dies without hope. When there are sorrows too poignant for lamentation on the lip, and too hot for the tear-glands to write in letters of crystal on the cheek, the hand recites the tragedy with more emphasis than anything in Macbeth and King Lear.

Worse than the wringing of the hands was the punishment that Cranmer gave his right hand when he put it in the fire of the stake and without flinching, said: "Forasmuch as my hand offended in writing contrary to my heart, my hand shall therefore be the first punished. It shall be the first burned. This was the hand that wrote it."

Again, the hand is the chief executive officer of the soul in salutation. A former President of the United States said: "I think handshaking is a great nuisance and it should be abolished. It not only makes the right arm sore, but shocks the whole system, and unfits a man for writing or attending to other duties. It demoralizes the entire nervous and muscular system." But while this exercise may be fatiguing, it is also an opportunity. He who knows how heartily to shake hands has one of the mightiest arts for conveying happiness and good cheer and life eternal.

After you have shaken hands with one, a line of communication is open that was not open before. Two hands clasped in greeting are a bridge on which all sympathies and kindnesses and encouragements and blessings cross over. To shake hands with some persons does us more good than a sermon—ay! it is a sermon. To shake hands with a good doctor when we are sick is an anodyne, a tonic, a febrifuge before he feels the pulse or writes the prescription. To shake hands with a cheerful man when we are discouraged, fills us with faith to try again what we have failed in doing. To shake hands with some consecrated man, clerical or lay, after we have wandered away into sin, is to feel the grasp of a father—God welcoming home the prodigal. Shake hands, O ye stolid and exclusive and cold-blooded and precise and conventional Christians! Jehu cried out to Jehonadab: "Is thine heart right? If it be, give me thine hand."

There is in an honest and Christian handshake a thrill of Gospel electricity. You take part of his trouble and he takes part of your jubilance. In that way you divide up anxieties and congratulations. The main trunk line of that handshake has branches of blessed telegraphy right down to both hearts and up to both heads, and you both get the message the same instant. Take off the glove when you shake hands, for that glove puts the hide of a kid between the palm of your hand and the palm of his hand, and that animal's hide is a non-conductor of this Gospel electricity. Do not grip the bone of the forefinger and the bone of the little finger with a crushing power that puts one into a severe suffering which many of us have experienced from those who are more brutes than men. Take the hand gently, reasonably, heartily, and know that God ordered that form of salutation. That is one important thing that the hand

was made for. You can see the indications in its shape and equipment—the four fingers to take your neighbor's hand on the one side, and the thumb to take it on the other, and the forearm so swung that you can easily draw it toward you.

Of course, there is a wicked shaking of hands, and Solomon refers to it when he says: "Though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not be unpunished." Shake hands in conspiracy to damage individual or community or nation; shake hands to defraud; shake hands to stand by each other in wrongdoing—you help me stuff this ballot-box, and I will see that when I am in power you shall have promotion; you help me in my infamy and I will help you in your infamy. Oh, that is profanation of a holy rite; that is sacrilege against a divine arrangement; that is gripping your own destruction! Pilate and Herod, though antagonists before, shook hands over Christ's projected assassination.

But shake hands the way William Penn shook hands with the Indians for their civilization. Shake hands the way Missionary Carey shook hands with the Hindus, for whose salvation he became a lifetime exile. Shake hands the way Havelock shook hands with the besieged women at Lucknow whom he had come to save from massacre. Shake hands as David Brainerd did with the American Indians, to whom he offered a glorious heaven through the Gospel. Shake hands as Lincoln shook hands with the agitated mother to whom he gave back the boy who had fallen asleep from overfatigue as a sentinel. Shake hands as during the Civil War Anna Ross shook hands with the wounded soldier in Cooper Shop Hospital, Philadelphia. Shake hands as Van Meter, the city evangelist, shook hands with the waif of the street coming penitent into the midnight mission. Shake hands as

heaven shook hands with earth that night when a doxology in the gallery of clouds woke the Bethlehem shepherds.

But it is not always in such glad greeting that we can employ our right hand. Alas, that so often we have to employ the hand in farewell salutation. If your right hand retained some impress of all such uses, it would be a volume of bereavements. Oh, the good-bies in your right hand has participated! Good-by at the rail-train window Good-by before the opening of the battle. Good-by at the dying pillow. We all needed grace for such hand-shaking, though our hand was strong and their hand was weak and we will need grace for the coming good-bies, and that grace we had better seek while amid the felicities of health and homes unbroken. Thank God, there will be no good-by in heaven.

Again, the hand is the chief executive of the soul when employed in benediction. No gesture of the human hand means more than that outstretched gesture. In many of our religious denominations we are not permitted to pronounce an apostolic benediction until we have been regularly ordained as ministers of the Gospel; but there are kinds of benediction that you may all pronounce without especial permission from the Presbytery or Conference or Convention. You have a right to spread abroad both right hand and left hand in bestowing a blessing of kindness and good-will upon all you meet. With both hands bless the children. Take them in your arms and kiss their fair cheek. Take with them a round of merriment in the room before you leave it; and by prayer put them in the arms of that Christ, to go to whom in olden time they struggled to get out of the arms of their mothers. God bless the cradles and high-chairs and nurseries all 'round the world.

Extend your hands in benediction for the aged. Take their counsel and ask their prayers, and smooth the path down the declivities. By neglect and unfilial demeanor add no wrinkles to their brow, no more stoop to their shoulders. They have their hand on the latch of the door through which they will soon go out of sight of your homes and churches. May the mantles of the Elijahs fall upon the Elishas! Spread your hand for the benediction upon all the men and women in the tug-of-life, many of them tired and buffeted and disheartened. Never go out of a store or a shop or office or field without pronouncing a benediction.

And what better use can I make of my hands, which are the chief executive officer of my soul, than now to spread them abroad in the apostolic benediction which has been pronounced for centuries, and over hundreds of thousands of assemblages at coronations and obsequies, at harvest-homes and on fast-days, by all the ministers of the Gospel in the past as it will be by all the ministers of the Gospel until the church militant reaches up its right hand to take the right hand of the Church triumphant; a benediction which, when it has full sway, will leave nothing for our world to want, or heaven to bestow: "May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all forever. Amen."

# A NEW YEAR'S DISCOURSE

Jer., 28: 16: "This year thou shalt die."

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Jeremiah, accustomed to saying bold things, addresses Hananiah in these words. They prove true. In sixty days Hananiah had departed this life. This is the first Sabbath of the year. It is a time for review and for anticipation. A man must be a genius at stupidity who does not think now. The old year died in giving birth to the new, as the life of Jane Seymour, the English queen, departed when that of her son, Edward VI, dawned. The old year was a queen. The new shall be a king. The grave of the one and the cradle of the other are side by side. We can hardly guess what the child will be. It is only two days old, but I prophesy for it an eventful future. Year of mirth and madness! Year of pageant and conflagration! It will laugh; it will sing; it will groan; it will die.

Is it not a time for earnest thought? The congratulations have been given. The Christmas-trees have been taken down, or have wellnigh cast their fruit. The vacation ended, the children are at school. The friends who came for the holidays are gone in the rail-train. While we are looking forward to another twelve months of intense activities, the text breaks upon us like a bursting thunderbolt: "This year thou shalt die!"

On the coast of England, three men entered a house of worship with stones in their pockets, intending to interrupt the services and assault the preacher. As the preacher began, one of the men said, "Let

us throw." The other said, "Let us wait until he has made out this point." At the close of that, the first said, "Now, let us throw." The third suggested, "I think we had better not throw these stones at all, but listen." The first two, in disgust, left the building, and were afterward executed for great crimes. The third remained, and accepted the truth of the Gospel, and afterward proclaimed it to many thousands. So some may come to God's house armed with the weapons of criticism, but I think you had better drop your weapons. It makes but little difference to the preacher what you think of him, as it makes but little difference to you what he may think of you. But what think ye of Christ, of death, of the judgment, of eternity?

The text will probably prove true of some of us. "This year thou shalt die." The probability is augmented by the fact that all of us who are over thirty-five years of age have gone beyond the average of human life. The note is more than due. It is only by sufferance that it is not collected. We are like a debtor who is taking the "three days' grace" of the banks. Our race started with nine hundred years for a lifetime. We read of but one antediluvian youth whose early death disappointed the hopes of his parents by his dying at seven hundred and seventy-seven years of age. The world then may have been ahead of what it is now, for men had so long a time in which to study, and invent and plan. If an artist or a philosopher has forty years for work, he makes great achievements; but what must the artists and philosophers have done who had nine hundred years before them? In the nearly two thousand years before the flood, considering the longevity of the inhabitants, there may have been nearly as many people as there are now. The flood was not a freshet that washed a

few people off a plank, but a disaster that may have swept away at housand million.

At that time God started the race with a shorter allowance of life. The nine hundred years were hewn down, until, in the time of Vespasian, a census was taken, and only one hundred and twenty-four persons were found one hundred years old, and three or four persons one hundred and forty years old. Now a man who has come to one hundred years of age is a curiosity, and we go miles to see him. The vast majority of the race pass off before twenty years. To every apple there are five blossoms that never get to be apples. In the country church, the sexton rigns the bell rapidly until almost through, and then tolls it. For a while the bell of our life rings right merrily; but with some of you the bell has begun to toll, and the adaptedness of the text to you is more and more probable: "This year thou shalt die."

The character of our occupations adds to the probability. Those who are in the professions are undergoing a sapping of the brain and nerve foundations. Literary men in this country are driven with whip and spur to their topmost speed. Not one brain-worker out of a hundred observes any moderation. There is something so stimulating in our climate that, if John Brown, the essayist of Edinburgh, had lived here, he would have broken down at thirty-five instead of fifty-five, and Charles Dickens would have dropped at forty. There is something in all our occupations which predisposes to disease. If we be stout, to disorders ranging from fevers to apoplexy. If we be frail, to diseases ranging from consumption to paralysis. Printers rarely reach fifty years. Watchmakers, in marking the time for others, shorten their own. Chemists breathe death in their laboratories, and potters absorb paralysis. Painters fall under their

own brush. Foundrymen take death in with the filings. Shoemakers pound away their own lives on the last. Overdriven merchants measure off their own lives with the yardstick. Millers grind their own lives with the grist. Masons dig their graves with the trowel. And in all our occupations and professions there are the elements of peril. Rapid climatic changes threaten our lives. By reason of the violent fits of the thermometer, within two days we live both in the arctic and the tropic. The warm south wind finds us with our furs on. The wintry blast cuts through our thin apparel. The hoof, the wheel, the firearms, the assassin, with their chance to put upon us their quietus. I announce it as an impossibility that three hundred and sixty-five days should pass and leave us all as we now are. In what direction to shoot the arrow I know not, and so I shoot it at a venture: "This year thou shalt die."

In view of this, I advise that you have your temporal matters adjusted. Do not leave your worldly affairs at the mercy of administrators. Have your receipts properly pasted, and your letters filed, and your books balanced. If you have "trust-funds," see that they are rightly deposited and accounted for. Let no widow or orphan scratch on your tombstone, "This man wronged me of my inheritance." Many a man has died, leaving a competency, whose property has, through his own carelessness, afterward been divided betwen the administrators, the surrogate, the lawyers, and the sheriffs. I charge you, before many days have gone, as far as possible, have all your worldly matters made straight, for "this year thou shalt die."

I advise also that you be busy in Christian work. How many Sabbaths in the year? Fifty-two. If the text be true of you, it does not say at what time you

may go, and therefore it is unsafe to count on all of the fifty-two Sundays. As you are as likely to go in the first half of the year as in the last half, I think we had better divide the fifty-two into halves, and calculate only twenty-six Sabbaths. Come, Christian men, Christian women, what can you do in twenty-six Sabbaths? Divide the three hundred and sixty-five days into two parts: What can you do in one hundred and eighty-two days? What, by the way of saving your family, the Church, and the world? You will not, through all the ages of eternity in heaven, get over the dishonor and the outrage of going into glory, and having helped none up to the same place. It will be found that many a Sabbath-school teacher has taken into heaven her whole class; that Daniel Baker, the evangelist, took thousands into heaven; that Doddridge has taken in hundreds of thousands; that Paul took in a hundred million. How many will you take in? If you get into heaven, and find none there that you sent, and that there are none to come through your instrumentality, I beg of you to crawl under some seat in the back corner, and never come out, lest the redeemed get their eyes on you, and some one cry out, "That is the man who never lifted hand or voice for the redemption of his fellows! Look at him, all heaven!" Better be busy. Better pick the gunlock, and bite the cartridge, and be sure the caps are good. Better put the plow in deep. Better say what you have to say quickly. Better cry the alarm. Better fall on your knees. Better lay hold with both hands. What you now leave undone for Christ will forever be undone. "This year thou shalt die!"

In view of the probabilities mentioned, I advise all the men and women not ready for eternity to get ready. If the text be true, you have no time to talk about non-essentials, asking why God let sin come into the world;

or whether the book of Jonah is inspired; or who Melchizedek was, or what about the eternal decrees. If you are as near eternity as some of you seem to be, there is no time for anything but the question, "How shall I win heaven?" "What must I do to be saved?" The drowning man, when a plank is thrown him, stops not to ask what saw-mill made it, or whether it is oak or cedar, or who threw it. The moment it is thrown, he clutches it. If this year you are to die, there is no time for anything but immediately laying hold on God. It is high time to get out of your sins. You say, "I have committed no great transgressions." But are you not aware that your life has been sinful? The snow comes down on the Alps flake by flake, and it is so light that you may hold it on the tip of your finger without feeling any weight; but the flakes gather; they compact, until some day a traveler's foot starts the slide, and it goes down in an avalanche, crushing to death the villagers. So the sins of your youth, and the sins of your manhood, and the sins of your womanhood may have seemed only slight inaccuracies or trifling divergences from the right — so slight that they are hardly worth mentioning, but they have been piling up and piling up, packing together and packing together, until they make a mountain of sin, and one more step of your foot in the wrong direction may slide down upon you an avalanche of ruin and condemnation.

A man crossing a desolate and lonely plateau, a hungry wolf took after him. He brought his gun to his shoulder, and took aim, and the wolf howled with pain, and the cry woke up a pack of wolves, and they came ravening out of the forest from all sides, and horribly devoured him. Thou art the man! Some one sin of thy life summoning on all the rest, they surround thy soul, and make the night of thy sin terrible with

the assault of their bloody muzzles. Oh, the unpardoned, clamoring, ravening, all-devouring sins of thy lifetime! No time to lose if you want to escape your sins, for "this year thou shalt die."

Let me announce that Christ, the Lord, stands ready to save any man who wants to be saved. He waited for you all last year, and all the year before, and he has waited all your life. He has waited for you with blood on his brow, and tears in his eye, and two outstretched, mangled hands of love. You come from your store, and find that your house has been on fire, and that your neighbor put it out. You thank him. You say, "I shall never forget this. When you want anything, come to me." But my Lord makes an attempt to put out the eternal consuming of your soul, and you give him no thanks, and wish him off the premises. You come home some night and find the mark of muddy feet on your front steps. You hasten in and find an excited group around your child. He fell into a pond, and had it not been for a brave lad, who plunged in and brought him out, and carried him home to be resuscitated, you would have been childless. You feel that you cannot do enough for the rescuer. You throw your arms around him. You offer him large compensation. You say to him, "Anything that you want shall be yours. I will never cease to be grateful." But my Lord Jesus sees your soul drowning in waves of death, and attempts to bring it ashore, and you not only refuse him thanks, but stand on the beach and say, "Drop that soul! If I want it saved, I will save it myself."

I wish you might know what a task Jesus undertook when he carried your case to Calvary. They crowded him to the wall. They struck him. They spat at him. They kicked him. They cuffed him. They scoffed at him. They scourged him. They mur-

dered him. Blood! blood! As he stoops down to lift you up, the crimson drops upon you from his brow, from his side, from his hands. Do you not feel the warm current on your face? For thee the hunger, the thirst, the thorn-sting, the suffocation, the darkness, the groan, the sweat, the struggle, the death!

A great plague came in Marseilles. The doctors held a consultation and decided that a corpse must be dissected, or they would never know how to stop the plague. A Dr. Guyon said, "To-morrow morning I will proceed to a dissection." He made his will; prepared for death; went into the hospital; dissected a body; wrote out the results of the dissection, and died in twelve hours. Beautiful self-sacrifice, you say. Our Lord Jesus looked out from heaven, and saw a plague-stricken race. Sin must be dissected. He made his will, giving everything to his people. He come down into the reeking hospital of earth. He lays his hand to the work. Under our plague, he dies — the healthy for the sick, the pure for the polluted, the innocent for the guilty. Behold the love! Behold the sacrifice! Behold the rescue! Decide, on this first Sabbath of the year, whether or not you will have Jesus. He will not stand forever begging for your love. With some here his plea ends right speedily. "This year thou shalt die."

This great salvation of the Gospel I offer to every man, woman, and child. You cannot buy it. You cannot earn it. A Scotch writer says that a poor woman, one cold winter's day, looked through the window of a king's conservatory, and saw a bunch of grapes hanging against the glass. She said, "Oh, if I only had that bunch of grapes for my sick child at home!" At her spinning-wheel she earned a few shillings, and went to buy the grapes. The king's gardener thrust her out very roughly, and said he had

no grapes to sell. She went off and sold a blanket, and got some more shillings, and came back and tried to buy the grapes. But the gardener roughly assaulted her, and told her to be off. The king's daughter was walking in the garden at the time, and she heard the excitement, and, seeing the poor woman, said to her, "My father is not a merchant, to sell, but he is a king, and gives." Then she reached up and plucked the grapes, and dropped them into the poor woman's apron. So Christ is a king, and all the fruits of his pardon he freely gives. They may not be bought. Without money and without price, take this sweet cluster from the vineyards of God.

When I sought for a text appropriate for the occasion, I thought of taking one in Job: "My days fly as a weaver's shuttle;" of a text in the Psalms: "So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom;" of the prayer of the vinedresser: "Lord, let it alone this year also;" but pressed upon my attention, first of all and last of all and above all were the words, "This year thou shalt die." Perhaps it may mean me. Though in perfect health now, it does not take God one week to bring down the strongest physical constitution. I do not want to die this year. We have plans and projects on foot that I want to see completed; but God knows best, and he has a thousand better men than I to do the work yet undone. I have a hope that, notwithstanding all my sins and wanderings, I shall, through the infinite mercy of my Saviour, come out at the right place. I have nothing to brag of by way of Christian experience; but two things I have learned—my utter helplessness before God, and the all-abounding grace of the Lord Jesus. If the text means some of you, my hearers, I do not want you to be caught unprepared. I would like to have you, either through

money you have laid up, or a "life-insurance," be able to leave the world feeling that your family need not become paupers. But if you have done your best, and you leave not one dollar's worth of estate, you may confidently trust the Lord who hath promised to care for the widow and the fatherless. I would like to have your soul fitted out for eternity, so that if, any morning or noon or evening or night of these three hundred and sixty-five days, death should look in and ask, "Are you ready?" you might, with an outburst of Christian triumph, answer, "Ay, ay! all ready."

I know not what our last words may be. Lord Chesterfield prided himself on his politeness, and said, in his last moment, "Give Dayrolles a chair." Dr. Adam, a dying schoolmaster, said, "It grows dark. The boys may dismiss." Lord Tenterden, supposing himself on the bench of a court-room, said, in his last moment: "Gentlemen of the jury, you will now consider your verdict." A dying play-actor said, "Drop the curtain. The farce is played out." I would rather have, for my dying words, those of one greater than Chesterfield or Dr. Adam or Lord Tenterden: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me."

The sooner the last hour comes the better if we are fitted for entrance in the celestial world. There is no clock in heaven, because it is an everlasting day; yet they keep an account of the passing years, because they are all the time hearing from our world. The angels flying through heaven report how many times the earth has turned on its axis, and in that way the angels can keep a diary; and they say it is almost

time now for father to come up, or for mother to come up. Some day they see a cohort leaving heaven, and they say, "Whither bound?" and the answer is, "To bring up a soul from earth;" "and the question is asked, "What soul?" And a family circle in heaven find that it is one of their own number that is to be brought up, and they come out to watch, as on the beach we now watch for a ship that is to bring our friends home. After a while the cohort will heave in sight, flying nearer and nearer, until with a great clang the gates hoist, and with an embrace, wild with the ecstasy of heaven, old friends meet again. Away with your stiff, formal heaven! I want none of it. Give me a place of infinite and eternal sociality. My feet free from the clods of earth, I shall bound the hills with gladness, and break forth in a laugh of triumph. Aha! aha! We weep now, but then we shall laugh. "Abraham's bosom" means that heaven has open arms to take us in. Now we fold our arms over our heart, and tell the world to stand back, as though our bosom was a two-barred gate to keep the world out. Heaven stands not with folded arms, but with heart open. It is "Abraham's bosom." Mother and the child in heaven there meet. "How changed you are, my darling!" says the mother. "Yes," says the child, "this is such a happy place; and Jesus has taken such care of me, and heaven is so kind, I got right over the fever with which I died. The skies are so fair, mother! The flowers are so sweet, mother! The temple is so beautiful, mother! Come, take me up in your arm as you used to." Oh, I do not know how we shall stand the first day in heaven. Do you not think we will break down in the song from over-delight? I once gave out in church the hymn,

There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign,

and an aged man standing in front of the pulpit sang heartily the first verse, and then he sat down weeping. I said to him afterward, "Father Linton, what made you cry over that hymn?" He said, "I could not stand it—the joys that are coming." When heaven rises for the doxology, I cannot see how we can rise with it if all these waves of everlasting delight come upon the soul, billow of joy after billow of joy. Methinks Jesus would be enough for the first day in heaven, yet here he approaches with all heaven at his back.

This is the last January to some of us. You have entered the year, but you will not close it. Within these twelve months your eyes will shut for the last sleep. Other hands will plant the Christmas-tree, and give the New Year's congratulations. As a proclamation of joy to some, and as a matter of warning to others, I leave in your ears these five words of one syllable each, "This year thou shalt die!"

# INDEXES

# INDEXES

## PREFATORY NOTE

A glance at the following Indexes will show their purpose and value. The **Texts** of Sermons are first given in Biblical order, they then appear in conjunction with the **Titles** of Sermons in alphabetical order. The titles are indexed as fully as cross-references will permit. The Index of **Anecdotal** and **Historical Illustrations** will afford a mine of wealth to the preacher, Sunday-school teacher and Christian worker. In the Index of **Subjects** those dwelt upon at any length will be found in groups, while others more lightly touched upon are dismissed with a line. While nothing short of a concordance would exhibit all the variety of Dr. Talmage's presentations of truth, familiarity with these Indexes will prove their thoroughly practical and comprehensive character

## INDEX OF TEXTS


| Text. | Page. |
|---|---|
| Genesis, 2: 3 | 281 |
| Genesis, 28: 14 | 83 |
| Exodus, 37: 1 | 253 |
| I. Samuel, 17: 58 | 201 |
| II. Samuel, 18: 3 | 101 |
| II. Samuel, 19: 32 | 313 |
| II. Kings, 20: 1 | 23 |
| II. Kings, 20: 11 | 9 |
| I. Chronicles, 12: 32 | 355 |
| Proverbs, 20: 2 | 217 |
| Ecclesiastes, 10: 16 | 217 |
| Song of Solomon, 1: 7 | 39 |
| Isaiah, 33: 23 | 297 |
| Isaiah, 47: 4 | 69 |
| Jeremiah, 28: 16 | 391 |
| Ezekiel, 27: 12 | 157 |
| Ezekiel, 41: 11 | 55 |
| Micah, 6: 9 | 327 |
| Zechariah, 14: 7 | 343 |
| Luke, 24: 29 | 145 |
| Acts, 22: 28 | 229 |
| Romans, 13: 12 | 115 |
| I. Corinthians, 3: 22 | 269 |
| I. Corinthians, 12: 21 | 377 |
| I. Corinthians, 15: 54 | 131 |
| II. Corinthians, 11: 25 | 189 |
| Galatians, 5: 13 | 241 |
| Philippians, 4: 12 | 173 |
| Revelation, 21: 13 | 57 |

## INDEX OF TITLES AND TEXTS


Acts, 22: 28—Despotism of Politics, 229.
Ahaz, The Sun-Dial of, 9.
Balance-sheet, The, 269.
Ballot-box, The, 253.
Bright Evening, A, 343.
Box, The Ballot, 253.
Census, A New, 101.
Century, Cradle of the Twentieth, 355.
Century, The Dying, 23.
I. Chronicles, 12: 32—Cradle of the Twentieth Century, 355.
Cooper, Peter, the Philanthropist, 313.
I. Corinthians, 3: 22—The Balance-sheet, 269.
I. Corinthians, 15: 54—The Queen of Festivals, 131.
I. Corinthians, 12: 21—Wonders of the Hand, 377.
II. Corinthians, 11: 25—The Sinking Steamer, 189.
Cradle of the Twentieth Century, 189.
Dawn, The Day, 115.
Day Dawn, The, 115.
Despotism of Politics, 229.
Disabled Hunters, 297.
Discourse, A New Year's, 391.
Dying Century, The, 23.
Ecclesiastes, 10: 16—Rulers, 217.
Evening, A Bright, 343.
Exodus, 37: 1—The Ballot-box, 253
Expansion, 83.
Ezekiel, 27: 12—The World's Fair, 157.
Ezekiel, 41: 11—The Nation's Opportunity, 55.
Fair, The World's, 157.
Festivals, The Queen of, 131.
Flowers, The Sword Sheathed in, 69.
Foes of Society, 327.
Galatians, 5: 13—The Presidency, 241.
Genesis, 2: 3—The Number Seven, 281.
Genesis, 28: 14—Expansion, 83.
Hand, Wonders of the, 377.
Heredity, 201.
Hunters, Disabled, 297.
Isaiah, 33: 23—Disabled Hunters, 297.
Isaiah, 47: 4—The Sword Sheathed in Flowers, 69.
Jeremiah, 28: 16—A New Year's Discourse, 391.
II. Kings, 20: 1—The Dying Century, 23.
II. Kings, 20: 11—The Sun-Dial of Ahaz, 9.
Life, Noontide of, 39.
Luke, 24: 29—Sunset, 145.
May-day Reflections, 173.
Micah, 6: 9—Foes of Society, 327.
Nation's Opportunity, The, 55.
New Census, A, 101.
New Year's Discourse, A, 391.
Noontide of Life, 39.
Number Seven, The, 281.
Opportunity, The Nation's, 55.
Peter Cooper, The Philanthropist, 313.
Philippians, 4: 12—May-day Reflections, 173.
Politics, Despotism of, 229.
Presidency, The, 241.
Proverbs, 20: 2—Rulers, 217.
Queen of Festivals, The, 131.
Reflections, May-day, 173.
Revelation, 21: 13—The Nation's Opportunity, 57.
Romans, 13: 12—The Day Dawn, 115.
Rulers, 217.
I. Samuel, 17: 58—Heredity, 201.
II. Samuel, 18: 3—A New Census, 101.
II. Samuel, 19: 32—Peter Cooper, the Philanthropist, 313.
Seven, The Number, 281.
Sheet, The Balance, 269.
Sinking Steamer, The, 189.
Society, Foes of, 327.
Song of Solomon, 1: 7—Noontide of Life, 39.
Steamer, The Sinking, 189.
Sun-Dial of Ahaz, The, 9.
Sunset, 145.

Sword Sheathed in Flowers, The, 69.
Twentieth Century, Cradle of the, 355.
Wonders of the Hand, The, 377.
World's Fair, The, 157.
ZECHARIAH, 14: 7—A Bright Evening, 343.

## INDEX OF ANECDOTAL AND HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATIONS

*Alabama* difficulty and arbitration, 119.
Alexander the Great's fatal drinking exploit, 365.
Blind boy, Healing and first inquiry of, 302.
Burr, Aaron, the bad son of a good father, 206.
Canadian fisheries and arbitration, 120.
Captain, Dying, who exclaimed: "I led them straight, General," 288.
Child alive at Thanksgiving, dead at Christmas, 351.
Clayton, Robert, and the old war-horses in the thunder-storm, 127.
Cranmer's punishment of his recreant hand, 385.
Cromwell stabled horses in St. Paul's Cathedral, 287.
Cross, Cling to the, man-of-war story, 113.
Davies, President, and the slave of strong drink, 364.
Deicolus, Smiling, and question of Columbanus, 107.
Demosthenes, Struggle of, 300.
Drunkard, How President Davies saved the, 364.
Edward I., Descendant of, a toll-gatherer, 205.
Edward III., Descendant of, a doorkeeper, 205.
Edwards, Pierrepont, the bad son of a good father, 206.
Engineer's thrilling rescue of little girl, 307.
Friend's house overhauled, 141.
Funeral, Young man's, and companions who came to hear Talmage curse the dead, 309.
General who asked, "How many do you count me," 110.
Girl, German, whose condition led her to believe there was no good God, 265.
Girl rescued on prairie railroad track, 307.
Gladstone's apology to Austria, 239.
Gladstone's question to Talmage on divorce in United States, 365.
God, German girl who doubted existence of a good God, 265.
Grapes, Princess's gift of, for sick child, 400.
Guyon's, Dr., sacrifice in plague-time for humanity's sake, 400.
Hand, Cranmer's punishment of his, 385.
Hand, Pastor's story of, that escaped amputation, 384.
Horses, Charge of war, in thunder-storm, 127.
Indian wars, What general told Talmage about, 121.
Judge's three grades of comment to prisoner, 334.
King George of England, Cause for thankfulness of, 57.
King's daughter who gave poor woman grapes for sick child, 400.
Lad, once blind, that asked, "Is this Heaven," 302.
Lady ignorant about Mt. Blanc, 263.
Lanphier, J. C., and his prayer-meeting, 110; entrance into Heaven, 111.
Lighthouse, Eddystone, Destruction of, 199.
Linton, Father, and the "Land of pure delight," hymn, 403.

# Index


McCollum's, Scoville, call for sunlight, 21.
McKail's, Hugh, scaffold farewell and welcome, 352.
Man on crutches, Talmage giving a ride to the, 303.
Man who went to see dikes of Scotland, 263.
Man who wished he might die before morning, 153.
Mary, Queen of Scots, betrayed by her hand, 382.
Meeting, Temperance, at which there was only one copy of the pledge, 363.
Men, Three, who proposed to stone preacher, 393.
Millionaire and returned tacks, 213.
Milton's, John, question to gardeners on Mt. Vesuvius, 256.
Minister, Dying, moving into light, 352.
Minister whose father was a drunken horse-jockey, 213.
Moffat, John, crying hallelujah, 117.
Moffat, the missionary, and the cruel heathen warrior, 142.
Mohammed II. despoiled church of St. Sophia, 287.
Mother's prayers recalled, and young man saved, 211.
Mute, Deaf, and remarkable sentence about angel's song, on blackboard, 300.
Nobleman, French, Odd reason of, for working, 337.
Northumberland, Duke of, Descendant of, a trunk-maker, 205.
Parties want votes of the liquor men, 363.
Pastor's story of hand that escaped amputation, 384.
Philosopher who predicted old age to passers-by, 349.
Pilot, North river, and mist of death, 310.
Plague, How the secret of the, was learned, 400.
Pledge, Conspicuous absence of copies of, at temperance meeting, 363.
Pope, Alexander, an invalid, sewed up in canvas to work, 299.
Prayers, Memory of mother's, that saved son, 211.
President, United States, who wanted handshaking abolished, 385.
Pulpit that saved drowning men, 113.
Reason, Odd, given by French nobleman for working, 337.
St. Sophia, Church of, Cost of, 287; despoiled by Mohammed II., 287.
St. Sophia, desecrated by Mohammed II., 112.
Secretary of State, The drunken, 236.
Shoeblack, a diamond in the rough, 33.
Slingers, Famous, among, Assyrians, Egyptians and Greeks, 203.
Soldier and the profitable blacking recipe, 265.
Soldiers, French, Home-coming of, 53.
Soldier's orphaned family who battled the way for mother, 304.
Son, Christian, of blaspheming father, 213.
Tacks, Millionaire who returned, 213.
Talmage's father, Distress of, over Henry Clay's defeat, 234.
Talmage's visit to an English manor, 181.
Timon of Athens, The story of, 182.
Vice-President sworn in drunk, 236.
William Frederick, King, Temple of, 205.
Winstanley and his lost Eddystone lighthouse, 199.
Woman, Sewing, who dreaded to meet God, 339.
Woman who wanted to buy grapes for sick child, 400.
Young man saved by memory of mother's prayers, 211.

## INDEX OF SUBJECTS


Abundance, Advantages of not having, 185.
Advantages of a smaller house, 185.
Adversity depicted, 347; divine support in, 347.
Advertisement nailed on the front door of the nation, 66.
Advertising, Immoral theatrical, 329.
Age, old, Christ needed in, 148.
Age, Old, coming on, 348; glorious if in way of righteousness, 348.
Aged entitled to honor, 349.
Alcoholism needs decisive blow as preparation for twentieth century, 362.
Alexander, the Conqueror, captured Tyre, How, 159.
America, Despotism of politics in, 232; institutions not periodically at stake, 232.
America to fill all the area between Atlantic and Pacific beaches, 61.
America's foreign possessions, Prayer needed about, 106.
America a good cradle to be rocked in, 251.
America, Great things in store for, 239; institutions of, not quadrennially at stake, 234; built by God to stand, 235; institutions of, founded on Bible, 237.
America holds key to world's redemption, 85; religious and secular enlightenment needed in foreign possessions of, 86; Gospel opportunity in (*see* PHILIPPINE ISLANDS), 88.
America, Immigration an advantage to, 257.
America, A thousand-armed prayer for the welfare of, 252.
American cities should not belittle and depreciate each other, 162.
American congress of national products, 58.
American Sabbath the best-kept Sabbath on earth, 168; an attempt to break it up will be made at the Fair, 168.
American travelers will go South rather than East, 65.
Anathemas, Political, should all be buried, 247.
Ancestors, good and bad, 203.
Ancestry, Pious, adds to accountability, 209.
Apology, National, as becoming as individual, 239.
Apothecary, Trouble an, 152.
Arbitration commission during the Fair, Establish an international, 166.
Arbitration, Progress and noted cases of, 120; might have prevented Civil War, 121.
Arbitration should be in vogue in place of war by close of nineteenth century, 366.
Arbitration and treaty in place of massacre, Substitute, 72.
Architects now give some time from grand buildings to abodes for tired people, 176.
Architecture planned everything but homes for the people, 176.
Ark brought back from Kirjath-jearim, 265.
Ark of the covenant, Israel's, 255; the American, 255.
Armies, Disbandment of national, a blessing, 367.
Armies, European, made up mostly of infamous men, said Bruce, in 1717, 71.
Arrests of criminals in and near New York, Statistics of, 258.
Arrogant and supercilious because moving into a new house, 180.
Art, Advantages of, belong to the Christian, 274.
Astray, Comfort for those, 309.
Asylums are helping hands, 381.
Asylums of mercy founded in this century, 28.
Atheism, Extirpation of, calls for thunderbolts, 293.
Avalanche as a type of sin, 398.
Avarice fatal to longevity, 319.
Balance-sheet, The, 271. (*See* INVENTORY, THE CHRISTIAN'S.)

Ballot, Solemn importance of the, 265.
Ballot-box, The, 255; the American ark, 255; an ancient institution, 255; Gladstone and the, 256; a corner-stone of American institutions, 256; ignorance a foe to, 257; spurious voting a foe to, 259; intimidation a foe to, 259; bribery a foe to, 260; Chief Justice Holt on, 260; defamation of public character a foe to, 262; needs washing, 262; property qualification unjust, 263; education and moralization for, needed, 264; in captivity, 265; angels of the, 266.
Barzillan suggestive of Peter Cooper, 315; and David, 315.
Battle between Lowell and Manchester spindles, 62.
Bering Strait, Railroad across, needed, 361.
Benediction, The, that all may pronounce, 388; on children, 388; on the aged, 389.
Benevolence, *Post-mortem*, 318.
Bequests sometimes an attempted bribe, 318.
Best, Doing one's, imperative, 46.
Bible, foundation of American institution, 237.
Bible, Hand frequently mentioned in, 377.
Bible mathematics noticeable, 283.
Blind, Reading for the, 301; knowledge of the Bible among, 301.
Blood-letting healthful for nations, some think, 72.
Blood, what it means, 204.
Bluebell and heliotrope from seed two thousand years old, 139.
Body will ascend, crying, "Where is my soul," 142.
Body as now existing unfitted for Heaven, 20.
Body, Members of, not independent of each other, 377.
Body to be reconstructed, 136.
"Bonus" euphemism for "bribe," 226.
Bread, Christ revealed at breaking of, 147.
Bribe, Bequests sometimes an attempted, 318.
Bribe, Death accepts no, 194.
Bribery a foe of the ballot-box, 260; the disgrace of American institutions, 260.
Bribery is a public wickedness, 224.
Bribes, Men who took, 224.
Bridal trousseaux and tape, 62.
"Brother Deo Gratias," 58.
Burr, Aaron, his career, 220.
Calumny of public men, 261.
Canada to be America's bride, 267.
Canada, No better neighbor than, 79.
Canal, Isthmian, Demand for, 350.
Candidates for office a target for abuse, 248.
Candle clock of Alfred the Great, 9.
Candlesticks, The seven, of Revelation suggest seven churches, 285; should hold light, 285; and should be beautiful, 285.
Canterbury, Archbishop of, Salary of, 243.
Capital and labor be married at the Fair, Let, 170.
Capital and labor, Peter Cooper's way of harmonizing, 320.
Capital more sober than formerly, 222.
Carpenter of Nazareth join the hands of labor and capital, 32.
Caucuses, Rowdy and drunken, a foe to the American ballot, 262.
Century, The dying, 25.
Century, Grave of present, soon to be dug, 358; cradle of next soon to be rocked, 358; how to prepare for the new, 358; sad heritage of the nineteenth, 359; poverty of the nineteenth at its nativity, 359; birth of the nineteenth in a time of war, 359; wanted a new map of the world for the twentieth, 360; Gospel advances of the nineteenth, 361; decisive strokes to be given great evils as preparation for twentieth century, 362; alcoholism to be attacked, 362; national divorce law needed, 365;

arbitration to be advanced, 366; the last will and testament of the nineteenth, 368; watch-night service of the nineteenth, 372; America to be the world's civilizer and evangelizer, 360.
Century a series of wheels: years, days, hours, minutes, seconds, 37.
Census, A new, showing comparative values of life, 103.
Centripetal, offset to centrifugal, 206.
Chambers, Dr., on inhabited worlds, 44.
Chambers, Robert, Results of the affliction of, 14.
Character, Defamation of, a foe to the American ballot-box, 261.
Character, Moral, required in United States Presidents, 236.
Character, President of United States, should be man of established moral, 236.
Character, like water, stagnates if it stands too long, 337.
Charity, Discrimination in, needed, 340.
Charity rewarded in eternity, 340.
Children, God's, have first right to their Father's possessions, 272.
Chimney constructed in the fourteenth century, 176.
Choked to death with surplus of production and manufactures, 59.
Christ, Advent of, would be speedily telegraphed over the world, 124.
Christ at Emmaus, 147; presence at sunset, 148; needed in temptation, 149; anticipated sorrow, 150; needed in business troubles, 151; needed in evening of death, 153.
Christ, hand of, Scheffer's wonderful picture of the, 381; sympathy in the, 381.
Christ, Joy and laughter of, 118.
Christ the light shed by the churches, 285.
Christ in picture, 52.
Christ should not be given lower place than we give ourselves, 286.
Christ's coming, This country most appropriate landing-place for, 35.
Christian America, make ready for the grandest exposition, 171.
Christian death-bed, Light at, 351.
Christian, Heaven on side of, when working for God, 128.
Christian inventory, The, 271. (*See* INVENTORY, THE CHRISTIAN'S.)
Christians, Tried, have special welcome in Heaven, 277.
Christian woman, Replace heathen goddess on top of capitol with, 78.
Christian work enjoined on all, 396.
Christianity just getting out of cradle, 349; final triumph of, 350.
Christianity no slower in movements and results than is science, 118.
Christianity, Open door for, in America's foreign possessions, 88.
Christianity planting its batteries, 123.
Christianity's final triumph, 351.
Christianization of the people, panacea for all political ills, 239.
Chronology, History of, 10.
Chronometer, First known, 9; present, a long time making, 10.
Church, Idlers in the, 306.
Church, Uselessness of, without Christ as the light, 287.
Church, The, a West Point to drill soldiers, 32.
Churches are candlesticks, not candles, 285; no good if they do not hold light, 285; Christ is their light, 285; should be beautiful, 286.
Churches should not be dull, 286.
Cities, American, Foes to welfare of, 329. (*See* FOES TO SOCIETY.)
Cities have their virtues and their vices, 162.
Civil War, Bribery started with greatest power during, 226.

Civilization just getting out of its cradle, 349.
Clepsydra, The, 9.
Climate, American, Stimulus of, shortens life, 395.
Cloak of humanity to be returned to us renovated, 136.
Clocks and matches, Improvements in making of, 9.
Clothing for the Christian assured by God's care of animals, 275.
Cloud, The illumined, built of water-drops gathered everywhere, 138.
Coat-of-arms wanted with new house, 181.
Coinage, American, Eagle should be displaced by dove on, 238.
Collision, Foolish fears about, 119.
Companionship, Youthful, good for the old, 16.
Confidence born of experience, 50.
Confidence, Men with no surplus of, 106.
Congressmen who did not know that linseed and flaxseed were the same, 221.
Conqueror, Christ the great, 112.
Continents are islands, 94.
Control, Divine, of universe, illustrated by switch-tender, 118.
Conversion, a reversal of life's good, 18; sunrise instead of sunset, 18, a right-about face, 19.
Cooper, Peter, 315; a plain man, 315; universal respect for, 316; father of many American philanthropies, 316; his own executor, 316; Cooper Union, 316; cause of death of, 320; and capital and labor of, 320; an example to rich, 320; spirit of, needed, 321; suggests new and right kind of memorialization, 321; longest life has a terminus, 323; at Talmage's house, 323.
Courage, Great obstacle to the Church's advancement is lack of, 76.
Courage honored, 76.
Cradle, America a good, to be rocked in, 251.
Cremated or sepultured, Of little importance whether, 137.
Cremation in time may be universally adopted, 137.
Crime, Making a business of, 331; statistics of, not a matter of indifference to honest people, 332.
Criminals, American and foreign, obstacles to welfare of American cities, 331; and society's grudge, 333; treatment of, after term is served, 333; not all incorrigible, 334; not reformed by maltreatment, 334; not reformed by incarceration, 335.
Crows, Carrion, at election time, 248.
Czar, The, Alexander III., to Talmage, on peace, 367.
Czar, The, of Russia, to Talmage, on peace, 366.
Darwin, Charles, contributes to Southern Missionary Society, 31.
David, Exploits of, as a boy, 103; value of life of king, 104.
David and Goliath, 203; Saul's question to, 204.
David's cry rather than Jacob's, 82.
Day-dawn, The, 115; rays of, substitution of diplomacy for human butchery, 119; compression of the world's distances, 123; facts chronological and mathematical, 125; departed saints may help to bring in, 127.
Day off, No, in life, 47.
Dead in each house during Civil War, One, 74.
Deaf-mutes often acquainted with Scripture, 301.
Death a beautifying angel, 352.
Death, the black giant who proposed to conquer the earth, 134; his host of pains and diseases, 134; his barricades of grave-mounds, 134; his various methods of attack, 134; his victories, 134; his antagonist born one Christmas night, 135; eventually swallowed up in victory, 135; driven back into mythology, 136.
Death, Evening of, 153; Christ's presence at, 153; at end of life's bitterness, 156.

Death, Impartiality of, 194; not to be bribed, 194; of being ready for, 197; frequently sudden, 198; cannot be escaped, 199.
Death, Knowledge of the date of one's, a curse, 291.
Death is moving from a pauper's hut to a prince's castle, 187.
Death a multiplication, 315.
Death, To be prepared for, 396.
Death sends some from larger to smaller houses, 183.
Death should not be a depressing theme, 154.
Death, Small portion of Christian, secured by a scissoring off of the useless, 20.
"Death is swallowed up in victory," 134.
Decoration Day, its ceremonies to impress the young, 74; honors courage, 76; honors self-sacrifice, 77; assures future defense of nation, 79; means beautification of the tombs, 81; benediction of resting-place of relations, 81.
Defense, The human hand a weapon for, 379.
Deliverer of Nations, The great, to be born with the new century, 37.
Despotism, We have not a half-inch of ground for the gouty foot of foreign, 80.
Disabilities overcome and not permitted to hinder usefulness, 299; kindness, 299; obscure parentage, 300; deafness, 302; dumbness, 302; lameness, 302; poverty, 302; orphanage, 304; lack of special endowment, 305.
Disadvantages, Men under, making grand achievements, 299.
Disbandment of national armies a blessing, 367.
Discouragements, Abundance of, in life, 42.
Discrimination in charity needed, 340.
Dissipation no hindrance to office here, 223.
Distances, The world's, being compressed, 123.
Divorce laws, National, needed, 365.
Dix's, Governor, refusal to pardon Foster commended, 337.
"Dogs and Hottentots not admitted," No more, 31.
Dollar, Rich man's last hunt for, 319.
Door toward the south, 61.
Dove should replace eagle on coinage, 238.
Doxology, The, in Heaven, 404.
Drunkenness needs to be fought with thunder, 293.
Drunkenness in the saddle defeated armies during the Civil War, 223.
Dulness not essential in church assemblages, 286.
Dying century, The, 25.
Eagle on American coinage should be displaced by dove, 238.
Earth, Color of, seen in seventh foundation of Heaven's wall, 295.
Earthly possessions, 272.
Easter, Date of, fixed after a controversy more animated than gracious, 133; holds the wrenched-off bolt of Christ's sepulcher, 133; holds the key of all the cemeteries, 133; is Queen of the Sabbaths, 133.
Education, Compulsory, called for, 258.
Education of public sentiment must prepare way for prohibition, 363.
Election, In the midst of a Presidential, 243.
Emmaus, The journey to, 147; Christ revealed at, 147.
Error best destroyed by preaching truth, 288.
Eternity too big to understand, 25; a great clock, 25.
Eternity to be gotten ready for, 397.
European nations sell the far south five times as much as we do, 63.
Evangelistic institutions established in this century, 29.
Evangelize the people, 228.

Evening, A bright, 345. (*See* LIGHT AT EVENTIDE.)
Evening experiences, Life's, 147; Christ in, 147; in old age, 148; in hour of temptation, 149; in time of anticipated sorrow, 150; business troubles, 151; at death, 153.
Evening, Pleasurable experiences of, 155.
Events, Connections of, 47.
Evils that need to be thundered down, 292.
Executor, Wise to be one's own, 318.
Expansion, America's duty toward its new island possessions and the Gospel opportunity in them, 85.
Expansion and anti-expansion, 85.
Expositions, Fostering, the opening opportunity to check oversupply, 64.
Ezekiel reports the World's Fair at Tyre, 160.
Factories overstocked, 58.
Fair, The World's, 157.
Faith, Men of, wanted, 107.
Families, Few, live on Fifth Avenue who lived there fifteen years ago, 178.
Fatalities, Needless cause of, 109.
Fawcett, Blindness of, 300.
Fear, Useless, about the future, 107.
Festivals, The queeen of, 131.
Finger-key lifted the latch or slid it, 176.
Flies, American lion covered with greenbottle, 235.
Flood, Noah's, not a mere freshet, 394.
Flower will do, One, 81.
Flowers, The sword sheathed in, 69.
Foes of the ballot-box, 257. (*See* BALLOT-BOX.)
Foes to society, 329; a review of the obstacles in the way of the betterment of American cities, 331; American criminals and foreign criminals, 331; untrustworthy officials, 335; the idle, 337; the oppressed poor, 338; the honest poor, 339.
Fogs that sink ships, 196; that ruin souls, 196; dispersed by breezes, 197.
Folks, Old, remembered, 207.
Fools, More, made by European travel than in any other way, 65.
Force, One, dissolves, another organizes, 139.
Foreigners, Convert able and influential, during the fair, 165.
Frailties, Overcoming family, 214.
Fraud in New York, Statistics of, 336.
Future, Anticipating the, with confidence, 50.
Future a sealed scroll which Christ will unroll, 290; unwise efforts to read the, condemned, 291.
Gambassio the blind sculptor, 299.
Garlands for America-Hispanic dead, 97.
Gates, On the south three, 61.
Gates, Three thousand, all wide open, 62.
Genealogy in Bible, Uses of, 205.
Genius in wrong direction worse than stupidity, 236.
Gifts, The glorified, of charity, 340.
Glass for windows a few centuries old, 176.
"*Gloria in Excelsis*" was sung on sighting land, 162.
Glorified nuisance, New house turns amiable Christian into a, 180.
Glory, Future of Christians', 354.
God of armies present at all battles, 71.
God can do as much for us as he does for insects, 139.
God cannot be gotten rid of, 197.
God in the new house, Take, 185.
God save the United States of America, 228.
God, Wiseacres who would like to bury, 197.
God's raising of the dead not incredible, 138; flowers from mold,

138; butterfly from caterpillar, 138; albatross from shell, 138.
Goliath and David, 203; Jewish rabbi's suggestion about, 203.
Good behavior, Be on our, during the World's Fair, 163.
Gospel entrance, Gates of all nations wide open for, 31.
Gospel, Vengeance awaits those disobedient to, 280.
Gospel would conquer poverty and misery, 33.
Government securities, The Christian has a bundle of, 271.
Grace for other months not sufficient for May first, 179.
Grace for time of need, 51.
Grain markets glutted, 58.
Grand march of the Union, 81.
Grave, The, the only permanent earthly residence, 179.
Graves, Emptied, leave deep gashes everywhere, 143.
Grog-shop under the national Capitol abolished, 221.
Hananiah, Jeremiah's prediction to, 393.
Hand of Christ, Scheffer's wonderful picture of the, 381.
Hand and eye, Quarrel between, 377.
Hand, The human, frequently mentioned in the Bible, 377; an instrument beyond human comprehension, 377; description of, 378; symmetry of, 378; wonderful powers of, 378; chief executive officer of the soul, 379; a weapon of defense, 379; a defense against accident, 380; appreciated by those who have lost it, 380; the only needed weapon, 380; constructed to afford help, 380; has a language of its own, 382; translates dreams of musicians, 383; and of architecture, 383; wonderful works of, 384; an open Bible of divine inspiration, 384; wrung in agony, 384; part of, in salutation, 385; made for hand-shaking, 387; there is a wicked shaking of the, 387; right kind of shaking of the, 387; in farewell salutation, 388; employed in benediction, 388.
Hand, the withered, Christ healing the, 382.
Handshaking, Blessings of, 386.
Happiness does not depend on size of house lived in, 185.
Harness, Life's, not to be taken off too soon, 17.
Harvests of grain and fruit, 58.
Health, Heaven a land of eternal, 279.
Heaven not a formal place, 403.
Heaven can be had by worst sinners, 308; how secured, 309; difficulties in the way met, 309.
Heaven, "Jesus" the password to, 353.
Heaven a land of eternal health, 279.
Heaven, All, owned by the Christians, 278.
Heaven on side of Christian workers, 128.
Heaven, Soul's first morning in, 20.
Heaven, The triumphal procession to, 280.
Heaven's picture-gallery, 52.
Heaven's wall, Seventh foundation of, a remainder of earth, 294.
Hebrew rite, suggestive of the Resurrection, 81.
Hell let loose, Our Civil War was, 74.
Hemorrhages of the world, The great, 71.
Herculaneum and Pompeii, Vile pictures of, under lock and key, 330.
Heredity, 203; a mighty principle, 204; does not remove responsibility, 206; good adds to accountability, 209; evil tendencies of, can be overcome, 213.
Heroes of the Civil War risked and lost for others, 77.
Hezekiah, sickness of, 11; prayer of, 11; watching the sun-dial, 14.
Hill-top of life, Scenes from the, 42.
Historian, Prescott, the blind, 299.
Holt, Chief Justice, on the ballot, 260.
Horseshoe curve an illustration of life, 276.

Hour, Last, cannot come too soon to those ready for it, 402.
House, Evolution of the, 175.
"House of many mansions," The, 187.
Hungry men and women, No quietness with, 67.
Hunters, Disabled, 299. (*See* Disabilities Overcome.)
Idle people antagonistic to society, 337.
Idlers, wilful, Whipping post should be re-established for, 338.
Ignorance a foe of the ballot-box, 331; vote of, cancels vote of intelligence, 331; no excuse for, 332; in England, 332; should be made a crime, 332.
Ignorance no sin, *per se*, 220.
Illiteracy in the United States, 324.
Immigrants, Vast multitude of, an addition to the moral and financial resources of America, 257.
Immorality in advertising, 329.
Incompetency for office, a public wickedness, 220.
Indecencies, Election, of newspapers denounced, 248.
Indians, Wars with, all provoked by white men; entitled to defend their lands, 122.
Industries in prison, Useful, 259; but not sufficient to regenerate criminals, 259.
Inebriates emancipated in this century, 28.
Inscription, Quaint, on a gate at Greenwood Cemetery, 82.
Inscriptions over doors of Cathedral of Milan, 37.
Institutions, American, 234. (*See* American Institutions.)
Intemperance a public wickedness, 221.
Intimidation a foe to the American ballot-box, 259.
Invalids, Spiritual, growth found among, 301.
Invalids who do good work, 300.
Inventions of this century, 27.
Inventory, The Christian's, 271.
Island, World an, 94.
Islands of the sea to become Christ's, 92; assured in Bible prophecy, 94; continents are, 94; world is an island, 94.
Issachar a great tribe, 367; had knowledge of the times, 357.
Jacob's seven-years' service for Rachel, 283.
Jeremiah's prediction to Hananiah, 393.
"Jesus" the password to Heaven, 353.
Jews, Talent of, for accumulation, 204.
Judicial ignoramuses laughed at by criminals, 221.
Killed by logwood rum or three-dollar-a-bottle beverage, 222.
Kirjath-jearim, Bringing ark back from, 265.
Knowledge, Power of, for good or evil, 105.
Labor and capital be married at the Fair, Let, 170.
Labor troubles, Peter Cooperism good for, 320.
Laugh? Did Christ, 118.
Laugh, As much religion in a, as in a tear, 118.
Legislators laugh at empty-handed reformers, 225.
Legislators waiting for wink of leader before voting, 221.
Lessons, Talmage's two, 401.
Liberty a stirring word, 244; cost Paul his head, 244; got into the Magna Charta, 244; got into Declaration of American Independence, 244; got into Garibaldi's speech, 244; is to keep on its rounds till world is free, 244; is not moral recklessness, 245; does not mean slanderous implications of public men, 245.
Life, Longest, has a terminus, 323.
Life at its meridian, 41; a hill-top scene, 42; blessed by reminiscence, 45; showing connection of events, 48; a forward look with confidence in God born of experience, 50; no advantage to live over again, 50.
Life, Problems of, illustrated by Horseshoe curve, 276.

# Index


Life, Recklessness of one's, condemned, 108.
Life shortened by stimulus of American climate, 395.
Life, Sorrows of, over at death, 156.
Life, sunset of, Christ's presence at, 148.
Life a voyage in which we must frequently tack, *276*.
Light at eventide, 346; sorrow, 347; of old age, 348; of churches' history, 349; of world's history, 349; of Christian life, 351.
Lincoln, Scandal against, *247*.
Lip, The Hapsburg, *204*.
Lives, Comparative value of, 104; greater usefulness and influence, 105.
Loafers, Paul's bill of fare for, commended, 338.
Longevity, Antediluvian, 394; diminished, 395.
Longevity, Avarice fatal to, 319; doing good tends to, 319.
Lordly people will bring their vices with them to the Fair, 169.
Losses, God's providence in, 13.
Maltreatment never reformed prisoners, *260*.
Man who never lifted hand or voice for redemption of his fellow, 397.
Marriage causes moving into smaller houses, 183.
Masses, The, find it harder and harder to live, *226*.
Material and monetary must not overpower the moral and religious, 163.
Mathematics of the Bible noticeable, *283*.
May-day reflections, 173; a hard day for horses, 179; for laborers, 179; for housekeepers, 179; for landlords and tenants, 179; annoyances make a Xantippe out of an F. R. Havergal, 180.
Members of body not independent of each other, *377*.
Memorial, Right kind of, *321*.
Memory of parents, Force of, *208*.
Men who died with the harness on, 349.
Men, public, Liberty does not mean slander of, *245*.
Men of special endowment, Responsibility of, 105.
Meridian of life, 41. (*See* LIFE.)
Mexico to be united to the United States, *267*.
Ministers and heresy hunting, *288*; room enough for all, *288*; and false doctrine, *289*; should keep on shining, *289*; are not all Pecksniffs, *289*; properly called stars, *289*.
Ministers, State patronage a temptation to, *244*.
Ministers, Tremendous responsibility of, 193; results of unsound preaching by, 193.
Misers, Few old, 319.
Misrepresentations, Political, *239*.
Missing! Missing! *75*.
Missions, Specific work in, needed, 90.
Modoc, Better be a, than a swindling United States Indian officer, *122*.
Money in it?" "Is there any, *224*.
Money received for votes has built many fine houses, *225*.
Monopolies, built out of the bones and cemented with the blood of poor workmen, *67*; smash the great, 67.
Monument of Peter Cooper the best kind of monument, *321*.
Monuments worth building, *322*.
Moon and stars, lighthouses, 345.
Moral men in authority in this land, *219*.
Morals of nation governed by virtue of rulers, *219*.
Morning, Soul's first, in Heaven, *20*.
Mosque of St. Sophia, Talmage at, 111; desecration of, 111.
Mother, Losing one's, 151.
Moving from large to smaller house due to death, 183; marriage, 183; reversal of fortune, 184.
Moving from larger to smaller houses, 183.
Moving time, 175.

# Index


Music, All, the possession of the Church of Christ, 274.
Music's growth in this century, 28.
*Narragansett,* The lost, 189. (*See* STEAMER, THE SINKING.)
Nation should get ready to improve opportunity at Fair, 169; and combat perils there, 169.
Nation suffers from plethora, 59.
National quarrels easy to pick, 80.
Nationality, Solid, a great question, 249.
Nation's opportunity, The, 57.
Navigation, Perils of, in old times and our times, 191.
Necromancy condemned, 291.
Need of Christ's presence in life's evening experiences, 148; temptation, 149; sorrow, 150; business trouble, 151; death, 153.
Needlewoman's threnody be no longer heard, 170.
News during Civil War, Waiting for, 75.
Newspaper indecencies rebuked, 248.
Newspaper press improved in this century, 28.
Newspapers silent about intemperance, fearing to lose subscribers, 224.
New York Legislature disbanded by Governor because of corruption, 220.
New York, Statistics of fraud in, 336.
Night universal symbol for gloom, 345; suffering, 345; in the wilderness, 345; on the ocean, 345.
Night's lodging, on the way to the city of New Jerusalem," "A, 82.
Nineteenth century, A plain talk with the, 26; good things accomplished, 27; schoolhouses, 27; inventions, 27; smallpox arrested, 28; inebriates emancipated, 28; magnificent medical treatment, 28; advancement in music, 28; asylums of mercy founded, 28; republics established, 28; serfs manumitted, 28; newspaper press improved, 28; evangelistic institutions established, 29; best and mightiest since the first, 30; why not close with the salvation of America? 34; tells of some of the things it heard and saw, 35; has witnessed more moral and spiritual victories than all other centuries together, 36; its admonition and benediction, 36.
Nineteeenth century's inheritance of poverty, bad influences, and slavery, 30; tasks, 31; arbitrate between capital and labor, 31; the world's Gospelization, 32.
Noontide rest, 41.
North and South, Difficulties between, might have been arbitrated, 121.
North and South, No discrimination betweeen, proper in political platforms, 250.
Number seven, The, 283. (*See* SEVEN, NUMBER.)
Obstacles to welfare of American cities, 331. (*See* FOES TO SOCIETY.)
Occupations, Peril in all, 396.
Office, Candidates for, a target for abuse, 248.
Officials, Untrustworthy, antagonistic to society's welfare, 331; depress the moral sentiment, 331.
Old folks remembered, 207.
Old folks stay in old house till empty, 186.
Old folks urged to keep young, 16.
Old men, Achievements of, 16.
Old men's experiences, Never weary of hearing, 35.
Open this door south and all legitimate doors, 67.
Opportunity for philanthropists in America's foreign possessions, 89.
Opportunity, Our great, 61.
Opportunity, The nation's, 57.
Organs may be the foundation for resurrection body, Useless human, 140.
Ostracism, Meaning and history of, 256.
Over-production and under-consumption, 59.

# Index


Over-supply, Check, and solve labor and nearly all questions, 63.
Palmistry, as yet crude, may result in a useful science, 382.
Parentage, Disadvantages of obscure, overcome, 300.
Parentage, Divine, open to all, 214.
Parentage, Evil, 213; effect of, can be overcome, 213.
Parents, Reminiscences of, 207; religion of, a sustaining power, 208; effect of memory of, 208; unwritten will of, 208.
Parties, Political, not favorable to prohibition planks, 363.
Parties, Political, not immaculate, 236.
Password, "Jesus" the, to Heaven, 353.
Past extolled to the disadvantage of the present, 220.
Past, a series of pictures, 48.
Patriotism, Misguided, 106.
Patronage, Official, often the only thing at stake in American elections, 233.
Paul's bill of fare for loafers a good one, 338.
Paul at sea on a plank, 191.
Paul's declaration of independence, 231.
Peace Congress for all nations, to be called during the Fair, 165.
Peas resurrected after three thousand years, Buried garden, 139.
Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, Historic character of, 369; Talmage's dream of processions on, 369.
Pentecosts, fifty, during the World's Fair, Let there be, 164.
Pentecost, No press, no books, no papers when occurred the first, 164.
People, Work done by plain, 305.
People out of work to-day, One million, 67.
Peril in all occupations, 396.
Peril, Putting one in needless, deprecated, 108.
Permanent residence, No such thing as, 178.
Pessimism, depicted and condemned, 106.
Peter Cooper's creed, 324.
Philanthropies, Peter Cooper's, 316.
Philanthropists' advice not taken, 75.
Philanthropists, Opportunities for, in America's foreign possessions, 89.
Philanthropists, Prison, wanted, 335.
Philippine Islands, Golden opportunity in, 88; specific Gospel work in, called for, 89; field for united Christian effort, 90.
Piety, ancestral, Power of, 210; a trust, 210.
Place, Inferior, should not be given to Christ, 286.
Platform built by expositions, on which we will meet our Southern neighbors, 64.
Platforms, Political, should not mention either North or South, 250.
Poets, Three blind, 299.
Political ills, Christianity the panacea for, 239.
Political parties silent about intemperance, fearing to lose votes, 223.
Politicians, Majority of, prominent thirty years ago, died of *delirium tremens*, 222.
Politicians, Professional, ruin American commerce, 239.
Politics, Despotism of, in America, 231; delusive cry that institutions are in danger, 236; neither party is immaculate, 236.
Poor, The oppressed, antagonistic to society's welfare, 338; the honest, a menace to society's best welfare, 339.
Porto Rico, Gospel opportunities in, 88.
Possessions, The Christian's, 271. (*See* INVENTORY, THE CHRISTIAN'S.)
Prayer, A thousand-armed, to God for America's welfare, 252.
Prayer not yet universally derided, 195; great resort in calamity, 195; a great art to be learned, 195.
Preaching, unsound, Terrible results of, 193.
Prescott, the blind historian, 299.

President, United States, should be a man of established moral character, 236; also a respecter of the Christian religion, 237; needs to be a bigger man than ever, 237.
Printing-press needed in America's foreign possessions, 87.
Prisons, American, Foreign population in, 331; do not reform inmates, 335.
Procession, Heaven's triumphal, 280.
Prohibition, Education of public sentiment must prepare the way for, 363.
Property, stolen, Value of, in and around New York in a year, 258.
Prosperity, God acknowledged in, 13.
Prosperity, Southern, 325.
Public wickedness, incompetence for office of office-holders, 220; intemperance, 221; bribery, 224.
Pulpit, Every Christian has a, 306.
Pulpits silent about intemperance because offenders are in the pews, 224.
Quarrel between hand and eye, 377.
Queen of festivals, The, 131.
Queens of society's fortune made by dancing with a princely leper, 169.
Race is nomadic, The, 178.
Raymond Street jail, The first, a disgrace to Christendom, 260.
Reasons, Eight hundred and fifty thousand, for staying in America, 60.
Red men, Justice for, demanded, 122.
Refinements of life, 273; all the world's sweet sounds, 273; artistic and literary advantages, 274; right to full temporal support, 274; food and clothing, 275; religious profit of all life's vicissitudes, 275; the next world, 278.
Reflections, May-day, 173.
Regions without ten thousand things that we can supply them, 63.
Religion does not put man on short allowance, 271.
Religion in a laugh, 118.
Religion something between a man and his God, 164.
Reminiscences of parents, 207.
Republicanism survives where monarchy would fall, 227.
Republics established in this century, 28.
Requisites, Proper, for voting, 258.
Responsibility of good ancestry, 209.
Responsibility of those in charge of human lives, 192; of ministers of the Gospel, 192.
Resurrected into remembrance, Every Decoration Day, 80.
Resurrection body a luminous, buoyant, gladsome, transcendant, magnificent, inexplicable structure, 137.
Resurrection in the garden, resurrection in the grave, 140.
Ring government in New York recalled, 336.
Rome, Gibbon's great work on, 95; fallen in spite of glories and advantages, 96; lessons from, to America, 96.
Rooms associated with events, 184.
Rulers, 219.
Rum and crime, Association of, 258.
St. Felix of Cantalice, The cry of, 57.
St. Peter's at Rome, Lease of, to the government, 243.
Sanctification of wealth prayed for, 324.
Sand, the undertaker who buries cities, 159.
Satan's banquet on fine natures, 48.
Satan's fastidious appetite, 48.
Schoolhouses improved in this century, 27.
Science slow of achievement, 123; some wonderful advances in, 124.
Scheffer's, Ary, picture of the hand of Christ, 381.

# Index


Schiller and the rotten apples, 14.
Schools, Common, should be established in America's foreign possessions, 86; good effect of, on American civilization, 86.
Scroll with seven seals, St. John's, 290.
Seals, The seven, of Revelation, 290.
Sectional animosities gone, should foreign foe come, 80.
Sectionalism, Settlement of, a tremendous question, 249.
Sections keep their peculiarities, Let all four, 80.
Sepultured or cremated, Of little importance whether, 137.
Serfs manumitted in this century, 28.
Sermon, Putting trumpet stop in the, 118.
Set-backs, Blessings in, 14.
Seven, The number in the Bible and nature, 283; Jacob's seven years' service for Rachel, 283; ark left with Philistines, 284; Naaman plunges seven times in Jordan, 284; Canaan's seven conquered nations, seven devils cast out by Christ, seven baskets of fragments, seven prismatic colors, the seven stars, the bodies periodical seven-year change, 285; the number of perfection, 285; the seven candlesticks in Revelation were seven churches, 285; suggesting church's office to hold light, 285; the seven stars, 288; affording suggestions to and about ministers, 288; the seven seals and their meaning, 290; the seven thunders, 292; seven precious stones in foundation of Heaven's walls, 294.
Shadow, Story of the reversal of, on sun-dial of Ahaz confirmed, 112; type of God's power to reverse life's shadows, 13; how to insure reversal of, 15.
Shells, Voting by, 256.
Sheriff's sale depicted, 346.
Ship, Tacking of a, an illustration of life, 276.
Shipping between ports of North and South America, Establish new lines of, 66.
Sin illustrated by the avalanche, 398.
Slander against public men an abuse of liberty, 245.
Slander of American cities must stop, 163.
Slanders of certain newspapers best recommendation of some men, 249.
Slavery cost one million lives of brave men, 76.
Slaves, Pay for the, 75.
Smaller house's advantages, 185.
Smallpox arrested in this century, 28.
Snobbery and flunkeyism in American society, 169.
Sons, Bad, of good fathers, 206.
Sons of the Republic, The "Unknown," are beloved, 78.
Sorrow, Anticipation of Christ needed in, 150.
Sorrow, Consolation in, 347.
Soul and body not to be long separated, 142; reunited swing off from this planet, 143.
Soul at the Holy Land while body is being improved, 141.
Soul, None but Christ can speak peace to, 153.
Soul, Sunrise of, more beautiful than sunrise of earth, 19.
Soul will descend, crying "Where is my body?" 142.
Souls lost in fogs, 196.
Sounds, Sweet, all for the Christian, 273.
South means Portuguese America, fifteen Spanish-American republics, and South Pacific Islands, 61.
South, Prosperity in, 325.
Speeches, political, Great sameness in, 233.
Spindles, Battle between Lowell and Manchester, 62.
Spirits, Departed, may come back to aid in world's redemption, at call of God, not of "medium," 127.
Stampede for office by incapables, 221.

# Index


Star, Time dated from Bethlehem's, 10.
Stars, Ministers as, 288.
State patronage a temptation to ministers, 244.
Statesmanship cannot do Gospel's work in America's new territory, 91.
Steamer, The sinking, 189; lessons from, responsibility of those in charge of human lives and of souls, 192; impartiality of death, 194; death not bribed, 194; prayer still believed in, 195; danger of fog, 196; necessity of being prepared for death, 197; death frequently sudden, 197; cannot be escaped, 128; a call to prompt service, 199.
Stock, Taking account of, in religion, 271.
Stuart, House of, synonym for cruelty, 204.
Success spoil you, Do not let, 181.
Sufferings, Underground, in great cities a threatening volcano, 338.
Suffrage, Female, 264.
Sumner, Charles, cudgeled living, honored when dead, 26; lied about him either before or after death, 26.
Sunday-school work, Importance of, 308.
Sun-dial of King Ahaz, 9; Hezekiah, 11; confirmation of story, 12; how to have miracle repeated, 15.
Sunset of life, Christ's presence in, 148.
Supernatural help needed on May first, 179.
Support, temporal, Christian has the right to full, 274.
Surplus, A use for the hundred million, 66.
Surroundings, Brilliant, cannot affect death, 193.
Switch-tender and the railroad center, suggestive of divine control of moving worlds, 118.
Sword sheathed in flowers, The, 69.
Table, God's great breakfast, 275.
Talmage at Mosque of St. Sophia, 111.
Talmage, Autumnal greeting of, to congregation, 117; full of hallelujah, 117.
Talmage bids the empty house a mute farewell, 184.
Talmage, Fifty-third birthday of, 41; bright experiences of, 41; warning about style of preaching, 42; acknowledgment of God's goodness, 43; dread of indolence, 46; never had good luck, 46; boyhood reviewed, 48; church associations reviewed, 49; home life reviewed, 49; future anticipated with confidence, 50.
Talmage, First political speech heard by, 233; in Faneuil Hall, 234.
Talmage, Happiness of, 177.
Talmage's two lessons, 401.
Tape and bridal trousseaux, 62.
Tariff will not cure nation's disease of plethora, 60.
Task, Christ's great, on Calvary, 399.
Telescope and the eye, The, 138.
Temptation, Christ needed in escape from, 149.
Ten Commandments, No one excused from obedience to the, 169.
Thanksgiving Day of Heaven, 68.
Thieves in cities, Varied kinds of, 336.
Thunderbolts needed for commercial frauds, 292; for drunkenness, 293; atheism, 293.
Thunders, The seven, of Revelation, 292; God's not to be handled by man, 294.
Time, Measurement of, by sun-dial, 9; water-clock, 9; by the moon, 10.
Timepieces, First known, 9.
Times, Men needed with understanding of the, 357.
Title, Worldling's, to earthly possessions not a clear one, 273.
Toilers who have Christ's company, 303.
Traits, Bad family, to be fought against, 207.

# Index


Travelers, American, will go South rather than East, 65.
Tropics, Thousands of tourists will visit the, 66.
Trouble, business, Christ needed in, 151; an apothecary, 152.
Trumpet stop, Putting, into sermons, 118.
Truth about public wickedness must be told, 220.
Truth, Preaching the, the best remedy for error, 288.
Turkey, A twenty-pound, for the poorest man's next Thanksgiving dinner, 68.
Tyre, The fairs of ancient, 159; once a magnificent city, 160.
Union of North and South complete, 99.
"Unknown," Pathetic suggestiveness of epitaph, 78.
Usefulness, Personal, to be augmented, 105, 109.
Useless human organs may be foundation for the resurrection body, 140.
Vanity, Add not two stories to your, because the new house is larger, 180.
Vengeance awaits those who obey not the Gospel, 280.
Vespasian, Census in time of, 395.
Vicarious suffering, Look at soldiers' graves to find, 78.
Vices, foreign, No room at the Fair for, 168.
Vicissitudes of life, Religious profit in, belongs to the Christians, 275.
Victory is a coronal, embannered, apocalyptic word, 135; where word was shouted, 135.
Victory, Universal, of right in store, 330.
Vote, Push through the rabble and, 227.
Voting by pebbles, beans, shells, 256.
Waking up of everything from trance and lifelessness, 140.
Wanted: men and goods for South America, 66.
War, Civil, might have been prevented by arbitration, 121.
War deplored by the North and South in ceremony of decoration, 72; war destroys the picked men of the nation, 72; the cost in dollars, 72; creates exhausting taxes, 72; its waste of human life, 73; champion curse of the universe, 76; cursed, 76; right, when self-defensive, 79.
War, People die fast enough without wholesale butchery of, 167; its last glory gone, 167; is now cool, deliberate murder, 167; conscripted soldiers losing their lives while general is safely dining on quail, 167; its poetry only fit for Commencement Day orations, 168; an accursed monster, let descend to the bottom of the red-hot marl of hell, 168.
War should be expelled by arbitration by close of nineteenth century, 366.
War, Statistics of the slaughter and cost of, 367.
Wars of the early part of the nineteenth century, 360.
Washington, Numerous men of talent in, 104.
Washington, Pyrotechnic display in, 98.
Washington's fatal horseback ride, 37.
Water-clock of Alfred the Great, 9.
Wealth, Sanctification of, prayed for, 324.
Weapons of death, Carrying, not necessary, 380.
Wedding liturgy of the blonde North and the brunette South, 65.
Welcome, A special, awaits in Heaven the tired Christian, 277.
Whipping post should be reestablished for wilful idlers, 338.
Will of irreligious son, 211.
Will of people, Suppression of, causes disaster, 257.
Will, Parent's unwritten, 208.
Wills, Purpose of, defeated in courts, 318.
Wiseacres who would like to bury God, 197.
Woman and the ballot-box, 264.

Words, Dying, of various persons, 402.
Work, Any healthy man can get, 337.
Work, Christian, enjoined on all, 396.
Work, Christian, to be done in old age, 16.
Work for God, All, tells in the final victories, 128.
Work, hard, Necessity of, 45.
World, America holds key to redemption of, 85.
World, America to be the civilizer and evangelizer of the, 361.
World, Final redemption of, 349; glorious evening of, 350.
World likely to last over six thousand years, 119.
World, The next, belongs to the Christian, 278.
World, Slandering the, 43; best known of all, 44; a good hotel, 44.
World to become better, 126; getting nearer its redemption, 126; arithmetic proves it, 126.
World, unseen, Veil between, and our own thin, 127.
Worldling has not a clear title to earthly possessions, 272.
World's Fair of 1892, commemorating the discovery of America, 161; the grandest opportunity for evangelizing all nations since Christ died, 165; advantages of, 170; introduction to communities, States, republics, zones, hemispheres, 170; information and education, 170; industry and science, 170; a display of the munificence of God, 170.
World's Fair, The, 157; at Tyre, 160; horses exhibited, 160; precious stones, 160; aromatics, 160; wheat, 160; iron, silver, tin, lead, gold, 160; purple, 161; wine, 161; world has copied the Bible-mentioned fairs, 161.
Young folks and valuables sent ahead to new house, 186.
Young men, Achievements of, 16.
Young, Old folks should keep, 16.

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Jealousy
Threshed Out
Haman Hanged
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The Bird Anthem
"What is in a Name?"
An Only Son
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